













**BALLADS**  
**A LEGEND OF THE RHINE**

**ETC.**

**BY**  
**WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY**

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### *ADVERTISEMENT.*

**THIS Edition of Mr. Thackeray's BALLADS will be found to include all the verses that are scattered throughout the Author's various writings.**



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# BALLADS.

## *THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.*

### PART I

**A**T Paris hard by the Maine barriers,  
Whoever will choose to repair,  
Midst a dozen of wooden legged warriors  
May haply fall in with old Pierre  
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern  
He sits and he prates of old wars,  
And moistens his pipe of tobacco  
With a drink that is named after Mars

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,  
And as long as his tap never fails,  
Thus over his favourite liquor  
Old Peter will tell his old tales  
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers  
Strange changes and chances I've seen,—  
So here's to all gentlemen drummers  
That ever have thumped on a skin

"Brought up in the art military  
For four generations we are,  
My ancestors drumm'd for King Harry,  
The Huguenot lad of Navarre  
And as each man in life has his station  
According as Fortune may fix,  
While Condé was waving the bâton,  
My grandsire was troling the sticks.

" Ah ! those ' were the days for commanders !  
 What glories my grandfather won,  
 Ere bigots, and lacqueys and panders  
 The fortunes of France had undone !  
 In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—  
 What foeman resisted us then ?  
 No, my grandsire was ever victorious,  
 My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne

" He died and our noble battalions  
 The jade fickle Fortune forsook,  
 And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,  
 The victory lay with Malbrook  
 The news it was brought to King Louis,  
 Corbleu ! how His Majesty swore  
 When he heard they had taken my grandsire  
 And twelve thousand gentlemen more

" At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet,  
 Were we posted, on plain or in trench  
 Malbrook only need to attack it,  
 And away from him scamper'd we Irench  
 Cheer up ! tis no use to be glum, boys,—  
 'Tis writt'n since fighting begun,  
 That sometimes we fight and we conquer,  
 And some times we fight and we run

" To fight and to run was our fate  
 Our fortune and fame had departed  
 And so perish'd Louis the Great,—  
 Old, lonely and half broken hearted.  
 His coffin they pelted with mud,  
 His body they tried to lay hands on,  
 And so having buried King Louis,  
 They loyally served his great grandson.

" God save the beloved King Louis !  
 (For so he was nicknamed by some)  
 And now came my father to do his  
 King's orders and beat on the drum.

My grandsire was dead, but his bones  
Must have shaken, I'm certain, for joy,  
To hear daddy drumming the English  
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy

"So well did he drum in that battle  
That the enemy show'd us their backs  
Corbleu ! it was pleasant to rattle  
The sticks and to follow old Saxe !  
We next had Soubise as a leader,  
And as luck hath its changes and fits  
At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming,  
'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz

"And now daddy cross'd the Atlantic  
To drum for Montcalm and his men,  
Morbieu ! but it makes a man frantic  
To think we were beaten again !  
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean  
My mother brought me on her neck,  
And we came in the year fifty seven  
To guard the good town of Quebec

"In the year fifty-nine came the Britons,—  
Full well I remember the day,—  
They knocked at our gates for admittance,  
Their vessels were moor'd in our bay  
Says our general, "Drive me yon red coats  
Away to the sea whence they come !"  
So we march'd against Wolfe and his bull dogs,  
We marched at the sound of the drum

"I think I can see my poor mammy  
With me in her hand as she waits,  
And our regiment, slowly retreating  
Pours back through the citadel gates  
Dear mammy she looks in their faces,  
And asks if her husband has come ?—  
He is lying all cold on the glacié,  
And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come, drink, 'tis no use to be glum, boys!  
 He died like a soldier in glory,  
 Here's a glass to the health of all drum boys,  
 And now I'll commence my own story.  
 Once more did we cross the salt ocean,  
 We came in the year eighty one,  
 And the wrongs of my father the drummer  
 Were avenged by the drummer his son

"In Chesapeake Bay we were landed  
 In vain strove the British to pass  
 Rochambeau our armies commanded  
 Our ships they were led by De Grasse.  
 Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks  
 The day we march'd into Yorktown,  
 Ten thousand of beef-eating British  
 Their weapons we caused to lay down

"Then homewards returning victorious,  
 In peace to our country we came,  
 And were thanked for our glorious actions  
 By Louis, Sixteenth of the name  
 What drummer on earth could be prouder  
 Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles  
 To the lovely Court ladies in powder,  
 And lappets, and long satin tails?

"The princes that day pass'd before us  
 Our countrymen's glory and hope,  
 Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,  
 D'Artois, who could dance the tight rope,  
 One night we kept guard for the Queen  
 At Her Majesty's opera box,  
 While the King, that majestical monarch,  
 Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette,  
 And so smiling she look'd and so tender,  
 That our officers, privates, and drummers,  
 All vow'd they would die to defend her.

But she cared not for us honest fellows,  
Who fought and who bled in her wars,  
She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau,  
And turned Lafayette out of doors

"Ventrebleu ! then I swore a great oath,  
No more to such tyrants to kneel,  
And so, just to keep up my drumming,  
One day I drumm'd down the Bastille.  
Ho, landlord ! a stoup of fresh wine  
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,  
And drink to the year eighty nine  
And the glorious fourth of July !

"Then bravely our cannon it thunder'd  
As onwards our patriots bore  
Our enemies were but a hundred,  
And we twenty thousand or more  
They carried the news to King Louis.  
He heard it as calm as you please,  
And, like a majestic monarch,  
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We show'd our republican courage,  
We storm'd and we broke the great gate in,  
And we murder'd the insolent governor  
For daring to keep us a waiting  
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by  
They never stirr'd finger or thumb  
The saucy aristocrats trembled  
As they heard the republican drum

"Hurrah ! what a storm was a-brewing !  
The day of our vengeance was come,  
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin  
Did I beat on the patriot drum !  
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August  
At midnight I beat the tattoo,  
And woke up the pikemen of Paris  
To follow the bold Barbaroux.



" With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches  
 March'd onwards our dusty battalions,  
 And we girt the tall castle of Louis,  
 A million of tatterdemalions !  
 We storm'd the fair gardens where tower'd  
 The walls of his heritage splendid  
 Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,  
 That had not the heart to defend it !

" With the crown of his sins on his head,  
 His nobles and knights by his side,  
 At the foot of his ancestors' palace  
 'Twere easy methinks to have died  
 But no when we burst through his barriers,  
 Mid heaps of the dying and dead,  
 In van through the chambers we sought him -  
 He had turn'd like a craven and fled

" You all know the Place de la Concorde ?  
 'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall  
 Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,  
 There rises an obelisk tall  
 There rises an obelisk tall,  
 All garnish'd and gilded the base is  
 'Tis surely the gayest of all  
 Our beautiful city's gay places

Around it are gardens and flowers  
 And the Cities of France on their thrones,  
 Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers,  
 Sits watching this biggest of stones !  
 I love to go sit in the sun there,  
 The flowers and fountains to see,  
 And to think of the deeds that were done there  
 In the glorious year ninety three

" 'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom,  
 And though neither marble nor gilding  
 Was used in those days to adorn  
 Our simple republican building

Corbleu ! but the MÈRE-GUILLOTINE  
 Cared little for splendour or show,  
 So you gave her an axe and a beam,  
 And a plank and a basket or so

"Awful, and proud, and erect,  
 Here sat our republican goddess  
 Each morning her table we deck'd  
 With dainty aristocrats' bodies  
 The people each day flocked around  
 As she sat at her meat and her wine  
 'Twas always the use of our nation  
 To witness the sovereign dine

"Young virgins with fur golden tresses,  
 Old silver-haired prelates and priests,  
 Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,  
 Were splendidly served at her feasts  
 Ventrebleu ! but we pamper'd our ogress  
 With the best that our nation could bring,  
 And dainty she grew in her progress,  
 And called for the head of a King !

"She called for the blood of our King  
 And strught from his prison we drew him ,  
 And to her with shouting we led him,  
 And took him, and bound him and slew him  
 'The monarchs of Europe against me  
 Have plotted a godless alliance '  
 I'll fling them the head of King Louis,  
 She said, 'as my gage of defiance.

"I see him as now, for a moment,  
 Away from his gaolers he broke ,  
 And stood at the foot of the scaffold,  
 And finger'd, and fain would have spoke  
 'Ho, drummer ! quick, silence yon Capet,'  
 Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum '  
 Lustly then did I tap it,  
 And the son of Saint Louis was dumb '

## PART II.

"THE glorious days of September  
 Saw many aristocrats fall,  
 'Twas then that our pikes drank the blood  
 In the beautiful breast of Lamballe  
 Pardi, twas a beautiful lady!  
 I seldom have look'd on her like,  
 And I drumm'd for a gallant procession,  
 That marched with her head on a pike.

"Let's show the pale head to the Queen,  
 We said—she'll remember it well  
 She looked from the bars of her prison,  
 And shriek'd as she saw it, and fell.  
 We set up a shout at her screaming,  
 We laugh'd at the fright she had shown  
 At the sight of the head of her minion—  
 How she'd tremble to part with her own!

"We had taken the head of King Capet,  
 We called for the blood of his wife,  
 Undaunted she came to the scaffold,  
 And bared her fair neck to the knife.  
 As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd her,  
 She shrunk but she dignified not to speak.  
 She look'd with a royal disdain,  
 And died with a blush on her cheek!

"'Twas thus that our country was saved,  
 So told us the safety committee!  
 But psha! I've the heart of a soldier,  
 All gentleness, mercy, and pity  
 I loathed to assist at such deeds,  
 And my drum beat its loudest of tunes  
 As we offered to justice offended  
 The blood of the bloody tribunes.

Away with such foul recollections!  
 No more of the axe and the block;  
 I saw the last fight of the sections,  
 As they fell neath our guns at Saint Roch.

Young BONAPARTE led us that day,  
When he sought the Italian frontier,  
I follow'd my gallant young captain,  
I follow'd him many a long year

"We came to an army in rags,  
Our general was but a boy  
When we first saw the Austrian flags  
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy  
In the glorious year ninety six,  
We march'd to the banks of the Po,  
I carried my drum and my sticks,  
And we laid the proud Austrian low

"In triumph we enter'd Milan  
We seized on the Mantuan keys,  
The troops of the Emperor ran,  
And the Pope he fell down on his knees."—  
Pierre's comrades here call'd a fresh bottle,  
And clubbing together their wealth,  
They drank to the Army of Italy,  
And General Bonaparte's health

The drummer now bared his old breast,  
And show'd us a plenty of scars,  
Rude presents that Fortune had made him  
In fifty victorious wars  
"This came when I follow'd bold Kleber—  
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun,  
And this from an Austrian sabre,  
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,  
But this, the deepest of all  
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,  
Beside the fair river of Saal  
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it;  
(God bless him!) it covers a blow,  
I had it at Austerlitz fight,  
As I beat on my drum in the snow

'Twas thus that we conquer'd and fought ;  
 But wherefore continue the story ?  
 There's never a baby in France  
 But has heard of our chief and our glory,—  
 But has heard of our chief and our fame,  
 His sorrows and triumphs can tell,  
 How bravely Napoleon conquer'd,  
 How bravely and sadly he fell

" It makes my old heart to beat higher,  
 To think of the deeds that I saw ,  
 I follow'd bold Ney through the fire,  
 And charg'd at the side of Murat '—  
 And so did old Peter continue  
 His story of twenty brave years ,  
 His audience follow'd with comments—  
 Rude comments of curses and tears

He told how the Prussians in vain  
 Had died in defence of their land ,  
 His audience laugh'd at the story  
 And vow'd that their captain was grand !  
 He had fought the red English, he said,  
 In many a battle of Spain ,  
 They curs'd the red English, and pray'd  
 To meet them and fight them again

He told them how Russia was lost,  
 Had winter not driven them back ,  
 And his company curs'd the quick frost,  
 And doubly they curs'd the Cossack.  
 He told how the stranger arrived ,  
 They wept at the tale of disgrace ,  
 And they long'd but for one battle more,  
 The stain of their shame to efface.

" Our country their hordes overrun,  
 We fled to the fields of Champagne,  
 And fought them, though twenty to one,  
 And beat them again and again !

Our warrior was conquer'd at last ;  
They bade him his crown to resign ,  
To fate and his country he yielded  
The rights of himself and his line

" He came, and among us he stood,  
Around him we press'd in a throng ,  
We could not regard him for weeping,  
Who had led us and loved us so long  
' I have led you for twenty long years,  
Napoleon said ere he went ,  
' Wherever was honour I found you,  
And with you my sons am content !

" ' Though Europe against me was arm'd,  
Your chiefs and my people are true ,  
I still might have struggled with fortune,  
And baffled all Europe with you

" ' But France would have suffer'd the while,  
'Tis best that I suffer alone ,  
I go to my place of exile  
To write of the deeds we have done

" ' Be true to the king that they give you.  
We may not embrace ere we part ,  
But, General, reach me your hand,  
And press me, I pray, to your heart '

" He call'd for our battle standard ,  
One kiss to the eagle he gave  
' Dear eagle ! ' he said ' may this kiss  
Long sound in the hearts of the brave !  
'Twas thus that Napoleon left us ,  
Our people were weeping and mute,  
As he passed through the lines of his guard,  
And our drums beat the notes of salute

" I look'd when the drumming was o'er,  
I look'd, but our hero was gone ,  
We were destined to see him once more,  
When we fought on the Mount of St. John

The Emperor rode through our files ,  
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn  
The lines of our warriors for miles  
Stretch'd wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain,  
The red coats were crowning the height ,  
'Go scatter yon English, he said ,  
'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night '  
We answer'd his voice with a shout ,  
Our eagles were bright in the sun ,  
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,  
And the thundering battle begun

"One charge to another succeeds  
Like waves that a hurricane bears ,  
All day do our galloping steeds  
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares  
At noon we began the fell onset  
We charged up the Englishman's hill ,  
And madly we charged it at sunset—  
His banners were floating there still

"—Go to ! I will tell you no more ,  
You know how the battle was lost  
Ho ! fetch me a beaker of wine,  
And, comrades I'll give you a toast,  
I'll give you a curse on all traitors,  
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin ,  
And a curse on those red-coated English,  
Whose bayonets helped our undoing

"A curse on those British assassins,  
Who order'd the slaughter of Ney ,  
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured  
The life of our hero away  
A curse on all Russians—I hate them—  
On all Prussian and Austrian fry ,  
And oh ! but I pray we may meet them,  
And fight them again ere I die."

'Twas this old Peter did conclude  
His chronicle with curses fit  
He spoke the tale in accents rude,  
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears  
(All tales in time to this must come),  
The story of two hundred years  
Writ on the parchment of a drum

What Peter told with drum and stick,  
Is endless theme for poet's pen  
Is found in endless quartos thick  
Enormous books by learned men

And ever since historian writ  
And ever since a bard could sing,  
Doth each exult with all his wit  
The noble art of murdering

We love to read the glorious page,  
How bold Achilles kill'd his foe,  
And Turnus, fell'd by Trojans' rage,  
Went howling to the shades below

How Godfrey led his red cross knights,  
How mad Orlando slash'd and slew,  
There's not a single bard that writes  
But doth the glorious theme renew

And while in fashion picturesque,  
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,  
The grave historian at his desk  
Describes the same in classic prose

Go read the works of Reverend Cox,  
You'll duly see recorded there  
The history of the self same knocks  
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,  
He writes in phrases dull and slow,  
And waves his cauliflower wig,  
And shouts "Saint George for Marlborow!"



Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,  
 An LL D,—a peaceful man,  
 Good Lord, how doth he plume himself  
 Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is fill'd  
 With stirring tales how blows were struck  
 He shows how well the Frenchmen kill'd,  
 And praises God for our good luck

Some hints 'tis true, of politics  
 The Doctor gives and states his own art  
 Pierre only brings his drum and sticks  
 And understands the bloody part

He cares not what the cause may be,  
 He is not nice for wrong and right  
 But show him where's the enemy  
 He only asks to drum and fight

They bid him fight,—perhaps he wins,  
 And when he tells the story o'er  
 The honest savage brags and grins  
 And only longs to fight once more

But luck may change and valour fail  
 Our drummer, Peter meet reverse  
 And with a moult points his tale—  
 The end of all such tales—a curse

Last year my love it was my hap  
 Behind a grenadier to be,  
 And, but he wore a hairy cap  
 No taller man, methinks, than me

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot  
 (Be blessings on the glorious pair!),  
 Before us passed—I saw them not—  
 I only saw a cap of hair

Your orthodox historian puts  
 In foremost rank the soldier thus,  
 The red coat bully in his boots,  
 That hides the march of men from us

He puts him there in foremost rank,  
You wonder at his cap of hair  
You hear his sabre's cursed clank,  
His spurs are jingling everywhere

Go to ! I hate him and his trade  
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,  
And all God's peaceful people made  
To such as him subservient ?

Tell me what find we to admire  
In epaulets and scarlet coats—  
In men, because they load and fire,  
And know the art of cutting throats ?

Ah, gentle tender lady mine !  
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,  
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,  
And give the silly fools their will

And what care we for war and wrack  
How kings and heroes rise and fall ?  
Look yonder \* in his coffin black  
There lies the greatest of them all !

To pluck him down and keep him up  
Died many million human souls —  
'Tis twelve o'clock and time to sup,  
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals

He captured many thousand guns  
He wrote "The Great" before his name,  
And dying only left his sons  
The recollection of his shame

Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own,  
And borrow'd from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon

\* This ballad was written at Paris at the time of the Second Funeral of Napoleon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
 And more than half the world was his ;  
 And somewhere now, in yonder stars,  
 Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is

1841.

## *ABD-EL-KADER AT TOULON,*

OR, THE CAGED HAWK

No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk of desert life for  
 thee,

No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping free -  
 Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,  
 Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er mayst spread again.

Long, sitting by their watchfires, shall the Kabyles tell the tale  
 Of thy dash from Ben Halifa on the fat Metidja vale,  
 How thou sweptst the desert over, bearing down the wild  
 El Riff,

From eastern Beni Salah to western Ouad Shelif,

How thy white burnous went streaming, like the storm-rack  
 o'er the sea,

When thou rodest in the vanward of the Moorish chivalry,  
 How thy rizzar was a whirlwind, thy onset a simoom,  
 How thy sword sweep was the lightning, dealing death from  
 out the gloom !

Nor less quick to slay in battle than in peace to spare and save,  
 Of brave men wisest counsellor, of wise counsellors most brave,  
 How the eye that flashed destruction could beam gentleness  
 and love,

How lion in thee mated lamb, how eagle mated dove !

Availed not or steel or shot 'gainst that charmed life secure,  
 Till cunning France, in last resource tossed up the golden lure,  
 And the carrion buzzards round him stooped, faithless, to the  
 crest,

And the wild hawk of the desert is caught and caged at last.

Weep, maidens of Zerifah, above the laden loom !  
 Scar, chieftains of Al Elmah, your cheeks in grief and gloom !  
 Sons of the Beni Snazam, throw down the useless lance,  
 And stoop your necks and bare your backs to yoke and scourge  
 of France !

'Twas not in fight they bore him down he never cried *amân* ,  
 He never sank his sword before the PRINCE OF FRANGHISTAN ,  
 But with traitors all around him, his star upon the wane,  
 He heard the voice of ALLAH, and he would not strive in vain

They gave him what he asked them from king to king he spake,  
 As one that plighted word and seal not knoweth how to break  
 " Let me pass from out my deserts, be t mine own choice where  
 to go ,  
 I brook no fettered life to live, a captive and a show "

And they promised, and he trusted them, and proud and calm  
 he came,  
 Upon his black mare riding, girt with his sword of fame  
 Good steed, good sword, he rendered both unto the Frankish  
 " throng ,  
 He knew them false and fickle—but a Prince's word is strong

How have they kept their promise ? Turned they the vessel's prow  
 Unto Acre, Alexandria, as they have sworn e en now ?  
 Not so from Oran northwards the white sails gleam and  
 glance,  
 And the wild hawk of the desert is borne away to France !

Where Toulon's white walled lazaret looks southward o'er the  
 wave,  
 Sits he that trusted in the word a son of LOUIS gave.  
 O noble faith of noble heart ! And was the warning vain,  
 The text writ by the BOURBON in the blurred black book of  
 Spain ?

They have need of thee to gaze on, they have need of thee to  
 grace  
 The triumph of the Prince, to gild the pinchbeck of their race.  
 Words are but wind , conditions must be construed by GUIZOT ,  
 Dash out thy heart, thou desert hawk, ere thou art made a show !

*THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT.*

THE noble King of Brentford  
 Was old and very sick,  
 He summon'd his physicians  
 To wait upon him quick  
 They stepp'd into their coaches  
 And brought their best physick.

They cramm'd their gracious master  
 With potion and with pill,  
 They drench'd him and they bled him  
 They could not cure his ill  
 "Go fetch," says he "my lawyer,  
 I'd better make my will

The monarch's Royal mandate  
 The lawyer did obey,  
 The thought of six and eightpence  
 Did make his heart full gay  
 "What is t," says he, "your Majesty  
 Would wish of me to day?

"The doctors have belabour'd me  
 With potion and with pill '  
 My hours of life are counted,  
 O man of tape and quill '  
 Sit down and mend a pen or two,  
 I want to make my will

' O'er all the land of Brentford  
 I'm lord, and eke of Kew  
 I've three per cents and five per-cents,  
 My debts are but a few,  
 And to inherit after me  
 I have but children two

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,  
 A sober prince is he,  
 And from the day we breech'd him  
 Till now—he's twenty three—  
 He never caused disquiet  
 To his poor mamma or me.

" At school they never flogg'd him ;  
 At college, though not fast,  
 Yet his little go and great-go  
 He creditably pass'd,  
 And made his year's allowance  
 For eighteen months to last.

" He never owed a shilling,  
 Went never drunk to bed,  
 He has not two ideas  
 Within his honest head—  
 In all respects he differs  
 From my second son, Prince Ned.

" When Tom has half his income  
 Laid by at the year's end,  
 Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver  
 That rightly he may spend,  
 But sponges on a tradesman,  
 Or borrows from a friend

" While Tom his legal studies  
 Most soberly pursues,  
 Poor Ned must pass his mornings  
 A dawdling with the Muse  
 While Tom frequents his banker,  
 Young Ned frequents the Jews

" Ned drives about in buggies,  
 Tom sometimes takes a bus,  
 Ah, cruel fate, why made you  
 My children differ thus ?  
 Why make of Tom a *dullard*,  
 And Ned a *genius* ?

" You'll cut him with a shilling,"  
 Exclaimed the man of wits

" I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,  
 " Sir Lawyer, as befits,  
 And portion both their fortunes  
 Unto their several wits "

"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said;  
 "On your commands I wait."  
 "Be silent, sir," says Brentford,  
 "A plague upon your prate!  
 Come take your pen and paper,  
 And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it  
 Was writ and signed and closed,  
 He bade the lawyer leave him,  
 And turn'd him round and dozed,  
 And next week in the churchyard  
 The good old King reposed

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,  
 Of mourners was the chief,  
 In bitter self upbraidings  
 Poor Edward showed his grief  
 Tom hid his fat white countenance  
 In his pocket handkerchief

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,  
 He falter'd in his walk,  
 Tom never shed a tear,  
 But onwards he did stalk,  
 As pompous, black, and solemn  
 As any catafalque

And when the bones of Brentford—  
 That gentle King and just—  
 With bell and ~~book~~ and candle  
 Were duly laid in dust,  
 "Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,  
 "Let business be discussed

"When late our sire beloved  
 Was taken deadly ill,  
 Sir Lawyer, you attended him  
 (I mean to tax your bill),  
 And, as you signed and wrote it,  
 I prithee read the will"

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,  
 And drew the parchment out,  
 And all the Brentford family  
 Sat eager round about  
 Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,  
 But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready  
 To seek my last long home,  
 Some cares I had for Neddy,  
 But none for thee, my Tom  
 Sobriety and order  
 You ne'er departed from

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,  
 And thou a plodding brain,  
 On thee I think with pleasure,  
 On him with doubt and pain  
 ("You see, good Ned" says Thomas,  
 "What he thought about us twain")

"Though small was your allowance,  
 You saved a little store,  
 And those who save a little  
 Shall get a plenty more  
 As the lawyer read this compliment,  
 Tom's eyes were running o'er

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,  
 Set out at each his pace,  
 The hare it was the faster,  
 The tortoise won the race,  
 And since the world's beginning  
 This ever was the case

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing,  
 Steps gaily o'er the ground,  
 As steadily you trudge it,  
 He clears it with a bound,  
 But dulness has stout legs Tom,  
 And wind that's wondrous sound



" O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,  
 You pass with plodding feet,  
 You heed not one nor t'other,  
 But onwards go your beat,  
 While genius stops to loiter  
 With all that he may meet,

' And ever as he wanders,  
 Will have a pretext fine  
 For sleeping in the morning,  
 Or loitering to dine,  
 Or dozing in the shade,  
 Or basking in the shine

" Your little steady eyes Tom,  
 I thought not so bright as those  
 That restless round about him  
 His flashing genius throws,  
 Are excellently suited  
 To look before your nose

" I thank Heaven then for the blinkers  
 It placed before your eyes,  
 The stupid are strongest,  
 The witty are not wise,  
 Oh bless your good stupidity!  
 It is your dearest prize

" And though my lands are wide,  
 And plenty is my gold  
 Still better gifts from Nature,  
 My Thomas, do you hold—  
 A brun that's thick and heavy,  
 A heart that's dull and cold

" Too dull to feel depression,  
 Too hard to heed distress,  
 Too cold to yield to passion  
 Or silly tenderness  
 March on—your road is open  
 To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,  
 And you in greedy lust "  
 ("I' faith, ' says Ned, "our father  
 Is less polite than just ")  
 "In you, son Tom, I've confidence,  
 But Ned I cannot trust

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,  
 My lands and tenements,  
 My parks my farms and orchards,  
 My houses and my rents,  
 My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,  
 My five and three per cents,

"I leave to you my Thomas'—  
 ("What ill? poor Edward said  
 "Well well I should have spent them,  
 And Tom's a prudent head }—  
 "I leave to you my Thomas,—  
 To you IN TRUST for Ned "

The wrath and consternation  
 What poet ever could trace  
 That at this fatal passage  
 Came o'er Prince Tom his face,  
 The wonder of the company,  
 And honest Ned's amaze?

"Tis surely some mistake, '  
 Good naturedly cries Ned,  
 The lawyer answered gravely,  
 "Tis even as I said,  
 'Twas thus his gracious Majesty  
 Ordin'd on his death bed

"See, here the will is witness'd,  
 And here's his autograph "  
 "In truth, our father's writing '  
 Says Edward with a laugh,  
 "But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom,  
 We'll share it half and half "

" Alas ! my kind young gentleman,  
 This sharing cannot be,  
 'Tis written in the testament  
 That Brentford spoke to me,  
 ' I do forbid Prince Ned to give  
 Prince Tom a halfpenny

" ' He hath a store of money,  
 But ne'er was known to lend it,  
 He never helped his brother,  
 The poor he ne'er befriended,  
 He hath no need of property  
 Who knows not how to spend it

" ' Poor Edward knows but how to spend,  
 And thrifty Tom to hoard  
 Let Thomas be the steward then,  
 And Edward be the lord,  
 And as the honest labourer  
 Is worthy his reward,

" ' I pray Prince Ned, my second son,  
 And my successor dear,  
 To pay to his intend int  
 Five hundred pounds a year,  
 And to think of his old father,  
 And live and make good cheer '

Such was old Brentford's honest testament  
 He did devise his moneys for the best  
 And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest  
 Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent,  
 But his good sire was wrong it is confess'd,  
 To say his son, young Thomas, never lent  
 He did Young Thomas lent at interest,  
 And nobly took his twenty five per cent

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured  
 Our Chiswick, Fulham Brentford, Putney, Kew,  
 But of extravagance he ne'er was cured  
 And when both died as mortal men will do,  
 'Twas commonly reported that the steward  
 Was very much the richer of the two

## THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON deck, beneath the awning,  
 I dozing lay and yawning,  
 It was the grey of dawning,  
   Ere yet the sun arose,  
 And above the funnels roaring,  
 And the fitful winds deplo'ring,  
 I heard the cabin snoring  
   With universal nose  
 I could hear the passengers snorting,  
 I envied their disporting—  
 Vainly I was courting  
   The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light  
 Came not and watched the twilight,  
 And the glimmer of the skylight,  
   That shot across the deck,  
 And the pinnacle pale and steady  
 And the dull glimpse of the dead eye,  
 And the sparks in fiery eddy  
   That whirled from the chimney neck  
 In our jovial floating prison  
 There was sleep from fore to mizen,  
 And never a star had risen  
   The hazy sky to speck.

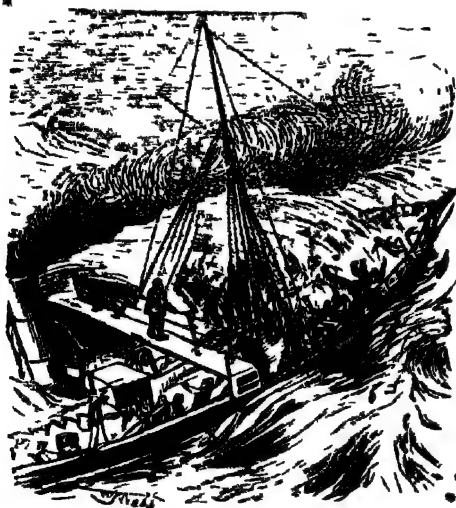
Strange company we harboured,  
 We'd a hundred Jews to harbour,  
 Unwashed, uncombed unbarbered—  
   Jews black and brown and grey,  
 With terror it would seize ye,  
 And make your souls uneasy,  
 To see those Rabbits greasy,  
   Who did nought but scratch and pray  
 Their dirty children puking—  
 Their dirty saucypans cooking—  
 Their dirty fingers hooking  
   Their swarming fleas away

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—  
 Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—  
 Enormous wide their breeks were,  
 Their pipes did puff alway,  
 Each on his mit allotted  
 In silence smoked and squatted,  
 Whilst round their children trotted  
 In pretty pleasant play  
 He can't but smile who traces  
 The smiles on those brown faces,  
 And the pretty prattling graces  
 Of those small heathens gay

And so the hours kept tolling  
 And through the ocean rolling  
 Went the brave ' Iberia' bowling  
 Before the break of day —  
 When A SQUALL, upon a sudden  
 Came o'er the waters scudding,  
 And the clouds began to gather,  
 And the sea was lashed to lather  
 And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
 And the lightning jumped and tumbled,  
 And the ship, and all the ocean,  
 Woke up in wild commotion  
 Then the wind set up a howling  
 And the poodle dog a yowling,  
 And the cocks began a crowing,  
 And the old cow raised a lowing  
 As she heard the tempest blowing,  
 And fowls and geese did crackle,  
 And the cordage and the tackle  
 Began to shriek and crackle,  
 And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
 And down the deck in runnels,  
 And the rushing water soaks all,  
 From the scamen in the fo'ksal  
 To the stokers whose black faces  
 Peer out of their bad places,  
 And the captain he was bawling,  
 And the sailors pulling, hauling,

And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
Was shivered in the squalling ,  
And the passengers awoken  
Most pitifully shaken ,  
And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
For the necessary basins

Then the Greeks they groined and quivered,  
And they knelt, and mourned, and shivered,



As the plunging waters met them  
And splashed and overset them  
And they call in their emergence  
Upon countless saints and virgins ,  
And their marrowbones are bended  
And they think the world is ended  
And the Turkish women for aye  
Were frightened and behorror'd ,

And shrieking and bewildering,  
 The mothers clutched their children;  
 The men sang "Allah! Allah!  
 Mashallah Bismillah!"  
 As the warring waters doused them  
 And splashed them and soused them,  
 And they called upon the Prophet,  
 And thought but little of it

Then all the fliers in Jewry  
 Jumped up and bit like fury,  
 And the progeny of Jacob  
 Did on the main deck wake up  
 (I wot those greasy Rabbins  
 Would never pay for cabins)  
 And each man moaned and jibbered in  
 His filthy Jewish gaberdine,  
 In woe and lamentation  
 And howling consternation  
 And the splashing water drenches  
 Their dirty brats and wenches  
 And they crawl from bales and benches  
 In a hundred thousand stench

This was the White Squall famous  
 Which utterly overcame us  
 And which all will well remember  
 On the 28th September,  
 When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
 (Those tight laced, whiskered prancers)  
 Came on the deck astonished,  
 By that wild squall admonished,  
 And wondering cried, 'Potztausend!  
 Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?  
 And looked at Captain Lewis  
 Who calmly stood and blew his  
 Cigar in all the bustle  
 And scorned the tempest's tussle  
 And oft we've thought thereafter  
 How he beat the storm to laughter,

"For well he knew his vessel  
 With that vain wind could wrestle,  
 And when a wreck we thought her,  
 And doomed ourselves to slaughter,  
 How gaily he fought her,  
 And through the hubbub brought her,  
 And as the tempest caught her,  
 Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY AND WATER!"

And when, its force expended,  
 The harmless storm was ended,  
 And as the sunrise splend  
     Came blushing o'er the sea  
 I thought, as day was breaking,  
 My little girls were waking,  
 And smiling and making  
     A prayer at home for me

1844

### PEG OF LIMAVADDY

RIDING from Coleraine  
 (I med for lovely Kitty),  
 Came a Cockney bound  
     Unto Derry city,  
 Weary was his soul  
     Shivering and sad he  
 Bumped along the road  
     Leads to Limavaddy,

Mountains stretched around  
 Gloomy was their tinting,  
 And the horse's hoofs  
     Made a dismal clinking,  
 Wind upon the heath  
     Howling was and piping,  
 On the heath and bog,  
 ' Black with many a snipe in



Mid the bogs of black,  
 Silver pools were flashing,  
 Crows upon their sides  
 Pecking wire and splashing  
 Cockney on the car  
 Closer folds his plaidy,  
 Grumbling at the road  
 Leads to Limavaddy

Through the crashing woods  
 Autumn brawled and blustered,  
 Tossing round about  
 Leaves the hue of mustard,  
 Yonder by Lough Foyle,  
 Which a storm was whipping,  
 Covering with mist  
 Like mud horses and shipping  
 Up and down the hill  
 (Nothing could be bolder),  
 Horse went with a row  
 Bleeding on his shoulder  
 Where are horses changed?  
 Said I to the baddy  
 Driving on the box  
 ' Sir at Limavaddy

Limavaddy inns  
 But a humble but house,  
 Where you may procure  
 Whisky and potatoes,  
 Landlord at the door  
 Gives a smiling welcome  
 To the shivering wights  
 Who to his hotel come  
 I inclidy within  
 Sits and knits a stocking,  
 With a wry foot  
 Baby's cradle rocking

To the chimney nook  
 Having found admittance,

There I watch a pup  
 Playing with two kittens,  
 (Playing round the fire,  
 Which of blazing turf is,  
 Roaring to the pot  
 Which bubbles with the murphies )  
 And the cradled babe  
 Fond the mother nursed it,  
 Singing it a song  
 As she twists the worsted !

Up and down the stair  
 Two more young ones patter  
 (I twins were never seen  
 Dittier or fatter)  
 Both have mottled legs  
 Both have snubby noses  
 Both have — Here the host  
 Kindly interposes  
 ' Sure you must be froze  
 With the sleet and hail sir  
 So will you have some punch  
 Or will you have some ale sir ?

Presently a maid  
 Enters with the liquor  
 (Half a pint of ale  
 Nothing in a beaker)  
 Gids ! I didn't know  
 What my beating heart meant  
 Here's self I thought  
 I ntered the apartment  
 As she came she smiled  
 And the smile bewitching,  
 On my word and honour  
 Lighted all the kitchen !

With a curtsy neat  
 Greeting the new comer,  
 Lovely, smiling Peg  
 Offers me the rummer,

But my trembling hand  
 Up the beaker tilted,  
 And the glass of ale  
 Every drop I spilt it  
 Spilt it every drop  
 (Dames, who read my volumes,  
 Pardon such a word)  
 On my what d ye call ems !

Witnessing the sight  
 Of that dire disaster,  
 Out began to laugh  
 Misses, maid, and master  
 Such a merry peal  
 Specially Miss Peggy was  
 (As the glass of ale  
 Trickling down my legs was),  
 That the jovial sound  
 Of that mingling laughter  
 Echoed in my ears  
 Many a long day after

Such a silver peal !  
 In the meadows listening,  
 You who've heard the bells  
 Ringing to a christening,  
 You who ever heard  
 Caradoc pretty,  
 Smiling like an angel,  
 Singing 'Giovinetti,'  
 Lancy Peggy's laugh,  
 Sweet and clear, and cheerful,  
 At my pantaloons  
 With half a pint of beer full !

When the laugh was done,  
 Peg, the pretty hussy,  
 Moved about the room  
 Wonderfully busy,  
 Now she looks to see  
 If the kettle keep hot.

Now she rubs the spoons,  
 Now she cleans the teapot;  
 Now she sets the cups  
 Trimly and secure  
 Now she scours a pot,  
 And so it was I drew her



Thus it was I drew her  
 Scouring of a kettle  
 (Faith ' her blushing cheeks  
 Redden'd on the metal ')  
 Ah ' but tis in vain  
 That I try to sketch it ,

The pot perhaps is like,\*  
 But Peggy's face is wretched  
 No! the best of lead  
 And of india rubber  
 Never could depict  
 That sweet kettle scrubber!

See her how she moves,  
 Scarce the ground she touches,  
 Airy as a fly  
 Graceful as a duchess  
 But her rounded arm  
 But her little legs,  
 Vestis never showed  
 And let like to Peggy's  
 Braided in her hair  
 Soft her look and modest,  
 Slim her little waist,  
 Comfortably bodiced!

This I do declare,  
 Happy is the laddy  
 Who the heart can share  
 Of Peg of Linnavaddy  
 Married if she were  
 First would be the daddy  
 Of the children fur  
 Of Peg of Linnavaddy  
 Beauty is not rare  
 In the land of Paddy,  
 Far beyond compare  
 Is Peg of Linnavaddy

Citizen or Squire  
 Tory Whig, or Radical  
 All would all desire  
 Peg of Linnavaddy  
 Had I Homer's fire,  
 Or that of Sergeant Taddy,  
 Meely I'd admire  
 Peg of Linnavaddy

And till I expire,  
Or till I grow mad, I  
Will sing unto my lyre  
Peg of Limeraddy!



### MAY-DAY ODE

BUT yesterday a naked sod  
The dandies snatched from Rotten Row,  
And cantered over it to and fro,  
And see it is done!  
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod  
A blazing arch of liquid glass  
Leaps like a fountain from the grass  
To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,  
With cattle browsing in the shade  
And here are lines of bright track  
In order rased!

A palace as for fairy prince,  
A rare pavilion, such as man  
Saw never since mankind began,  
And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now  
And lo! within its shining streets  
A multitude of nations meet  
A countless throng

I see beneath the crystal bow  
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,  
Each with his native handiwork  
And busy tongue

I felt a thrill of love and awe  
To mark the different garb of each,  
The changing tongue the various speech  
Together blent

A thrill, methinks, like His who saw  
 " All people dwelling upon earth  
 Praising our God with solemn mirth  
 And one consent "

High Sovereign, in your Royal state,  
 Captains, and chiefs, and councillors,  
 Before the lofty palace doors

Are open set —

Hush ! ere you pass the shining gate ,  
 Hush ! ere the heaving curtain draws,  
 And let the Royal pageant pause  
 A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep !  
 Bow coronet and kingly crown  
 Helmet and plume bow lowly down,  
 The while the priest,  
 Before the splendid portal step  
 (While still the wondrous banquet stirs),  
 From Heaven supreme a blessing prays  
 Upon the feast

Then onwards let the triumph march ,  
 Then let the loud artillery roll,  
 And trumpets ring, and joy bells toll,  
 And pass the gate  
 Pass underneath the shining arch,  
 'Neath which the leafy elms are green ,  
 Ascend unto your throne, O Queen !  
 And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place ,  
 A gentle lady, and the hand  
 That sways the sceptre of this land,  
 How frail and weak !  
 Soft is the voice and fair the face  
 She breathes Amen to prayer and hymn ,  
 No wonder that her eyes are dim,  
 And pale her cheek.

Thus moment round her empire's shores  
The winds of Austral winter sweep,  
And thousands lie in midnight sleep  
At rest to-day.

Oh! awful is that crown of yours,  
Queen of innumerable realms  
Sitting beneath the budding elms  
Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre tis to bear  
 Strange mystery of God which set  
 Upon her brow yon coronet —  
 The foremost crown  
 Of all the world, on one so fair!  
 That chose her to it from her birth,  
 And bade the sons of all the earth  
 To her bow down

The representatives of man  
Here from the far Antipodes,  
And from the subject Indian wars,  
In congress meet,  
From Afric and from Hindustan,  
From Western continent and isle,  
The envoys of her empire pile  
Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,  
Loading the gallant decks which once  
Roared a defiance to our guns  
With peaceful store,  
Symbol of peace their vessel rides !\*  
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,  
And firm their friendly anchors gripe  
The father shore !

**From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,**  
 ♣ **As rivers from their sources gush,**  
**The swelling floods of nations rush,**  
**And seaward pour**

\* The U S frigate "St. Lawrence."



From coast to coast in friendly chain,  
 With countless ships we bridge the straits,  
 And angry ocean separates  
     Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile —  
 From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,  
 In England's ark assembled thus  
     Are friend and guest  
 Look down the mighty unlit aisle  
 And see the sumptuous banquet set,  
 The brotherhood of nations met  
     Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade  
 Far as the straining eye can gaze  
 Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,  
     In vistas bright,  
 And statues fair of nymph and maid  
 And steeds and ponds and Amazons,  
 Writhling and grappling in the bronze,  
     In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,  
 To make the Queen's canopy  
 The peaceful hosts of industry  
     Their standards bear  
 Yon are the works of Brahmin loom  
 On such a web of Persian thread  
 The desert Arab bows his head  
     And cries his prayer

Look yonder where the engines toil  
 These England's ruins of conquest are,  
 The trophies of her bloodless war  
     Brave weapons these  
 Victorious over wave and soil  
 With these she sails, she weaves, she tills  
 Pierces the everlasting hills  
     And spans the seas

## THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

51

The engine roars upon its race,  
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,  
The people hum from floor to roof  
With Babel tongue  
The fountain in the basin plays  
The chunting organ echoes clear  
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,  
A wondrous song!

Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast  
March Queen and Royal pageant march  
By splendid aisle and springing arch  
Of this fair Hall  
And see! above the fabric vast  
God's boundless heaven is bending blue  
God's perfect sunlight's beaming through,  
And shines o'er all

May 1851

— \* —

## THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
For which no rhyme our language yields  
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is —  
The New Street of the Little Fields  
And here's an inn not rich and splendid,  
But still in comfortable ease  
The which in youth I oft attended,  
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
A sort of soup, or broth or brew,  
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes  
That Greenwich never could outdo  
Green herbs red peppers, mussels, saffron,  
Soles onions garlic roach, and dace  
All these you eat at FERRI'S tavern  
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis ;  
 And true philosophers, methinks,  
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
 Should love good victuals and good drinks.  
 And Cordelier or Benedictine  
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
 Nor find a fast day too afflicting,  
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is ?  
 Yes here the lamp is, as before ,  
 The smiling red check'd *taillèr* is  
 Still opening oysters at the door  
 Is FLRRÉ still alive and able ?  
 I recollect his droll grimace  
 He'd come and smile before your table,  
 And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older  
 "How's Monsieur FLRRÉ, waiter, pray?"  
 The waiter starts and shrugs his shoulder—  
 "Monsieur is dead this many a day"  
 'It is the lot of saint and sinner,  
 So honest FLRRÉ's run his race.'  
 What will Monsieur require for dinner?"  
 'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'

'Oh our Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer,  
 "Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"  
 "Tell me a good one—" "That I can, Sir  
 The Chambertin with yellow seal  
 "So FLRRÉ's gone—I say, and sink in  
 My old accustomed corner-place,  
 "He's done with feasting and with drinking,  
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse"

My old accustomed corner here is,  
 The table still is in the nook,  
 Ah! vanished many a busy year is  
 This well known chair since last I tock.

When first I saw ye, *caré laughs*,  
 I'd scarce a beard upon my face,  
 And now a grizzled, grim old fogey.  
 I sit and wait for Boullabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty  
 Of early days here met to dine?  
 Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—  
 I'll pledge them in the good old wine  
 The kind old voices and old faces  
 My memory can quick retrace,  
 Around the board they take their places  
 And share the wine and Boullabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage  
 There's laughing TOM is laughing yet,  
 There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage,  
 There's poor old IRID in the *Gazette*.  
 On JAMES'S head the grass is growing  
 Good Lord! the world has wagged apart  
 Since here we set the claret flowing,  
 And drank, and ate the Boullabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!  
 I mind me of a time that's gone,  
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
 In this same place—but not alone  
 A fair young form was nestled near me,  
 A dear dear face looked fondly up  
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me  
 —There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it  
 Come, fill, and have done with rhymes  
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
 In memory of dear old times  
 Welcome the wine, whatever the seal is,  
 And sit you down and say your grace  
 With thankful heart, whatever the meal is  
 —Here comes the smoking Boullabaisse!

**THE MAHOGANY TREE.**

CHRISTMAS is here  
 Winds whistle shrill,  
 Icy and chill  
 Little care we  
 Little we fear  
 Weather without  
 Sheltered about  
 The Mahogany Tree

Once on the boughs  
 Birds of rare plume  
 Sing in its bloom,  
 Night birds are we  
 Here we crouse  
 Singing like them,  
 Perched round the stem  
 Of the jolly old tree

Here let us sport,  
 Boys, as we sit,  
 In laughter and wit  
 Fishing so free  
 Life is but short—  
 When we are gone,  
 Let them sing on  
 Round the old tree

Evenings we knew,  
 Happy as this,  
 Faces we miss,  
 Pleasant to see  
 Kind hearts and true,  
 Gentle and just  
 Peace to your dust!  
 We sing round the tree

Care, like a dun,  
 Lurks at the gate  
 Let the dog wait,  
 Happy we'll be!

Drink, every one,  
 Pile up the coals,  
 Fill the red bowls,  
 Round the old tree !

Drink we the cup —  
 Friend art afraid ?  
 Spirits we laid  
 In the Red Sea  
 Muddle it up,  
 I mpty it yet,  
 I et us forget,  
 Round the old tree

Sorrows be gone !  
 Life and its ills  
 Duns and then bills,  
 Bid we to thee  
 Come with the dawn,  
 Blue devil spite,  
 I eave us to night,  
 Round the old tree

### THE YANKLL VOLUNTEERS

"A surgeon of the United States army says, that on inquiring of the Captain of his company he found that *nine tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty" — *Morning Paper*

YL Yankee volunteers !  
 It makes my bosom bleed  
 When I your story read,  
 Though oft tis told one  
 So--in both hemispheres  
 The women are untrue,  
 And cruel in the New,  
 As in the Old one !

What--in this company  
 Of sixty sons of Mars  
 Who march with Stripes and Stars,  
 With life and horn,

Nine tenths of all we see  
 Along the warlike line  
 Had but one cause to join  
 This Hope I orlorn ?

Deserters from the realm  
 Where tyrant Venus reigns,  
 You slipp'd her wicked charms,  
 I led and outran her  
 And now, with sword and helm  
 Together banded are  
 Beneath the Stripe and Star  
 Embroider'd banner !

And is it so with all  
 The warriors rang'd in line  
 With laces bedizen'd fine  
 And swords gold hilted ?  
 Yon lusty corporal,  
 Yon colour man who grips  
 The flag of Stars and Stripes—  
 Has each been jilted ?

Conspire each man of this line  
 The privates strong and tall,  
 " The pioneers and all, "  
 The fifer nimble—  
 Lieutenant and Ensign,  
 Captain with epauletts,  
 And Blackvithers, who beats  
 The clanging cymbal —

O cymbal beating black  
 Tell us, as thou canst feel,  
 Was it some Lucy Neal  
 Who caused thy ruin ?  
 O nimble fifeing Jack,  
 And drummer making din  
 So deftly on the skin,  
 With thy rat tat-tooing—

Confess, ye volunteers,  
 Lieutenant and Ensign,  
 And Captain of the line,  
     As bold as Roman—  
 Confess, ye grenadiers,  
 However strong and tall,  
 The Conqueror of you all  
     Is Woman, Woman !

No corselet is so proof  
 But through it from her bow  
 The shafts that she can throw  
     Will pierce and rankle  
 No champion e'er so tough  
 But 's in the struggle thrown  
 And tripp'd and trodden down  
     By her slim ankle

Thus always it was ruled  
 And when a woman smil'd,  
 The strong man was a child,  
     The sage a noodle,  
 Alcides was befool'd,  
 And silly Samson shorn,  
 Long long ere you were born,  
     Poor Yankee Doodle !



## THE PEN AND THE ALBUM

"I AM Miss Catherine's book," the Album speaks,  
 "I've lain among your tomes these many weeks,  
 I'm tired of their old coats and yellow checks

"Quick, Pen ! and write a line with a good grace  
 Come ! draw me off a funny little face,  
 And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."



## PEN

"I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen,  
I've served him three long years and drawn since then  
Thousands of funny women and droll men

"O Album! could I tell you all his ways  
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,  
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!"

## ALBUM

"His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few,  
Tell me a curious anecdote or two  
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!"

## PIN

"Since he my faithful service did engage  
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,  
I've drawn and written many a line and page

"Caricatures I scribbled have and rhymes  
And dinner cards, and picture pantomimes,  
And merry little children's books at times

"I've writ the foolish fancy of his dream,  
The aimless jest that striking him caused pain,  
The idle word that he'd wish back again

"I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread,  
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head,  
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

"I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—  
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court,  
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!"

"Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago  
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow  
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low,

"Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,  
 Tradesman's polite reminders of his small  
 Account due Christmas last—I've answer'd all

"Poor, Diddler's tenth petition for a half  
 Guinea, Miss Bunyan's for an autograph,  
 So I refuse, accept, lament or laugh,

"Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,  
 Day after day still dipping in my trough,  
 And scribbling pages after pages off

"Day after day the labours to be done,  
 And sure as come the postman and the sun,  
 The indefatigable ink must run

"Go back my pretty little gilded tome  
 To a fair mistress and a pleasant home  
 Where soft hearts greet us whenever we come"

"Dear friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,  
 However rude my verse or poor my wit,  
 Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it

"Kind lady! till my list of lines is penn'd,  
 My master's love, grief, laughter at its end,  
 Whenever I write your name may I write friend"

"Not all are so that were so in past years,  
 Voices, familiar once, no more he hears,  
 Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears

"So be it—joys will end and tears will dry—  
 Album! my master bids me wish good bye,  
 He'll send you to your mistress presently

"And thus with thankful heart he closes you  
 Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew  
 So gentle, and so generous and so true

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by,  
 Stranger! I never writ a flattery,  
 Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie"

# MRS. KATHERINE'S LANTERN.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

" COMING from a gloomy court,  
Place of Isralite resort,  
This old lamp I've brought with me  
Madam, on its pines you'll see  
The initials K and F "

" An old lantern brought to me?  
Ugly, dingy, battered black!  
(Here a lady I suppose  
Turning up a pretty nose)—  
" Pray, sir, take the old thing back.  
I've no taste for *bric à brac*

" Please to mark the letters twain"—  
(I'm supposed to speak again)—  
" Given on the lantern pine  
(Can you tell me who was she  
Mistress of the flowery wreath,  
And the anagram beneath—  
The mysterious K I

" Full a hundred years are gone  
Since the little beacon shone  
From a Venice balcony  
There, on summer nights, it hung,  
And her lovers came and sung  
To their beautiful K F

" Hush! in the canal below  
Don't you hear the splash of oars  
Underneath the lantern's glow,  
And a thrilling voice begins  
To the sound of mandolins?—  
Begins singing of amore  
And delire and dolore—  
O the ravishing tenore!

"Lady, do you know the tune?  
 Ah, we all of us have hummed it!  
 \* I've an old guitar has thrummed it,  
 Under many a changing moon  
 Shall I try it? *Do RE MI*  
 What is this? *Ma for*, the fact is,  
 That my hand is out of practice,  
 And my poor old fiddle cracked is

"And a man—I let the truth out,—  
 Who's had almost every tooth out,  
 Cannot sing as once he sung  
 When he was young as you are young,  
 When he was young and lutes were strung  
 And love-lamps in the casement hung

### LUCY'S BIRTHDAY

SEVENTEEN rose buds in a ring,  
 Thick with sister flowers best,  
 In a fragrant coronet,  
 Lucy's servants this day bring  
 Be it the birthday wreath she wears  
 Fresh and fair, and symboling  
 The young number of her years,  
 The sweet blushes of her spring

Types of youth and love and hope!  
 Friendly hearts your mistress greet,  
 Be you ever fair and sweet  
 And grow lovelier as you open  
 Gentle nursing, fenced about  
 With fond care, and guarded so,  
 Scarce you've heard of storms without,  
 Frosts that bite, or *how*!

Kindly has your life begun,  
 And we pray that Heaven may send  
 To our floweret a warm sun,  
 A calm summer, a sweet end

And where'er shall be her home,  
 May she decorate the place,  
 Still expanding into bloom,  
 And developing in grace.

### *THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.*

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
 And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
 Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
 I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,  
 But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure,  
 And the view I behold on a sunshiny day  
 Is grand through the chimney pots over the way

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks  
 With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,  
 And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,  
 Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),  
 Old rickety tables and chairs broken backed,  
 A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see,  
 What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,  
 Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire,  
 And 'tis wonderful, surely what music you get  
 From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet

That prying rug came from a Turcoman's camp,  
 By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp,  
 A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn  
 'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon

Long long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,  
 Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;  
 As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia  
 This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,  
 There's one that I love and I cherish the best  
 For the finest of couches that's padded with hair  
 I never would change thee, my cane bottom d chair

'Tis a handy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm eaten seat,  
 With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet,  
 But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
 I bless thee and love thee, old cane bottom d chair

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
 A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!  
 I look'd, and I long'd and I wish'd in despair,  
 I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane bottom d chair

It was but a moment she sat in this place,  
 She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!  
 A smile on her face and a rose in her hair  
 And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane bottom d chair

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
 Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince,  
 Saint Fanny my patroness sweet I declare,  
 The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom d chair

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
 In the silence of night as I sit here alone—  
 I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—  
 My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom d chair

She comes from the past and revisits my room,  
 She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom,  
 So smiling and tender so fresh and so fair,  
 And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom d chair

## PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT

As on this pictured page I look,  
 This pretty tale of line and hook  
 As though it were a novel-book  
 Amuses and engages

I know them both, the boy and girl,  
 She is the daughter of the Earl,  
 The lad (that has his hair in curl)  
     My Lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!  
 The fields lie basking in the glare,  
 No breath of wind the heavy air  
     Of lazy summer quickens  
 Hard by you see the castle till,  
 The village nestles round the wall,  
 As round about the hen its small  
     Young progeny of chickens

It is too hot to part the keep,  
 To climb the turret is too steep,  
 My Lord the Earl is dozing deep,  
     His noonday dinner over  
 The postern-warder is asleep  
 (Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep)  
 And so from out the gate they creep,  
     And cross the fields of clover

Their lines into the brook they launch,  
 He lays his cloak upon a branch,  
 To guarantee his Lady Blanche  
     's delicate complexion,  
 He takes his rapier from his haunch,  
 That beardless doughty champion staunch,  
 He'd drill it through the rival's paunch  
     That question'd his affection!

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack!  
 You never mark, though trout or jack,  
 Or little foolish stickleback,  
     Your baited snares may capture.  
 What care has *she* for line and hook?  
 She turns her back upon the brook,  
 Upon her lover's eyes to look  
     In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair ! as thus I gaze  
 Upon the girl who smiles always,  
 The little hand that ever plays  
     Upon the lover's shoulder,  
 In looking at your pretty shapes,  
 A sort of envious wish escapes  
 (Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)  
     The Poet your beholder

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two,  
 With nothing else on earth to do,  
 But all day long to hill and coo  
     It were a pleasant calling  
 And had I such a partner sweet,  
 A tender heart for mine to meet,  
 A gentle hand my clasp to meet,—  
 I'd let the world flow at my feet,  
     And never heed its bawling

### THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY

THE rose upon my balcony the morning air perfuming,  
 Was leafless all the winter time and pining for the spring,  
 You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is  
     blossoming

It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing

The nightingale, whose melody is through the greenwood  
 ringing.

Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were blowing  
 keen

And if, mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,

It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are green

Thus each performs his part, mamma the birds have found  
 their voices,

The blowing rose a flush, mamma, her bonny cheek to dye,  
 And there's sunshine in my heart, mamma, which wakens and

revives,  
 And so I sing and blush, mamma, and that's the reason why



*RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.*

' Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir à la chandelle,  
Assise auprès du feu d'avisant et filant,  
Direz, chantonant mes vers en vous émerveillant  
Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle "

SOME winter night shut snugly in  
Beside the faggot in the hall,  
I think I see you sit and spin,  
Surrounded by your maidens all  
Old tales are told old songs are sung,  
Old days come back to memory,  
You say ' When I was fair an I young,  
A poet sang of me ! '

There's not a maiden in your hall  
Though tired and sleepy ever so,  
But wakes as you my name recall,  
And longs the history to know  
And as the pitious tale is read,  
Of lady cold and lover true,  
Each, musing, carries it to bed,  
And sighs and envies you !

' Our lady's old and feeble now  
They'll say she once was fresh and fair,  
And yet she spurn'd her lover's vow,  
And heartless left him to despair  
The lover lies in silent earth,  
No kindly mate the lady cheers  
She sits beside a lonely hearth,  
With threescore and ten years ! "

Al ! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,  
But wherefore yield me to despair,  
While yet the poet's bosom glows,  
While yet the dame is peerless fair?  
Sweet lady mine ! while yet 'tis time  
Requite my passion and my truth,  
And gather in their blushing prime  
The roses of your youth !

*AT THE CHURCH GATE.*

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
 Yet round about the spot  
     Ofttimes I hover,  
 And near the sacred gate,  
 With longing eyes I wait,  
     Expectant of her

The Minster bell tolls out  
 Above the city's rout  
     And noise and humming  
 They've hushed the Minster bell  
 The organ gins to swell  
     She's coming, she's coming!

My Lady comes at last,  
 Lured, and stepping fast,  
     And hastening hither,  
 With modest eyes downcast  
 She comes—she's here—she's past—  
     May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed fair Saint!  
 Pour out your praise or plaint  
     Meekly and duly,  
 I will not enter there,  
 To sully your pure prayer  
     With thoughts unruly

But suffer me to pace  
 Round the forbidden place,  
     Lingering a minute  
 Like outcast spirits who wait  
 And see through heaven's gate  
     Angels within it

*THE AGE OF WISDOM.*

Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin,  
 That never has known the barber's shear,  
 All your wish is woman to win,  
 This is the way that boys begin,—  
 Wait till you come to Forty Year

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,  
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer,  
 Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
 Under Bonnybell's window pane —  
 Wait till you come to Forty Year

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
 Grizzling hie the brain cloth clear—  
 Then you know a boy is an ass  
 Then you know the worth of a lass,  
 Once you have come to Forty Year

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,  
 All good fellows whose beads are grev,  
 Did not the fairest of the fur  
 Common grow and we wiseome ere  
 I ver a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
 May pry and whisper and we not list,  
 Or look away and never be missed,  
 Ere yet ever a month is gone

Gillian's dead God rest her bier  
 How I loved her twenty years synce!  
 Marian's married but I sit here  
 Alone and merry at Forty Year  
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine



**SORROWS OF WERTHER.**

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte  
 Such as words could never utter,  
 Would you know how first he met her?  
 She was cutting bread and butter

Charlotte was a married lady,  
 And a moral man was Werther,  
 And for all the wealth of Indies,  
 Would do nothing for to hurt her

So he sighed and pined and ogled,  
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
 Till he blew his silly brains out  
 And no more was by it troubled

Charlotte, having seen his body  
 Borne before her on a shutter,  
 Like a well conducted person  
 Went on cutting bread and butter

**A DOE IN THE CITY**

LITTLE KITTY LORIMER,  
 Fair and young, and witty,  
 What has brought your ladyship  
 Rambling to the City?

All the stags in Chapel Court  
 Saw her lightly trip it,  
 All the lads of Stock Exchange  
 Twigg'd her muff and tippet.

With a sweet perplexity,  
 And a mystery pretty,  
 Threading through Threadneedle Street,  
 Trots the little KITTY

What was my astonishment—  
 What was my compunction,  
 When she reached the Offices  
 Of the Didland Junction !

Up the Didland stairs she went,  
 To the Didland door, Sir,  
 Porters, lost in wonderment,  
 Let her pass before, Sir

"Madam" says the old chief Clerk,  
 "Sure we can't admit ye"  
 "Where's the Didland Junction deed?"  
 Duntlessly say KIRBY

"If you doubt my honesty,  
 I look at my receipt" Sir  
 Up then jumps the old chief Clerk,  
 Smiling as he meets her

KIRBY at the table sits  
 (Whither the old Clerk leads her),  
 "*I deliver this*," she says  
 "*As my act and deed, Sir*"

When I heard those funny words  
 Come from lips so pretty  
 This I thought should surely be  
 Subject for a ditty

What! are ladies staggining it?  
 Sure, the more's the pity,  
 But I've lost my heart to her,—  
 Naughty little KIRBY



### THE LAST OF MAY

IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION DATED ON THE 1<sup>ST</sup>.

By fate's benevolent ward,  
 Should I survive the day,  
 I'll drink a bumper with my lord  
 Upon the last of May

That I may reach that happy time  
The kindly gods I pray,  
For are not ducks and peas in prime  
Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,  
My knife and fork shall play,  
But better wine and better men  
I shall not meet in May

And though good friend, with whom I dine  
Your honest head is grey  
And like this grizzled head of mine,  
Has seen its last of May,

Yet, with a heart that's ever kind  
A gentle spirit gay  
You've spring perennial in your mind  
And round you mark a May!

♦♦ --

"AH, BLEAK AND BARREN WAS  
THE MOOR"

Ah! bleak and barren was the moor  
Ah! loud and piercing was the storm  
The cottage roof was sheltered sure,  
The cottage hearth was bright and warm  
An orphan boy the lattice pass'd,  
And, as he marked its cheerful glow  
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,  
And doubly cold the fallen snow

They marked him as he onward press'd,  
With fainting heart and weary limb,  
Kind voices bade him turn and rest  
And gentle faces welcomed him  
The dawn is up- the guest is gone,  
The cottage hearth is blazing still  
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!  
Hark to the wind upon the hill!

### SONG OF THE VIOLET

A HUMBLE flower long time I pined  
 Upon the solitary plain,  
 And trembled at the angry wind,  
 And shrank before the bitter rain  
 And oh! 'twas in a blessed hour  
 A passing wanderer chanced to see,  
 And pitying the lonely flower,  
 To stoop and gather me

I fear no more the tempest rude,  
 On dreary heath no more I pine,  
 But left my cheerless solitude,  
 To deck the breast of Caroline  
 Alas! our days are brief at best,  
 Nor long, I fear, will mine endure  
 I hough sheltered here upon a breast  
 So gentle and so pure

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,  
 It robs me of my sweetest breath,  
 And every time it falls and heaves  
 It warns me of my coming death  
 But one I know would glad forego  
 All joys of life to be as I,  
 An hour to rest on that sweet breast,  
 And then, contented, die



### FAIRY DAYS

BESIDE the old hill here—upon my nurse's knee,  
 Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!  
 I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,  
 And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses,  
 And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,  
 The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,  
 With wondrous fairy gifts—the new born babe they bless'd,  
 One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,  
 And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old  
 The gentle Queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,  
 But the King he only laughs—and bids the dance begin

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,  
 And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,



An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown  
 I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down  
 And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,  
 At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair !

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,  
 A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,  
 A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright,  
 I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth ! a gallant knight



His lips are coral red—beneath a dark moustache,  
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

"Come forth, thou Pynim knight!"—he shouts in accents  
clear

The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear  
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,  
The giant and the knight are fighting on the green  
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,  
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee  
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers "You are free!"  
Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and fairy!  
I waken from my dreams—but there's never a knight for me!  
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be  
A child by the old hall fire—upon my nurse's knee!



## POCAHONTAS

WEARIED arm and broken sword  
Wage in vain the desperate fight  
Round his oppressor countless horde,  
He is but a single knight  
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill  
Through the wilderness resounds,  
As with twenty bleeding wounds,  
Sinks the warrior, fighting still

Now they heap the fatal pyre,  
And the torch of death they light,  
Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!  
Who will shield the captive knight  
Round the stake with fiendish cry  
Wheel and dance the savage crew  
Cold the victim's mien and proud  
And his breast is bared to die

Who will shield the fearless heart?  
 Who avert the murderous blade?  
 From the throng, with sudden start,  
 See there springs an Indian maid  
 Quick she stands before the knight  
 "Loose the chain, unbind the ring,  
 I am daughter of the King  
 And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings  
 Lifted and thirsty knife,  
 Fondly to his heart she clings,  
 And her bosom guards his life!  
 In the woods of Powhattan,  
 Still tis told by Indian fires,  
 How a daughter of their sires  
 Saved the captive Englishman



### FROM POCAHONTAS

RETURNING from the cruel fight  
 How pale and faint appears my knight!  
 He sees me anxious at his side,  
 "Why seek my love, your wounds to hide?  
 Or deem your English girl afraid  
 To emulate the Indian maid?"

Be mine my husband's grief to cheer,  
 In peril to be ever near,  
 Whatever of ill or woe betide,  
 I'll bear it clinging at his side,  
 The poisoned stroke of fate to ward,  
 His bosom with my own to guard  
 Ah! could it spare a pang to his,  
 It could not know a purer bliss!  
 'Twould gladden as it felt the smart  
 And thank the hand that flung the dart!

# THE LEGEND OF ST SOPHIA OF KIOFF.

AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS

## I

The Poet  
describes the  
city and spel-  
ling of Kiow,  
Kioff, or  
Kiowa

A THOUSAND years ago, or more  
A city filled with burghers stout  
And girt with ramparts round about,  
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore  
In armour bright, by day and night,  
The sentries they paced to and fro  
Well guarded and walled was this town, and called  
By different names, I'd have you to know,  
For if you look in the geography books,  
In those dictionaries the name it varies,  
And they write it off ~~Kioff~~ or Kioff  
Kiowa or Kiow.

## II

Its build-  
ings, public  
works, and  
ordinances,  
religious  
and civil

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,  
Kiowa within was a place of renown  
With more advantages than in those dark ages  
Were commonly known to belong to a town  
There were places and squares, and each year four  
fairs,  
And regular aldermen and regular lord mayors,  
And streets and alleys, and a bishop's palace,  
And a church with clocks for the orthodox—  
With clocks and with spurs as religion desires,  
And beads to whip the bad little boys  
Over their poor little corduroys,  
In service time, when they *didn't* make a noise  
And a chapter and dean and a cathedral green  
With ancient trees, underneath whose shades  
Wandered nice young nursery-maids  
Ding dong ding dong ding-a-ring ding,  
The bells they made a merry merry ring  
From the tall tall steeple, and all the people  
(Except the Jews) came and filled the pews—

Poles, Russians, and Germans,  
 To hear the sermons  
 Which HYACINTH preached to those Germans and  
 Poles  
 For the safety of their souls

The Poet  
 shows how  
 a certain  
 priest dwelt  
 at Kiöff, a  
 godly clergy-  
 man, and  
 one that  
 preached  
 rare good  
 sermons.

A worthy priest he was and a stout—  
 You've seldom looked on such a one,  
 For, though he fasted thrice in a week,  
 Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek,  
 His waist it spanned two yards about,  
 And he weighed a score of stone

How this  
 priest was  
 short and fat  
 of body

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer  
 And mortification most deserving  
 And as for preaching beyond compare  
 He'd exert his powers for three or four hours  
 With greater pith than Sydney Smith  
 Or the Reverend Edward Irving

And like  
 unto the  
 author of  
 "Plymley's  
 Letters"

He was the Prior of Saint Sophia  
 (A Cockney rhyme, but no better I know)—  
 Of Saint Sophia, that Church in Kiöw,  
 Built by missionaries I can't tell when,  
 Who by their discussions converted the Russians,  
 And made them Christian men

Of what con-  
 vent he was  
 prior, and  
 when the  
 convent  
 was built

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)  
 With special favour did regard this house,  
 And to uphold her converts new devotion  
 Her statue (needing but her legs for *her* ship)  
 Walks of itself across the German Ocean,  
 And of a sudden perches  
 In this the best of churches,  
 Whither all Kiövites come and pay it grateful worship

Of Saint  
 Sophia of  
 Kiöff, and  
 how her  
 statue mira-  
 culously  
 travelled  
 thither

## VII

And how  
Kioff should  
have been a  
happy city,  
but that

Thus with her patron-saints and pious preachers  
Recorded here in catalogue precise,  
A goodly city worthy magistrates,  
You would have thought in all the Russian state  
The citizens the happiest of all creatures,—  
The town itself a perfect Paradise

Certain  
wicked Co-  
sacks did  
besiege it,

No! this! this well built city  
Was in a perpetual fidget,  
For the Tartar, without pity,  
Did remorselessly besiege it.

Murdering  
the citizens,

Tartars fierce with swords and sabres  
Huns and Turks and such as these,  
Envied much their peaceful neighbours  
By the blue Borysthene's

Down they came these ruthless Russians,  
From their steppes and woods, and fens,  
For to levy contributions  
On the peaceful citizens

Winter Summer, Spring and Autumn,  
Down they came to peaceful Kioff  
Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,  
If their lives they would not buy off

Until they  
agreed to  
pay tribute  
yearly

Till the city, quite confounded  
By the ravages they made  
Humbly with their chief compounded  
And a yearly tribute paid

How they  
paid the  
tribute and  
then sud-  
denly re-  
fused it,  
To the  
wonder of  
the Cossack  
envoy

Which (because their courage lax was)  
They discharged while they were able  
Tolerated thus the tax was  
Till it grew intolerable,

And the Calmuc envoy sent,  
As before to take their dues all,  
Got to his astonishment,  
A unanimous refusal!

"Men of Kioff!" thus courageous  
 Did the stout Lord Mayor harangue them,  
 "Wherefore pay the sneaking wages  
 To the hectoring Russians? hang them!"

Of a mighty  
 gallant  
 speech

"Hark! I hear the awful cry of  
 Our forefathers in their graves,  
 "Fight, ye citizens of Kioff!"  
 Kioff was not made for slaves!"

That the  
 Lord Mayor  
 made,

"All too long have ye betrayed her,  
 Rouse, ye men and aldermen,  
 Send the insolent invader—  
 Send him starving back again

Exhorting  
 the burghers  
 to pay no  
 longer

## IX

He spoke and he sat down, the people of the town  
 Who were fired with a brave emulation  
 Now rose with one accord, and voted thanks unto the  
 Lord  
 Mayor for his oration

Of their  
 thanks and  
 heroic re-  
 solves,

The envoy they dismissed never placing in his fist  
 So much as a single shilling,  
 And all with courage fired, as his Lordship he desired,  
 At once set about their drilling

They dismiss  
 the envoy,  
 and set about  
 drilling

Then every city ward established a guard  
 Diurnal and nocturnal  
 Militia volunteers, light dragoons, and bombardiers,  
 With an alderman for colonel

Of the City  
 guard viz  
 militia,  
 dragoons,  
 and bombar-  
 diers, and  
 their com-  
 manders

There was muster and roll calls, and repairing city walls,  
 And filling up of fosses  
 And the captains and the majors, so gallant and  
 courageous,  
 A-riding about on their horses

Of the  
 majors and  
 captains,

To be guarded at all hours they built themselves watch  
 towers,  
 With every tower a man on,  
 And surely and secure, each from out his embrasure,  
 Looked down the iron cannon!

The fortifi-  
 cations and  
 artillery

Of the con-  
duct of the  
actors and  
the clergy.

A battle-song was writ for the theatre, where it  
Was sung with vast energy  
And rapturous applause, and besides, the public cause  
Was supported by the clergy

The pretty ladies' maids were pinning of cockades,  
And tying on of sashes,  
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers bluster'd  
fierce  
About gunshot and gashes,

Of the ladies

The ladies took the hint and all day were scraping lint,  
As became their softer genders,  
And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the heads  
Of the city's brave defenders

And, fin-  
ally, of the  
tailors

The men both young and old felt resolute and bold,  
And prated hot for glory,  
Even the tailors gain to brag, and embroidered on their  
flag,

"AUT WINCERE AUT MORI"

Of the Cos-  
sack chief,  
—his stra-  
tagem,

Seeing the city's resolute condition,  
The Cossack chief too cunning to despise it,  
Said to himself 'Not having ammunition  
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,  
Some of these nights I'll carry it by storm,  
And sudden escalate it on surprise it

And the bur-  
ghers' illie  
victorie

"Let's see, however, if the city stand firmish"  
He rode up to the city gates, for answers,  
Out rushed in eager troop of the town elite,  
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish  
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,  
Leaving the victory with the city lancers

What pris-  
oners they  
took,

They took two prisoners and as many horses,  
And the whole town grew quickly so elate  
With this small victory of their virgin forces,  
That they did deem their privates and commanders  
So many Cæsars Pompeys, Alexanders,  
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great

And puffing with inordinate conceit  
 They utterly despised these Cossack thieves;  
 And thought the ruffians easier to beat  
 Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.  
 Meanwhile, a sly spectator of their joys,  
 The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves

And how  
 conceited  
 they were.

"Whene'er you meet yon stupid city hogs '  
 (He bade his troops precise this order keep),  
 "Don't stand a moment—run away, you dogs!"  
 'Twas done, and when they met the town battalions,  
 The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,  
 Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep

Of the Cos-  
 sack chief,—  
 his orders,

They fled, obedient to their captain's order  
 And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,  
 When, viewing the country round the city warder  
 (Who, like a faithful weathercock did perch  
 Upon the steeple of Saint Sophy's church),  
 Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty blast he  
 blasted.

And how he  
 feigned a  
 retreat

His voice it might be heard through all the streets  
 (He was a warder wondrous strong in lung),  
 "Victory, victory! the foe retreats!"  
 "The foe retreats!" each cries to each he meets,  
 "The foe retreats!" each in his turn repeats  
 Gods! how the guns did roar and how the joy bells  
 rung!

The warder  
 proclaims  
 the Cos-  
 sacks re-  
 treat, and  
 the citie  
 greatly re-  
 joices

Arming in haste his gallant city lancers,  
 The Mayor, to learn if true the news might be,  
 A league or two out sused with his prancers  
 The Cossacks (something had given their courage a  
 damper)  
 Hastened their flight and gan like mad to scamper,  
 Blessed be all the saints, Kiowa town was free!

## XI

Now, puffed with pride the Mayor grew vain,  
 Fought all his battles over again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the  
 slain.



'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,  
 And not be very murderous,  
 For as of those who to death were done  
 The number was exactly none,  
 His Lordship, in his soul's election,  
 Did take a bloodless recreation—  
 Going home again he did ordain  
 A very splendid cold collation  
 For the magistrates and the corporation,  
 Likewise a grand illumination  
 For the amusement of the nation  
 That night the theatres were free  
 The conduits they ran Mithras,  
 Each house that night did beam with light  
 And sound with mirth and jollity  
 But shame! O shame! not a soul in the town,  
 Now the city was safe and the Crossicks flown,  
 Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care  
 The town had been rid of these terrible Turks—  
 Said ever a prayer to that patroness fair  
 For these her wondrous works!  
 Lord Hyacinth waited the merkest of priors—  
 He waited at church with the rest of his friars,  
 He went there at noon and he waited till ten,  
 Expecting in vain the Lord Mayor and his men.  
 He waited and waited from mid day to dark,  
 But in vain you might search through the whole of the  
 church  
 Not a hymn in praise to the city's disgrace,  
 From mid day to dark showed his nose in the place  
 The pious woman, organist, beadle, and clerk,  
 Kept away from their work and were dancing like mad  
 Away in the streets with the other mad people,  
 Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipple  
 Wherever the drink might be had

How he went forth to bid them to prayer  
 Amidst this din and revelry throughout the city roaring,  
 The silver moon rose silently, and high in heaven soaring,  
 Prior Hyacinth was fervently upon his knees adoring.

"Towards my precious patroness this conduct sure  
unfair is,"

I cannot think, I must confess, what keeps the dignitaries  
And our good Mayor away, unless some business them  
contraries "

He puts his long white mantle on, and forth the prior  
sallies—

{His pious thoughts were bent upon good deeds and not  
on malice)

Heavens! how the banquet lights they shone about the  
Mayor's palace!

About the hall the scullions ran with meats both fresh How the  
grooms and  
lacqueys  
and potted,

The pages came with cup and can all for the guests jeered him.  
allotted,

Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as up the stairs  
he trotted!

He entered in the ante rooms where sat the Mayor's  
court in,

He found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing and a-  
sporting,

The horrid wine and bucco fumes they set the Prior  
a-snorting!

The Prior thought he'd speak about their sins before he  
went hence,

And lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance,

The rogues they kicked the Prior out before he'd done  
a sentence!

And having got no portion small of buffeting and tussling And the  
mayor,  
mayoresse,  
and alder

At last he reached the banquet hall, where sat the  
Mayor a guzzling

And by his side his lady tall, dressed out in white sprig men, being  
tipsie, re-  
fused to go  
to church  
muslin

Around the table in a ring the guests were drinking  
heavy,

They drank the Church, and drank the King and the  
Army and the Navy

In fact they'd toasted everything The Prior said, "God  
save ye!"

The Mayor cried, "Bring a silver cup—there's one upon the buffet,

And, Prior, have the venison up—it's capital *richtig*.  
And so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup? And pray you,  
how's S unt Sophy?"

The Prior's face quite red was grown with horror and with anger

He flung the proffered goblet down—it made a hideous clangour,

And gan preaching with a frown—he was a fierce haranguer

He tried the Mayor and aldermen—they all set up a-jearing

He tried the common councilmen—they too began a-sneering

He turned towards the Mayress then, and hoped to get a hearing

He knelt and seized her dinner dress, made of the muslin snowy,

"To church, to church, my sweet mistress!" he cried  
"the way I'll show ye"

Alas, the Lady Mayoress fell back as drunk as Chloe!

How the  
Prior went  
back alone,

Out from this dissolute and drunken Court

Went the good Prior his eyes with weeping dim

He tried the people of a madder sort—

They too, alas were bent upon their sport,

And not a single soul would follow him!

But all were swigging schnapps and guzzling beer.

He found the city their daughters, sons, and spouses,

Spending the livelong night in fierce carouses

Alas, unthinking of the danger near!

One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,

The rest were sharing in the general feast,

"God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded,

Sweet Saint Sophia help us!" cried the priest

Alone he entered the cathedral gate,  
 Careful he looked the mighty oaken door,  
 Within his company of monks did wait,  
 A dozen poor old pious men—no more  
 Oh, but it grieved the gentle Prior sore,  
 To think of those lost souls, given up to drink and fate!

The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,  
 The poor old friars stirred their poor old bones,  
 And pattering swiftly on the damp cold stones,  
 They through the solitary chancel passed  
 The chancel walls looked black and dim and vast,  
 And rendered, ghost like, melancholy tones

And shut  
 himself into  
 Saint So-  
 phia's chapel  
 with his  
 brethren

Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a  
 Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at  
 They locked and double locked the inner wicket  
 And stood within the chapel of Sophia  
 Vain were it to describe this sainted place,  
 Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,  
 The venerable statue of Saint Sophy  
 Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace

Here the good Prior his personal griefs and sorrows  
 In his extreme devotion quickly merging  
 At once began to pray with voice sonorous,  
 The other friars joined in pious chorus  
 And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging  
 In honour of Sophia, that sweet virgin

XIV

Leaving thus the pious priest in  
 Humble penitence and prayer,  
 And the greedy cits a feasting  
 Let us to the walls repair

The episode  
 of Sneezoff  
 and Katinka

Walking by the sentry boxes,  
 Underneath the silver moon,  
 Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his—  
 Boldly cocks his musketoon

Sneezoff was his designation,  
 Fair haired boy, for ever pined,  
 For to take his cruel station,  
 He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in  
 Tender love's delicious plenties,  
 She a damsel of the kitchen,  
 He a haberdasher's prentice

'Iinka, maiden tender hearted,  
 Was dissolved in tearful fits,  
 On that fatal night she parted  
 From her darling fur haired Fritz

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in  
 Comforter and muffetee,  
 Called him "general" and "captain"  
 Though a simple private he

"On your bosom wear this plaster,  
 I will defend you from the cold,  
 In your pipe smoke this canister—  
 Smuggled 'tis, my love, and old

"All the night, my love, I'll miss you."  
 Thus she spoke, and from the door  
 Fur haired Sneezoff made his issue,  
 To return, alas no more

He it is who calmly walks his  
 Walk beneath the silver moon,  
 He it is who boldly cocks his  
 Detonating muskatoon

He the blind canister puffing,  
 As upon his round he paces,  
 Sudden sees a ragamuffin  
 Climbering swiftly up the glacis.

"Who goes there?" exclaims the sentry,  
 "When the sun has once gone down  
 No one ever makes an entry  
 Into this here fortified town!"

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezeoff,  
 But, ere any one replied,  
 Wretched youth ! he fired his piece off,  
 Started, staggered, groaned, and died !

How the  
 sentrie Sneeze-  
 zoff was sur-  
 prised and  
 slain

## XV

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry ' Who goes there ? ' But  
 echo was frightened too much to declare  
 Who goes there ? who goes there ? Can any one swear  
 To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,  
 Or the whiskers of D'Orsay count down to a hair ?  
 As well might you tell of the sands the amount,  
 Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,  
 As ever proclaim the number and name  
 Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came !  
 Down, down the knives poured with fire and with sword !  
 There were thieves from the Danube and rogues from  
 the Don,

How the  
 Cossacks  
 rushed in  
 suddenly  
 and took  
 the citie

There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks,  
 Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions—  
 Jew, Christian, idolater, Frank, Mussulman  
 Ah, a horrible sight was hioff that night !  
 The gates were all taken—no chance e'en of flight,  
 And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks  
 Went hither and thither hunting in packs  
 They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew—  
 Women and children, they slaughtered them too  
 Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,  
 Or the river—but oh, they had burned all the boats !

Of the Cos-  
 sack troops.

And of their  
 manner of  
 burning,  
 murdering,  
 and rav-  
 ishing

But here let us pause—for I can't pursue further  
 This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murder  
 Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed !  
 His plan of attack was successful indeed !  
 The night was his own—the town it was gone,  
 'Twas a heap still a burning of timber and stone  
 One building alone had escaped from the fires,  
 Saint Sophy's fair church with its steeples and spires  
 Calm, stately and white,  
 It stood in the light,

How they  
 burned the  
 whole citie  
 down save  
 the church,

Whereof the And as if 'twould defy all the conqueror's power,—  
bells began As if nought had occurred,  
to ring Might clearly be heard  
The chimes ringing soberly every half-hour!

## XVI

The city was defunct—silence succeeded  
Unto its last fierce agonising vells,  
And then it was the conqueror first heeded  
The sound of these calm bells  
Furious towards his aides de camp he turns,  
And (speaking as if Byron's works he knew)  
"Villains!" he fiercely cries "the city burns,  
Why not the temple too?  
Burn me yon church and murder all within!"  
The Cossacks thundered at the outer door,  
And Father Hyacinth, who heard the din  
(And thought himself and brethren in distress,  
Deserted by their lady patroness)  
Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes outpour

His prayer to the Saint Sophia "And is it thus O falsest of the saints,  
Thou hearest our complaints?  
Tell me did ever my attachment falter  
To serve thy altar?  
Was not thy name ere ever I did sleep,  
The list upon my lip?  
Was not thy name the very first that broke  
From me when I awoke?  
Have I not tried with fasting, flogging penance,  
And mortified countenance  
For to find favour Sophy in thy sight?  
And lo! this night,  
Forgetful of my prayers and thine own promise,  
Thou turnest from us?  
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,  
And without pity,  
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,  
Burn down their houses!"

Is such a breach of faith to be endured?

See what a lurid

Light from the insolent invader's torches

Shines on your porches!

Even now, with thundering battering-ram and hammer

And hideous clamour,

With axemen, swordsmen pikemen, billmen, bowmen,

The conquering foremen,

O Sophy! beat your gate about your ears

Alas! and here's

A humble company of pious men,

Like muttons in a pen,

Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrust,

Because in you they trusted

Do you not know the Calmuc chief's desires—

KILL ALL THE PRIESTS!

And you, of all the saints most false and fickle,

Leave us in this abominable pickle.

"RASH HYACINTHUS!"

(Here, to the astonishment of all her backers

Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,

Like to a pair of German walnut crakers

Began), "I did not think you had been thus,—

O monk of little faith! Is it because

A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen

Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*, then?

Think'st thou that I, who in a former day

Did walk across the Sea of Marmora

(Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas),—

That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthene's,

Without so much as winking of my toes,

Am frightened at a set of men like *those*?

I have a mind to leave you to your fate

Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires."

The statue  
suddenly  
speaks,

Saint Sophy was here

Cut short in her words—

For at this very moment in tumbled the gate,

And with a wild cheer,

And a clashing of swords,

But is inter-  
rupted by  
the breaking  
in of the  
Cossacks



Swift through the church porches,  
 With a waving of torches,  
 And a shriek and a yell  
 Like the devils of hell,  
 With pike and with axe  
 In rushed the Cossacks,—  
 In rushed the Cossacks, crying "MURDER THE  
 FRIARS!"

Of Hyacinth, his  
 courageous  
 address,

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth  
 When he heard that villainous shout Calmuc!  
 Now, thought he my trial begun,  
 Sings "O give me courage and pluck!"  
 "Courage, boys 'tis useless to funk!"  
 Thus unto the friars he began  
 Never let it be said that a monk  
 Is not likewise a gentleman  
 Though the patron saint of the church  
 Spite of all that we've done and we've pryd,  
 Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch  
 Hing it, gentlemen, who's afraid?"

And pre-  
 paration  
 for dying

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke  
 He, with an air as easy and as free as  
 If the quick coming murder were a joke,  
 Folded his robes around his sides and took  
 Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak  
 Like Cesar at the statue of Pompeius  
 The monks no leisure had about to look  
 (Each being absorbed in his particular case)  
 Else had they seen with what celestial grace  
 A wooden smile stole over the saint's mahogany face.

Saint So-  
 phia, her  
 speech

"Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son!"  
 Thus spoke the sainted statue  
 Though you doubted me in the hour of need  
 And spoke of me very rude indeed  
 You deserve good luck for showing such pluck,  
 And I won't be angry at you

The monks bystanding, one and all,  
 Of this wondrous scene beholders,  
 To this kind promise listened content,  
 And couldn't contain their astonishment,  
 When Saint Sophia moved and went  
 Down from her wooden pedestal,  
 And twisted her legs sure as eggs is eggs,  
 Round Hyacinthus's shoulders!

She gets on  
 the Prior's  
 shoulder  
 straddle-  
 back,

"Ho! forwards," cries Sophy, "there's no time for And bids  
 waiting him run"

The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in  
 See, the glare of their torches shines red through the  
 grating

We've still the back door, and two minutes or more  
 Now, boys now or never, we must make for the river,

For we only are safe on the opposite shore

Run swiftly to draw bids if ever you ran

Put out your best leg Hyacinthus my man,

And I'll lay five to two that you carry us through,

Only scamper as fast as you can

Away went the priest through the little back door  
 And light on his shoulders the image he bore

He runneth,

The honest old priest was not punished the least  
 Though the image was eight feet and he measured four

Away went the Prior and the monks at his tail,

Went snorting and puffing and panting full sail,

And just as the last at the back door had passed

In furious hunt behold at the front

The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible cheers,

With axes, and halberds and muskets and spears,

With torches aflaming the chapel now came in

They tore up the mass-book they stamped on the  
 psalter,

They pulled the gold crucifix down from the altar,

The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires

And many cried, "Curse on them! where are the  
 friars?"

When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,  
 One chanced to fling open the little back door,  
 Spied out the friars' white robes and long shadows  
 In the moon, scampering over the meadows,  
 And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,  
 By crying out lustily, 'THERE GO THIR PARSONS!'  
 With a whoop and yell, and a scream and a shout,  
 At once the whole murderous body turned out,  
 And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,  
 Pursued the poor short winded men of religion

And the Tar  
 tars after  
 him

How the  
 friars  
 sweated,

When the sound of that cheering came to the monks'  
 hearing,

O Heaven! how the poor fellows panted and blew!  
 At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running  
 When the Tartars came up what the deuce should  
 they do?

'They'll make us all martyrs, those bloodthirsty  
 Tartars.'

Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh  
 The shouts they came nearer, the farther they drew nearer,  
 Oh how the bolts whistled and how the lights shone!  
 'I cannot get further this running is murder,  
 Come carry me, some one!' cried big Father John.  
 And even the statue grew frightened 'Od rat you!'

It cried 'Mr Prior I wish you'd get on!  
 On tugged the good friar but higher and higher  
 Appeared the fierce Russians with sword and with fire.  
 On tugged the good prior at Saint Sophy's desire,—  
 A scramble through bramble, through mud, and  
 through mire

The swift arrows whizzing causing a dizziness.  
 Nigh done his business fit to expire,  
 Father Hugh with tugged and the monks they tugged  
 after

And the pur  
 suers fixed  
 arrows into  
 their tails.

The foxmen pursued with a horrible laughter  
 And build their long spears round the poor brethren's  
 ears

So true that next day in the coat of each priest,  
 Though never a wound was given, there were found  
 A dozen arrows at least

Now the chase seemed at its worst,  
 Prior and monks were fit to burst,  
 Scarce you knew the which was first,  
 Or pursuers or pursued,  
 When the statue, by Heaven's grace,  
 Suddenly did change the face  
 Of this interesting race,  
 As a saint, sure, only could

How, at the  
 last gasp,

For as the jockey who at Ipsom rides,  
 When that his steed is spent and punished sore,  
 Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides  
 And thereby makes him run one or two furlongs more,  
 Even thus betwixt the eighth rib and the ninth  
 The saint rebuked the Prior that weary creeper,  
 Fresh strength into his limbs her kicks imparted  
 One bound he made as gay as when he started  
 Yes, with his brethren clinging at his cloak  
 The statue on his shoulders fit to choke  
 One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth  
 And soused friars' statue, and all slapdash into the  
 Dnieper!

The friars  
 won, and  
 jumped into  
 Horysthenes  
 fluvius

And when the Russians, in a fiery rank  
 Panting and fierce drew up along the shore,  
 (For here the vain pursuing they forborn  
 Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank)  
 Then, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,  
 A sight they witnessed never seen before  
 And which, with its accompaniments glorious  
 Is writ in the golden book or *lib r aureus*

And how the  
 Russians saw

Plump in the Dnieper floundered the friar and friends,—  
 They dargling round his neck, he fit to choke,  
 When suddenly his most miraculous cloak  
 Over the billowy waves itself extends  
 Down from his shoulders quietly descends  
 The venerable Sophy's statue of oak,  
 Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,  
 Bids all the brethren follow its example!

The statue  
 get off Hy-  
 acinth his  
 back, and sit  
 down with  
 the friars on  
 Hyacinth  
 his cloak.

How in this manner of boat they  
sailed away  
Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease;  
The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,  
And (waving to the foe a salutation) '—  
Sailed with her won lering happy protégés  
Gaily adown the wide Borysthénis  
Until they came unto some friendly nation.  
And when the heathen had at length grown shy of  
Their conquest she one day came back again to Kioff.

FINIS OF THE THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING AT  
end. YOU  
YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW AND SEE THE STATUE!

### TITMIRSHI'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.

LILLE Sept 7, 1843.

*My heart is weary, my faith is gone,  
If it shall be to my misfortune  
I have no money I lie in pain  
A stranger is the lot of I die*

WITH twenty pounds but three weeks since  
From Paris forth did Titmirsh wheel,  
I thought myself a rich prince  
As he grew poor I'm now at Lille

Confiding in my ample means—  
In truth I was a happy chiel!  
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,  
I never thought to come by Lille

I never thought my twenty pounds  
Some rascal knife would dare to steal,  
I gaily passed the Belgic bounds  
At Quévrain, twenty miles from Lille

To Antwerp town I hastened post,  
 And as I took my evening meal,  
 I felt my pouch,—my purse was lost,  
 O Heaven! Why came I not by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,  
 To grandmamma I made appeal,  
 Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten  
 I borrowed from a friend so kind

I got the cash from grandmamma  
 (Her gentle heart my woes could feel),  
 But where I went and what I saw  
 What matters? Here I am at Lille

My heart is weary my peace is gone,  
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
 I have no cash, I live in pawn  
 A stranger in the town of Lille

To stealing I can never come  
 To pawn my watch I'm too genteel  
 Besides, I left my watch at home  
 How could I pawn it then at Lille?

"*I a note*" at times the guests will say  
 I turn as white as cold boiled veal,  
 I turn and look another way,  
 I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,  
 'Good sir I cannot pay your bill.'  
 He thinks I am a Lord Anglars  
 And is quite proud I stay at Lille

He thinks I am a Lord Anglars  
 Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,  
 And so he serves me every day  
 The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face  
 I blush as red as cochineal,  
 And think, did he but know my case,  
 How changed he'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,  
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
 I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
 A stranger in the town of Lille

## III

The sun bursts out in furious blaze  
 I perspire from head to heel,  
 I'd like to hire a one horse chaise—  
 How can I without cash at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot  
 By cafés where in beer they deal,  
 I think how pleasant were a pot,  
 A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,  
 All girt around with guard and grille?  
 O gracious gods! it makes me sick,  
 It is the *prison house* of Lille!

O cursed prison strong and barred  
 It does my very blood congeal!  
 I tremble as I pass the guard  
 And quit that ugly part of Lille

The church door beggar whines and prays,  
 I turn away at his appeal  
 Ah church door beggar! go thy ways!  
 You're not the poorest man in Lille

My heart is weary, my peace is gone  
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?  
 I have no money, I lie in pawn,  
 A stranger in the town of Lille

'Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,  
And at a Popish altar kneel?  
Oh, do not leave me in the lurch —  
I'll cry, ye patron saints of Lillk !

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,  
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal  
Look kindly down ! before you stoops  
The miserablest man in Lillk

And lo ! as I beheld with awe  
A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real)  
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma ! —  
It did ! and I had hope in Lillk !

'Twas five o'clock and I could not  
Although I could not pry my mind  
I hied me back into the street  
— Where lies my inn, the best in Lillk

What see I on my table stand  
A letter with a well known seal?  
'Tis grandmamma's ! I know her hand —  
" To Mr M A Titmarsh Lillk

I feel a choking in my throat,  
I pant and stagger faint and reel !  
It is — it is — a ten pound note  
And I'm no more in pawn at Lillk !

[He goes off, by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom  
of his happy family.]

## JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE

A MIMIC

COWR all ye gents vot clears the plate  
Come all ye ladies muds so fair —  
Vile I a story will relate  
Of cruel James of Buckley Square



A tighter lad, it is confessed, \*  
 Neer walked with powder in his air,  
 Or wore a nose-gay in his breast,  
 Than indsum James of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it was the best of sights,  
 Behind his Master's coach and pair,  
 To see our James in red plush tights,  
 A driving holt from Buckley Square.  
 He'd become his breeches willits,  
 He cocked his hat with *each* a hair,  
 His calves and viskers *was* such pots  
 That hull loved James of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hupsters folks as well  
 And o! I withered with despair  
 Missus *would* ring the parlor bell,  
 And call up James in Buckley Square.  
 Both beer and spirits he abhord  
 (Spirits and beer I can't abear)  
 You would have thought he was a lord  
 Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd, "Mary Ann  
 Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,  
 To take a public is my plan  
 And leave this hojous Buckley Square.  
 O how my gentle heart did bound  
 I do think that I his name should bear!  
 "Dea James," says I, "I've twenty pound,"  
 And giv them him in Buckley Square.

Our master was a City gent,  
 His name's in railroads everywhere,  
 And lord! 'ot lots of letters vent  
 Betwixt his brokers and Buckley Square.  
 My James it was the letters took,  
 And read them all (I think it's fair),  
 And took a leaf from Master's book,  
 As *others* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,  
Of which poor I was unware,  
He wrote the Companies all round,  
And signed himself from Buckley Square.  
And how John Porter used to grin,  
As div by div share after share,  
Came railway letters pouring in,  
"J Plush Esquire in Buckley Square"

Our servants All was in a rage—  
Scrip stock curves, gradients bull and bear,  
Vid butler coachman groom and page,  
Was all the talk in Buckley Square  
But O' imagine vot I felt  
Last Ven day week as ever were,  
I gets a letter which I spelt  
'Miss M. A. Hoggins, Buckley Square

He sent me back my money true—  
He sent me back my look of ur  
And said, "My dear I bid yew  
To Mary Hann and Buckley Square  
Think not to marry foolish Hann,  
With people who your better are  
James Plush is now a gentleman  
And you—a cook in Buckley Square

"I've thirty thousand guineas won,  
In six short months by genius rare,  
You little thought what James was on,  
Poor Mary Hann in Buckley Square  
I've thirty thousand guineas net  
Powder and plush I scorn to wear,  
And so, Miss Mary Hann forget  
I or hever Je uncs of Buckley Square"



# **LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.**

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN

Thir castle towers of Barreures are fur upon the lea,  
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesen rise up from out the  
sea.

I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,  
I saw the lands of Barreures for fifty miles or more  
I stood upon the donjon keep — it is a sacred place —  
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race,  
Argent a dexter sinople and pales in chief a field  
There ne'er was nobler cognisance on knightly warrior's shield

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman  
neck

On board a ship from Valery King William was on deck  
A Norman lance the colours wore — in Hastings fatal fray—  
St. Willibald for Barreures! 'twas double gules that day!  
O Heaven and sweet Saint Willibald! in many a battle since  
A loyal hearted Barreures bann'd him by his Prince!  
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poitiers,  
The pennon of the Barreures was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle shock to hear our war-cry ringing  
O grant me sweet Saint Willibald! to listen to such singing!  
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,  
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!  
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear  
Saint Willibald for Barreures through battle ringing clear?  
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,  
And strike a blow for Barreures my fathers at your side!  
Dish down — dish down yon mandolin — beloved sister mine!  
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line  
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,  
The spinning jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls  
Sing not — sing not my Angeline! in days so base and vile,  
'I were sinful to be happy — 'twere sacrilege to smile  
I'll hie me to my lonely hall — and by its cheerless hob  
I'll muse on other days, and wish — and wish I were — A SPOON.

*LITTLE BILLEE.\**

Air—"Il y avait un petit navire"

THERE WERE three sailors of Bristol city  
 WHO took a boat and went to sea  
 BUT first with beef and captain's biscuits  
 AND pickled pork they loaded she

THERE WAS gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
 AND the youngest he was little Billee  
 NOW when they got as far as the Equator  
 THEY dROUGHT nothing left but one split pea

SAYS gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
 "I am extremely hungry"  
 TO gorging Jack says, guzzling Jimmy  
 "We've nothing left, we must eat we

SAYS gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
 "With one another we shouldn't quarrel"  
 THERE'S little Bill he's young and tender,  
 WE'RE old and tough, so let's eat he

"Oh! Billy we're going to kill and eat you,  
 So undo the button of your chemise"  
 WHEN Bill received this information  
 HE used his pocket handkerchief

"First let me say my catechism,  
 Which my poor mamma taught to me"  
 "Make haste make haste" says guzzling Jimmy,  
 WHILE Jack pulled out his stick of snuff

SO Billy went up to the main top gallant mast,  
 AND down he fell on his bended knee  
 HE scarce had come to the twelfth commandment  
 WHEN up he jumps "There's land I see"

\* As different versions of this popular song have been set to music and sung, no apology is needed for the insertion in these pages of what is considered to be the correct version.

" Jerusalem and Madagascar,  
And North and South Amerikee  
There's the British flag a riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's  
He hinged fit Jack and flogged Jimmie  
But as for little Bill he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy three

### THE LYING DUKE

" Say whose can vonder chariot be,  
That thunders on so fast  
And who was he that sat within?  
I marked him as he past

" I was Arthur Duke of Wellington  
Who in that chariot sat  
All in his martial cloak and in  
His proudly plumed cocked hat

" Not Arthur Duke of Wellington,  
That poster fame could be  
Nor yet a living nobleman  
Some Demon Duke is he

" Fwa he to Fakenham he is bound,  
To town by rail to wend,  
When from to Windsor he must hie,  
A Council to attend

With whizz and whistle snort and puff  
The Duke is borne to town  
Nor stops until near London Bridge  
The tinn h'm set him down

There waits a Brough am on Wellington  
To Apsley House he flies,  
Where at a messenger in red  
Both meet his Grace's eyes

"How now, thou scarlet messenger,  
Thy tidings briefly tell."  
"The Queen invites your Grace to dine  
To-morrow."

"Very well

To Paddington by rail, to Slough  
By steam— away, away!



To Windsor, thence he goes by rail  
But there he must not stay—

For that his Grace at Walmer hath  
A trust this night to keep,  
And he hath warned his serving men  
He shall be back to sleep

The Council's o'er, back posts his Grace,  
 As fast as fast might be  
 Hurrah! hurrah! well speeds the Duke—  
 He'll be in time for tea.

The morrow comes again away  
 The noble Duke is gone  
 To Folkstone and to London Bridge,  
 And thence to Paddington

"Away, away to Paddington,  
 As fast as ye can drive  
 Twixt eight and nine the Queen doth dine  
 Be there by half past five"

Fast have they fled, right fleetly sped  
 And Paddington is won  
 'How office swun, about the train?'  
 'Is just this instant gone'

'Your Grace we just have missed the train,  
 It grieveth me to say "  
 'To Aspley House' then cried the Duke,  
 "As quickly as you may

The loud halloo of "Go it you!"  
 Beneath the gas lights glare,  
 O'er wood and stone they rattle on,  
 As fast as they can tear

On on they went, with hue and cry,  
 'Til the Duke got home  
 The axle trees on fire well nigh,  
 The horses in a foam

Out stepp'd the Duke serene and cool,  
 And calmly went upstairs,  
 And donn'd the dress, the which, at Court,  
 He generally wears.

"Windsor I may not reach in time  
To make my toilet there,  
So thus the hour I will employ,  
Which I, perforce, must spare

"What is't o'clock?" "Your Grace, near seven"  
"Then bear me hence again,



And mark me—this time take good care  
You do not miss the train

Off, off again the coachman drives,  
With fury fierce and fell  
Mid whoop and shout from rabble rout,  
And oath, and scream, and yell



To right and left a way they cleft  
 Amid the bustling throng ,  
 While, meteor like, the carriage lamps  
 Flash'd as they flew along

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the station's nigh  
 " What ho ! there ! Shout again !  
 Here comes the Duke - he's going down ,  
 Give word to stop the train

The engineer and stoker hear ,  
 Duke Arthur takes his place  
 Behold him now on way to Slough  
 Borne at a whirlwind's pace

" At Slough who stops ? His Grace out pops,  
 His ticket is resigned  
 " To Windsor haste like felon chased,  
 Or I shall be behind

Off bounds the hack, while far back,  
 The night hawk plies his wing  
 The race is run, the Castle's won,  
 " Come, this is just the thing "

At half past eight for Queens don't wait,  
 The noble guests appear  
 In banquet hall, and of them all  
 The Duke brings up the rear

## MORAL

" 'Tis money,' as the proverb says,  
 " That makes the mare to go "  
 The Duke has cash to cut a dash ,  
 Would we could all do so !

## MR. SMITH AND MOSES

A VETERAN gent, just stepped out of a boat,  
In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,  
Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,  
And that was the Palace of Moses and Son

A respectable dame with the mariner went,  
Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,  
And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder  
On seeing the mansion of Moses and Son

"I've look'd upon many a palace before,  
But splendour like this, love, I never yet saw!"  
This party exclaimed "What a great sum of money  
it sure must have cost Messrs Moses and Son!"

In the language of France his good lady replied,  
"This house is well known through the universe wide,  
And you, my dear Philip, to seed having run,  
Had better refit with E. Moses and Son

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,  
Inviting the couple to enter his place  
He thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,  
And the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son

"What clothes can I serve you to day, my good man?"  
E. Moses exclaimed "You shall pay what you can,  
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one,  
Republicans true are E. Moses and Son

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start  
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart  
"A vest, coat, and trousers as soon as they're done,  
I want, *s'il vous plait*, Messieurs Moses and Son

"I once was a king, like the monarch of Room,  
But was forced from my throne and came off in a  
Br—m,  
And in such a great hurry from Paris I run,  
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son"

"Dear sir," we exclaimed, "what a lucky escape!"  
 So one brought the patterns another the tape,  
 And while with our patterns his "peepers" we stun,  
 The gent is quick measured by Moses and Son

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—  
 "—Smith Esquire at Prince Leopold's Claremont, in Surrey"  
 The cloth was first rate and the fit such a one  
 As only is furnished by Moses and Son

As he paces the valley or room in the grove  
 All cry "What a very respectable cover!"  
 How changed in appearance from him who late ran  
 From Paris to refuge with Moses and Son

Now who was this 'veteran gent' sirs, 'T' Moses,  
 Although he may 'guess' yet he never discloses  
 Do you wish to know more 'gents' if you do, why then run  
 To Aldgate and ask of L. Moses and Son

### THE FRODDYLENT BUTLER

MR PUNCH SAYS—The above is the below written Poem on a subject of grate duty which as a butler I feel it a disgrace to the cloth that any man calling himself a butler should go for to pit wind on false pretences and such wind (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last) from Richmond and in justice to self and fellow servants have expressed my feelings in poetry which as you have previously admitted to your entertainment columns poems by a butler (and also a placeman) I think you have a right to find a place for a poem by a butler which I beg to subscribe myself your constant reader

JOHN CORLES.

14 Lushington Place West, Peckham

It is all of one John George Montresor  
 And Briggs Esquire his master kind,  
 This retch all for his private pleasure,  
 Did froddylently order wind.

To Mister Ellis, Richmond, Surrey,  
Where Briggs, Esquire, he did reside,  
This wicked John druv in a urry,  
On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then, this mene and shabby feller  
To Mister Ellis did remark,  
Briggs ad gone out and took the cellar  
Kee away across the Park,

And cumpny comeng on a suddent,  
Ad stayed to dine with Missis B.,  
Whereby in course the butler coxient  
Get out the wind without the kee

So Missis B. she would be werry  
Much obliged if e d send in  
Arf a dozen best brown sherry  
And single bottle Ollans gin

But this was nothink but a story as  
This wicked butler went and told,  
Whereby for nothink to get glorions,  
Wich so he did and grew more bold

Until, at last grown more iudashus,  
He goes and orders wat d ye think?  
He goes and orders goodness grishus,  
Marsaly, wind no gent can drink

It wasn't for his private drinkin—  
I or that he d Briggses wine enuff—  
But wen the sherry bins was sinkin  
He filled em with this *narry stough*

And Briggs, I squirt, at re own tabel  
(To rite such things, my art offends)  
Might ave t drink if he was thul,  
Marsaly wind, hisself and friends!

But praps John ne'er to tabel brot it,  
And used it in the *negus* line  
Or praps the raskal, when he bort it,  
Knew Briggs was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the seson  
 This villin plaid these orrid games  
 For butlers to commit such treason,  
 I'm sure it is the wust of shames  
 But masters, tho soft, has thare senses,  
 And rogues tho sharp are cotcht at last,  
 So Bugg's l-squire at last commenses  
 To find his wind goes werry fast  
 Once when the family gey a party,  
 Shampain in court the binkwet crown'd,  
 And Bugg's l-squire so kind and artly,  
 He ordered John to und it re and  
 No wind in general's drunk more quicker,  
 But now his glass no gent would drine,  
 When Bugg's on tatin found the licker  
 Was British urf a crown Shampain!  
 That they d not drink it was no wunder,  
 A dreadful look did Bugg's issom  
 And ordered with a voice of thunder  
 The retched butler from the room  
 Then rush in collong to the cellar,  
 Regardless if he broke a shin  
 He found wot trucks the wicked feller  
 Had been a playin with the bunn  
 Of all his prime old sherry rathly  
 There wasnt none to spake of there,  
 And Mr Ellis Marsaly  
 Was in the place the sherry were  
 Soon after that the wicked feller's  
 Crimes was diskivered clear and clene,  
 By the small akount of Mr Ellis  
 For lickers, twenty pound fifteen  
 And not content with thus embezzlin  
 His master's wind, the skoundrel had  
 The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,  
 An' a doin every think that's bad

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,  
 As is reported in the *Times*,  
 He wor ad up for his conduc dirty  
 And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers  
 Would keep your wind upon your shelves,  
 This int accept- If you ave cellars,  
 Always to mind the kee yourselves

### THE IDLER

With the London hubbub  
 Over-tired and pestered  
 I sought out a subbub  
 Where I lay sequestered  
 Where I lay for three days  
 From Saturday till Monday  
 And (per free aut nefree)  
 > Make the most of Sunday,

Burning of a cheroot  
 When I d had a skinful  
 Squatting on a tree root  
 Doubting if twa sinful,  
 As the bells of Kingston\*  
 Made a pretty clangour  
 I (forgiving heathen)  
 Heard them not in anger -

Heard and rather fancied  
 Their reverberations,  
 As I sat entranc'd  
 With my meditations  
 From my Maker's praises  
 Easily I wandered  
 To pull up His d usie,  
 As I sat and pondered

As I pull'd His daisies  
 Into little pieces,  
 Much I thought of life  
 And how small its ease is.  
 Much I blamed the world  
 For its worldly vanity,  
 As my smoke upcurl'd  
 Type of its vanity

By world I meant the Town  
 Mayfair and its high domes,  
 Or rather my own set,  
 Its chatterings and cooings,  
 So I view'd the strife  
 And the sport of London,  
 Doubting if its life  
 Were overdone or undone

Be it slow or rapid,  
 If it wakes or slumbers,  
 Anyhow it's vapid—  
 Moonshine from cucumbers  
 Min is useless too  
 Be he saint or satyr,  
 Nothing's new or true  
 And - it doesn't matter  
 ,

May not I and James  
 Be compared together,  
 I in inking rooms  
 He in blacking leather?  
 Snob and swell we peers,  
 Snuffer chewer whiffer,—  
 In a hundred years  
 Wherein shall we differ?

Counting on to-morrow's  
 Orish Whither tendeth  
 He who simpl, borrows  
 He who simpler lendeth,

## THE END OF THE PLAY

• 113

If we give or take,  
Where remains the profit?  
Sold or wide awake,  
All will go to Tophet.

To Tophet--shady club  
Where no one need propose ye,  
Where Hamlet hints 'the rub'  
Is not select or cosy  
In that mixed vulgar place,  
It doesn't matter who plays  
There's no more Bouillabaisse?  
And no more *petits soupers*

Why then seek to vie  
With Solomons or Sidneys?  
Why care for Strasbourg pie  
For punch or devilled kidneys?  
Why write 'Yellow Plush'  
Why should we *not* wear it?  
Wherefore should we blush?  
Rather grin and bear it

These uprooted druses  
Speak of useless trouble,  
Of roots that burn like blazes  
Show that life's a bubble  
Thus musing on our lot,  
A foggy old sinner,  
I'm glad to say I got --  
An appetite for dinner

## THE END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done, the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.



It is an ~~un~~pleasant word and task ,  
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
 He shows, as he removes the mask,  
 A face that's anything but gay

One word ere yet the evening ends,  
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,  
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
 As fits the merry Christmas time \*  
 On life's wide scene you too, have parts,  
 That late ere long shal bid you play  
 Good night ! with home-t gentle hearts  
 A kindly greeting, so alway !

Good night ! I'd say the griefs, the joys  
 Ju't hinted in this mimic page  
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
 Are but repeated in our age  
 I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
 Your hopes more warm than those of men,  
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
 At forty-five played over again

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
 Not less nor more as men than boys,  
 With grizzled beards at forty-five  
 A crest at twelve in corduroys  
 And if in time of sacred youth  
 We learned it home to love and pray  
 Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth  
 May never wholly pass away

And in the world as in the school,  
 I'd say how fate may change and shift,  
 The prize be sometimes with the fool  
 The race not always to the swift  
 The strong may yield the good may fall  
 The great man be a vulgar clown,  
 The knave be lifted over all,  
 The kind cast pitilessly down

\* These verses were printed at the end of a Christmas book (1848-9),  
 "Dr Birch and his Young Friends."

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
 Blessed be He who took and gave!  
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
 Be weeping at her darling's grave? \*  
 We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,  
 That darkly rules the fate of all  
 That sends the respite or the blow,  
 That's free to give or to recall

This crowns his feast with wine and wit  
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?  
 His betters, see below him sit,  
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate  
 Who laid the mud from Dives' wheel  
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?  
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel  
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus

So each shall mourn in life's advance  
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed,  
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
 And longing passion unfulfilled  
 Amen! whatever fate be sent  
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow  
 Although the head with cares be bent  
 And whitened with the winter snow

Come wealth or want, come good or ill  
 Let young and old accept their part  
 And bow before the Awful Will  
 And bear it with an honest heart  
 Who misses or who wins the prize  
 Go lose or conquer as you can,  
 But if you fall or if you rise  
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman

A gentleman, or old or young!  
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays),  
 The sacred chorus first was sung  
 Upon the first of Christmas days

\* C. B., 1b 20th November, 1848, act 4<sup>th</sup>

The shepherds heard it overhead—  
 The joyful angels raised it then  
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
 And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song save this is little worth,  
 I lay the weary pen aside  
 And wish you health and love, and mirth,  
 As fits the solemn Christmas tide  
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
 Be this good friends, our carol still—  
 Be peace on earth be peace on earth,  
 To men of gentle will

### VANITAS VANITATUM

How spake of old the Royal Seer!  
 (His text is one I love to try it on)  
 This life of ours he said, is sheer  
*Metaphor Metastelion*

O Student of this gilded Book,  
 Declare while turning on its pages,  
 If truer words were ever spoke  
 By ancient or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note\*  
 French Spanish English Russians, Germans  
 And in the volume polyglot  
 Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,  
 More wild than all romancers' stories,  
 What wondrous transformations queer,  
 What homilies on human glories!

\* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador, in *Madame de R——'s* album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

What theme for sorrow or for scorn !  
 What chronicle of Fate's surprises—  
 Of adverse fortune nobly borne,  
 Of chances, changes, runs, rises !

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,  
 How strange a record here is written !  
 Of honours dealt as if in joke  
 Of brave desert unkindly smitten

How low men were and how they rise !  
 How high they were, and how they tumble !  
 O vanity of vanities !  
 O laughable pathetic jumble !

Here between honest Jimin's joke  
 And his Turk Excellency's firm in  
 I write my name upon the book  
 I write my name— and end my sermon

O Vanity of vanities !  
 How wayward the decrees of Fate are ,  
 How very weak the very wise  
 How very small the very great are !

What mean these stilted moralities,  
 Sir Preacher from your desk you mumble ?  
 Why rail against the great and wise ,  
 And tire us with your ceaseless grumble ?

Pray choose us out another text,  
 O man morose and narrow minded !  
 Come turn the page—I read the next,  
 And there the next, and still I find it

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,  
 And Folly set in place exalted ,  
 How Princes footed in the dust,  
 While lacqueys in the saddle vaulted

Though thrice a thousand years are past  
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,  
The weary King Ecclesiast,  
Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,  
And life is every day renewing  
Fresh comments on the old old tale  
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory Ruin

Hark to the Preacher preaching still  
He lifts his voice and craves his canon,  
Here at St. Peter's on Cornhill  
As yonder on the Mount of Helicon

I or you and me to heart to take  
(O dear beloved brother readers)  
To day as when the good King spake  
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars

LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY.



# LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY.

## WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW

### THE MAYFAIR LOVE SONG

**W**INTER and summer night and morn,  
I languish at this table dark,

My office window has a corn  
er look, into St. James's Park

I hear the foot guards' bugle horn  
Their tramp upon parade I mark,

I am a gentleman forlorn  
I am a Foreign Office Clerk

My toil, my pleasures, every one,  
I find are stale, and dull, and slow,  
And yet to-day, when work was done,  
I felt myself so sad and low

I could have seized a sentry's gun  
My wounded brains out out to blow  
What is it makes my blood to run?

What makes my heart to beat and glow?

My notes of hand are burnt perhaps?  
Some one has paid my tailor's bill?

No! every morn the tailor raps,  
My I O U's are extant still

I still am prey of debt and dun,  
My elder brother's stout and well

What is it makes my blood to run?  
What makes my heart to glow and swell?



I know my chief's distrust and hate,  
 He says I'm lazy and I shirk  
 Ah! had I genius like the late  
 Right Honourable Edmund Burke!  
 My chaner of all promotion's gone  
 I know it is - he hates me so,  
 What it is it makes my blood to run  
 And all my heart to swell and glow!

Why, why is all so bright and gay?  
 There is no chance - there is no cause.



My office time I found to day  
 Disgusting as it ever was  
 At three I went and tried the Clubs,  
 And yawned and hunted to and fro,  
 And now my heart jumps up and throbs,  
 And all my soul is in a glow.

At half past four I hail the cab,  
 I drove as hard as I could go  
 The London sky was dirty drab,  
 And dirty brown the London snow.

\*And as I rattled in a cant  
er down by dear old Bolton Row  
A something mide my heart to pant,  
And caused my cheek to flush and glow

What could it be that made me find  
Old Jawkins pleasant at the Club?  
Why was it that I laughed and grinned  
At what although I lost the rub?  
What was it made me drink like mad  
Thirteen small glasses of Curio?  
That made my inmost heart so glad,  
And every fibre thrill and glow?

She's home again! she's home! she's home!  
Away all cares and griefs and pain,  
I knew she would! she's back from Rome,  
She's home again! she's home again!  
"The family's gone abroad," they said,  
September last they told me so,  
Since then my lonely heart is dead  
My blood I think I forgot to flow

She's home again! away all care!  
O fairest form the world can show!  
O beaming eyes! O golden hair!  
O tender voice that breathes so low!  
O gentlest solace, purest heart!  
O joy! O home! "My life's ho!"  
Fitz Cluence said, we saw him start—  
He galloped down to Bolton Row

## THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE-SONG

### THE ROCKS

I WAS a timid little antelope,  
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks  
I saw the hunters scouring on the plain,  
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks

I was a-thirsty in the summer heat ,  
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well ,  
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well ,  
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well  
I only see my eyes my own sad eyes  
My mother is alone among the rocks

### THE MERRY BIRD

ZULEIKAH! The young Agis in the bazaar are slim-waisted  
and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my  
eyes is out and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise  
be to Allah! I am a merry bird.



There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife,  
Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck and a ruby  
tail. I am a merry bird. He deafens me with his 'diabolical'  
screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage.  
Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight  
I am a merry bard.

'The peacock is an Agra, but the little bird is a Bulbul  
'I am a little brown Bulbul Come and listen in the moon  
light. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard

### III CAIQUET

YONDER to the kiosk beside the creek  
'Paddle the swift caiquet  
Thou brawny oarsman with the sunburnt cheek  
Quick! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak  
Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,  
Swift bending to your oars  
Beneath the melancholy sycamores  
Hark! what ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours'

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,  
The stars themselves more bright  
As mid the waving branches out of sight  
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,  
I could not have my fill  
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?"  
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a thrill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose  
"But looked upon the Rose,  
And in the garden where the loved one grows,  
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose

"O bird of song, there's one in this caiquet  
The Rose would also seek,  
So he might learn like you to love and speak  
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak  
"The Rose, the Rose of Love blushes on Leilah's cheek.

## MY NORA

BENEATH the gold acacia buds  
My gentle Nora sits, and broods,  
Far, far away in Boston woods,  
My gentle Nora!

I see the tear drop in her eye  
Her bosom heaving tenderly  
I know - I know she thinks of me,  
My darling, Nora!

And where am I? My love, whilst thou  
Sitt'st and beneath the acacia bough  
Where pearl's on neck and wreath on brow,  
I find my Nora!

Mid care met and coronet  
 When joy lay up—hence and flowers are set—  
 Where England's chivalry are met  
 Behold me, Nora!

In this strange scene of revelry,  
Amidst the gorgeous chivalry,  
A form I saw was like to thee,  
My love, my Nora!

She pause I midst her converse glad,  
The lady saw that I was sad,  
She pitied the poor lonely lad —  
Do I love her, Nora?

In sooth he is a lovely dame,  
A lip of red and eye of flume  
And clustering golden locks the same  
As thine dear Nora!

Her glance is softer than the dawn's,  
Her foot is lighter than the fawn's,  
Her breast is whiter than the swan's,  
Or thine, my Nora!

Oh, gentle breast to pity me !  
Oh, lovely Lady, Emily !  
Till death—till death I'll think of thee—  
Of thee and Nora !

TO MARY

I SEEM in the midst of the crowd  
The lightest of all  
My laughter rings cheery and loud  
In banquet and hall  
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,  
For all men to see  
But my soul and my truth and my tears,  
Are for thee — are for thee I

Around me they flatter and fawn—  
The young and the old  
The fairest are ready to pawn  
Their hearts for my gold  
They sue me—I laugh as I spurn  
The slaves at my knee,  
But on faith and in fondness I turn  
Unto thee, unto thee!

## SERENADE

Now the toils of day are over  
And the sun hath sunk to rest,  
Seeking like a fiery lever,  
The bosom of the blushing West—

The faithful night keeps watch and ward,  
Raising the moon her silver shield  
And summoning the stars to guard  
The slumbers of my fair Mathilde !

The faithful night ! Now all things lie  
Hid by her mantle dark and dim,  
It pious hope I hither me  
And humbly chant mine evening hymn

Thou art my prayer, my saint, my shrine !  
(For never holy place could hold  
O wept it feet more pure than thine)  
My virgin love, my sweet Mathilde !

**FIVE GERMAN DITTIES.**





# FIVE GERMAN DITTIES.



## *A TRAGIC STORY.*

BY ADOLF VON CHAMISSO

" —'s war Einer, dem's zu Herzen gieng "

**T**HERE lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore,  
But wondered much and sorrowed more  
Because it hung behind him

He mused upon this curious case,  
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,  
And have it hanging at his face,  
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, " The mystery I've found,—  
I'll turn me round, —he turned him round,  
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,  
All day the puzzled sage did spin,  
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—  
The pigtail hung behind him

And right, and left, and round about,  
And up and down, and in, and out,  
He turned, but still the pigtail stout  
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,  
 And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
 Alas ! still faithful to his back  
     The pigtail hangs behind him,

## THE CHAPLET

FROM UHI AND

“Es pflichte I hümlen mannigfalt.”

A LITTLE girl through field and wood  
 Went plucking flowrets here and there,  
 When suddenly beside her stood  
     A lady wondrous fair

The lovely lady smiled and lud  
 A wreath upon the maiden's brow  
 “Wear it, ’twill blossom soon,” she said,  
     “Although ’tis leafless now

The little maiden older grew  
 And wandered forth of moonlight eves,  
 And sighed and loved as maids will do,  
     When, lo ! her wreath bore leaves

Then was our maid a wife and hung  
 Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom,  
 When from the garland's leaves there sprung  
     Fair store of blossom

And presently a baby fair  
 Upon her gentle breast she reared,  
 When midst the wreath that bound her hair  
     Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,  
 Sunk in the black and silent tomb,  
 All sere and withered was the wreath  
     That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore,  
 She wore it at her dying hour,  
 When, lo! the wondrous garland bore  
 Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!

## THE KING ON THE TOWER.

FROM UHI AND

"Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Hohen

THE cold grey hills they bind me around,  
 The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,  
 But the winds as they pass over all this ground  
 Bring me never a sound of woe

Oh! for all I have suffered and striven,  
 Care has embittered my cup and my feast,  
 But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,  
 And my soul shall be at rest

O golden legends writ in the skies!  
 I turn towards you with longing soul,  
 And list to the awful harmonies  
 Of the Spheres as on they roll

My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone,  
 My sword it rusteth upon the wall,  
 Right have I spoken and right have I done,  
 When shall I rest me once for all? •

O blessed rest! O royal night!  
 Wherefore seem'st thou the time so long  
 Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,  
 And list to their loudest song?

## TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

AND thou wert once a maiden fair,  
 A blushing virgin warm and young  
 With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,  
 And glossy brow that knew no care—  
 Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung

The golden locks are silvered now,  
 The blushing cheek is pale and wan,  
 The spring may bloom the autumn glow,  
 All's one—in chimney corner thou  
 Sitt'st shivering on —

A moment—and thou sink'st to rest!  
 To wake perhaps an angel blest  
 In the bright presence of thy Lord  
 Oh weary is life's path to ill!  
 Hard is the strife and light the fall  
 But wondrous the reward!

## A CREDO

FOR the sole edification  
 Of this decent congregation  
 Goodly people, by your grant  
 I will sing a holy chant—  
 I will sing a holy chant  
 If the ditty sound but oddly,  
 'I was a father, wise and godly,  
 Sang it so long ago—  
 Then sing as Martin Luther sang  
 As Doctor Martin Luther sang  
 'Who loves not wine, woman and song,  
 He is a fool his whole life long!'

## II

He, by custom patriarchal,  
 Loved to see the beaker sparkle,  
 And he thought the wine improved,  
 Tasted by the lips he loved—

By the kindly lips he loved  
 Friends, I wish this custom pious  
 Duly were observed by us,

To combine love, song, wine  
 And sing as Martin Luther sang  
 As Doctor Martin Luther sang  
 "Who loves not wine, woman, and song  
 He is a fool his whole life long !

## III

Who refuses this our Credo,  
 And who will not sing as we do  
 Were he holy as John Knox,  
 I'd pronounce him heterodox,

I'd pronounce him heterodox,  
 And from out this congregation  
 With a solemn commination

Banish quick the heretic,  
 Who will not sing as Luther sang  
 As Doctor Martin Luther sang,  
 "Who loves not wine, woman, and song.  
 He is a fool his whole life long !





FOUR IMITATIONS OF  
BÉRANGER.





## FOUR IMITATIONS' OF BÉRANGER.

### *LE ROI D'YVETOT*

**I**L était un roi d'Yvetot,  
Peu connu dans l'histoire,  
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,  
Dormant fort bien sans gloire  
Et couronné par Jeanneton  
D'un simple bonnet de coton  
Dit-on  
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !  
La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas  
Dans son palais de chaume,  
Et sur un âne, pas à pas  
Parcourut son royaume.  
Joyeux, simple, et croyant le bien,  
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien  
Qu'un chien  
Oh ! ah ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux  
Qu'une soif un peu vive,  
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,  
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive,

Lui-même à table, et sans suppôt,  
 Sur chaque muid le vait un pot  
 D'impôt.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons  
 Comme il avoit su plure,  
 Ses sujets avient cent raisons  
 De le nommer leur père  
 D'ailleurs il ne les vit de bien  
 Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an  
 Au blanc

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,  
 Fut un voisin commode  
 Et modèle des potentats,  
 Prit le plaisir pour code  
 Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,  
 Que le peuple qui l'enterra  
 Pleura

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.

On conserve encor le portrait  
 De ce digne et bon prince  
 C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret  
 Et mieux dans la province  
 Les jours de fête bien souvent,  
 La foule s'écric en buvant  
 Devant

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! &c.

### THE KING OF YVETOT.

THERE was a king of Yvetot  
 Of whom renown nath little sud,  
 Who let all thoughts of glory go  
 And dawdled half his days abed,

And every night, as night came round,  
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,  
Slept very sound  
Sing ho, ho ho! and he, he, he!  
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,  
That four lusty meals made he,  
And, step by step upon an ass,  
Rode abroad, his realms to see,



And wherever he did stir,  
What think you was his escort, sir?  
Why an old cur  
Sing ho, ho ho! &c

If e'er he went into excess  
"I was from a somewhat lively thirst,  
But he who would his subjects bless,  
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first,

## FOUR IMITATIONS OF BÉRANGER.

1

And so from every cask they got,  
Our king did to himself allot  
At least a pot  
Sing ho ho ! &c

To all the ladies of the land,  
A courteous king and kind, was he—  
The reason why you'll understand,  
They named him Pater Patrie  
Each year he called his fighting men  
And marched a league from home, and then  
Marched back at un  
Sing ho ho ! &c

Neither by force nor false pretence  
He sought to make his kingdom great,  
And made (O princes learn from hence)  
True and let lie his rule of state  
'Twas only when he came to die  
That his people who stood by  
Were known to cry  
Sing ho ho ! &c

The portrait of this best of kings  
Is extant still upon a sign  
That on a village tavern swings  
Famed in the country for good wine  
The people in their Sunday trim,  
Filling their glasses to the brim,  
Look up to him  
Singing ha ha ha ! and he he, he !  
That's the sort of king for me

## THE KING OF BRENTFORD

## ANOTHER VERSION

THERE was a king in Brentford —of whom no legends tell  
But who without his glory —could eat and sleep right well  
His Polly's cotton nightcap —it was his crown of state,  
He slept of evenings early,—and rose of mornings late.

All in a fine mud palace,—each day he took four meals,  
And for a guard of honour—a dog ran at his heels,  
Sometimes, to view his kingdoms—rode forth this monarch good,  
And then a prancing jackass—he royally bestrode

There were no costly habits—with which this king was curst,  
Except (and where's the harm on't?)—a somewhat lively thirst,  
But people must pay taxes—and kings must have their sport  
So out of every gallon—His Grace he took a quart

He pleased the ladies round him—with manners soft and bland,  
With reason good, they named him—the father of his land  
Each year his mighty armies—marched forth in gallant show,  
Their enemies were targets,—their bullets they were tow

He vexed no quiet neighbour—no useless conquest made  
But by the laws of pleasure—his peaceful realm he swayed  
And in the years he reigned—through all this country wide,  
There was no cause for weeping—save when the good man died

The faithful men of Brentford—do still their king deplore,  
His portrait yet is swinging—beside an alehouse door  
And toper, tender hearted—regard his honest phiz,  
And envy times departed,—that knew a reign like his

## LE GRENIER

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse  
De la misère a subi les leçons  
J'avais vingt ans une folle maîtresse  
De francs amis et l'amour des chansons  
Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,  
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,  
Leste et joyeux je montais six étages  
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore  
Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur,  
Là fut ma table, et je retrouve encore  
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur

Apparaissez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,  
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le temps  
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage.  
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,  
Vive, jolie avec un frais chapeau,  
Déjà sa main a l'étoite fenêtre  
Suspend son schiel en guise de rideau  
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette  
Respecte l'Amour ses plus longs et flottans  
J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette  
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

A table un jour jour de grande richesse,  
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,  
Quand jusqu'ici mont' un cri d'allégresse  
A Marengo Bonaparte et son vainqueur  
Le canon grondé, un autre chant commence,  
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans  
Les trois jumeaux n'en virent point la fin  
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Quittons ce tout ou ma raison se livre  
On t'quitte tout bon ces jours si regrettes !  
J'achèterais ce qu'il me reste à vivre  
Contre un des mots qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,  
Pour rêver gloire, amour plaisir folie  
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instans  
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie  
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

### THE GARRET.

With pensive eyes the little room I view,  
Where in my youth, I weathered it so long,  
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,  
And a light heart still breaking into song

Making a mock of life and all its cares,  
 Rich in the glory of my rising sun,  
 Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,  
 In the brave days when I was twenty one.

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—  
 There was my bed—full hard it was and small,  
 My table there—and I decipher still  
 Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.



Ye joys that Time hath swept with him away  
 Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun,  
 For you I pawned my watch how many a day,  
 In the brave days when I was twenty one.

And see my little Jessy first of all  
 She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes  
 Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl  
 Across the narrow casement, curtain wise,  
 Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,  
 And when did woman look the worse in none?  
 I have heard since who paid for many a gown,  
 In the brave days when I was twenty one



One jolly evening, when my friends and I  
 Made happy music with our songs and cheers,  
 A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,  
 And distant cannon opened on our ears  
 We rise —we join in the triumphant strain,—  
 Napoleon conquers —Austerlitz is won—  
 Tyrants shall never tread us down again,  
 In the brave days when I was twenty one

Let us begone —the place is sad and strange—  
 How far far off the happy times appear,  
 All that I have to live I'd gladly change  
 For one such month as I have wasted here—  
 To draw long dreams of beauty, love and power,  
 From founts of hope that never will outrun,  
 And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,  
 Give me the days when I was twenty one

### ROGER BONTEMPS

At x gens admirables  
 Pour exemple donne  
 En un temps de miseres  
 Roger Bontemps est né  
 Vivre obscur à sa guise,  
 N'arguer les autres  
 Le gaulois est le devin  
 Du gros Roger Bontemps

Du chapeau de son père  
 Coiffé dans les grands jours,  
 De roses ou de lierre  
 Il se rajeunir toujours,  
 Mettre un manteau de bure,  
 Vieil ami de vingt ans  
 Il hait c'est la parure  
 Du gros Roger Bontemps

Posséder dans sa hutte  
 Une table, un vieux lit,  
 Des cartes, une flûte,  
 Un broc que Dieu remplit,

Un portrait de maîtresse,  
Un coffre et rien dedans,  
Eh, gai ! c'est la richesse  
Du gros Roger-Bontemps

Aux enfans de la ville  
Montrer d' petits jeux,  
Lire si leur hâluk  
De contes grâvêloux,



Ne parler que de d'ins  
Et d' almanachs chantans,  
Eh, gai ! c'est la science  
Du gros Roger Bontemps

L'autre de vins d'élite,  
Sabl' r ceux du canton,  
Préférer Marguerite  
Aux dames du grand ton

De joie et de tendresse  
Remplir tous ses instans  
Eh, gai ! c'est la sagesse  
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Dire au ciel Je me fie,  
Mon père ! à ta bonté,  
De ma philosophie  
Pardonne la gîte  
Que ma saison dernière  
Soit encore un printemps,  
Eh, gai ! c'est la prière  
Du gros Roger Bontemps

Vous pauvres pleins d'envie,  
Vous riches desirux  
Vous dont le cœur dévie  
Après un cours heureux,  
Vous qui perdrez peut être  
Des titres éclatans  
Eh, peu ! prenez pour maître  
Le gros Roger Bontemps

### JOLLY JACK

WHEN fierce political debate  
Throughout the isle was storming,  
And Rads attacked the throne and state,  
And Jones the reforming,  
To calm the furious rage of each,  
And right the land demented,  
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack to teach  
The way to be contented

Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft,  
His chair, a three-legged stool  
His broken jug was emptied oft,  
Yet, somehow, always full.

His mistress' portrait decked the wall,  
His mirror had a crack ;  
Yet, gay and glad, though this was all  
His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to advance,  
Teach pride its mean condition,  
And preach good sense to dull pretence,  
Was honest Jack's high mission



Our simple statesman found his rule  
Of moral in the flagon,  
And held his philosophic school  
Beneath the "George and Dragon."

When village Solons cursed the Lords,  
And called the malt-tax sinful,  
Jack heeded not their angry words,  
But smiled and drank his skilful.

And when men wasted health and life  
 In search of rank and riches,  
 Jack marked aloof the paltry strife,  
 And wore his threadbare breeches.

"I enter not the Church," he said,  
 "But I'll not seek to rob it!"  
 So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,  
 While others studied Cobbett  
 His talk it was of feast and fun,  
 His guide the Almanack  
 From youth to age thus gaily run  
 The life of Jolly Jack

And when Jack prayed as oft he would,  
 He humbly thanked his Maker,  
 "I am," said he, "O Father good!  
 Not Catholic nor Quaker  
 Give each his creed, let each proclaim  
 His catalogue of curses,  
 I trust in Thee and not in them,  
 In Thee and in Thy mercies!"

"Forgive me if, midst all Thy works,  
 No hint I see of damning,  
 And think there's faith among the Turks,  
 And hope for even the Brahmin  
 Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,  
 And kindly is my laughter,  
 I cannot see the smiling earth,  
 And think there's hell hereafter."

Jack died, he left no legacy,  
 Save that his story teaches —  
 Content to peruse poverty,  
 Humility to riches  
 Ye scornful great, ye envious small,  
 Come follow in his track;  
 We all were happier, if we all  
 Would copy JOLLY JACK

**IMITATION OF HORACE.**



# IMITATION OF HORACE.

## TO HIS SERVING BOY.

PER SIC OS odi  
Puer apparatus,  
Displecent nexæ  
Philyra coronæ  
Mitte sectam  
Rosa quo locorum  
Sera morietur

Simplici myrto  
Nihil allaboras,  
Sedulus curo  
Neque te ministrum  
Dedecet myrtus  
Neque me sub arcti  
Vite libentem

## AD MINISTRAM

DEAR Lucy you know what my wish is,—  
I hate all your Frenchified fuss  
Your silly entrées and made dishes  
Were never intended for us  
No footman in lace and in ruffles  
Need dangle behind my arm chair,  
And never mind seeking for truffles,  
Although they be ever so rare



But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
I prithee get ready at three  
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,  
And what better meat can there be?  
And when it has scasted the master,  
'Twill amply suffice for the maid,  
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,  
And tipple my ale in the shade



**OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW  
FACES**



# OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.



## *THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON\**

**U**NTIL to my Linc I never could be,  
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie,  
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,  
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er  
My faith then I plighted my love I confessed,  
As I gave you the **BATTLE AXE** marked with your crest!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall  
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?

## \* "WAPPING OLD STAIRS

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,  
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,  
When I said that I would continue the same,  
And gave you the balco box marked with my name  
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,  
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?  
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stay'd,  
For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

"Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall  
With Susan from Deptford and likewise with Sall,  
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,  
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear  
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?  
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised.  
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,  
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make."

In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,  
Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?  
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,  
To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay !  
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-mêlée  
In the dire battle-hour when the tourney was done,  
And you gave to another the wreath you had won !  
Though I never reproached thee cold cold was my breast,  
As I thought of that BATTLE DAY, ah ! and that crest !

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine  
That others usurped for a time what was mine !  
There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me  
Once more as of old shall he bend at my knee,  
Once more by the side of the knight I love best  
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his crest

### THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

YOUR Fanny was never false hearted,  
And thus she protests and she vows,  
From the *triste moment* when we parted  
On the staircase of Devonshire House !  
I blushed when you asked me to marry,  
I vowed I would never forget,  
And at parting I gave my dear Harry  
A beautiful vinegarrette !

We spent *en province* all December,  
And I never condescended to look  
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,  
Or even at that darling old Duke.  
You were busy with dogs and with horses ;  
Alone in my chamber I sat,  
And made you the nicest of purses, +  
And the smartest black satin cravat !

At night with that vile Lady Frances  
*(Je faisais mon tapisserie)*  
 You danced every one of the dances, "  
 And never once thought of poor me !  
*Mon pauvre petit cœur !* what a shiver  
 I felt as she danced the last set ,  
 And you gave, *O mon Dieu !* to revive her  
 My beautiful vinegarette !

Return love ! away with coquetting  
 This flirting disgraces a man ,  
 And ah ! all the while you're forgetting  
 The heart of your poor little Ian !  
*Reviens !* break away from those Carces,  
*Reviens* for a nice little chat ,  
 And I've made you the sweetest of purses,  
 And a lovely black satin cravat !

## WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN.

WHEN the moonlight's on the mountain  
 And the gloom is on the glen,  
 At the cross beside the fountain  
 There is one will meet thee then  
 At the cross beside the fountain,  
 Yes, the cross beside the fountain,  
 There is one will meet thee then !

I have braved, since first we met, love,  
 Many a danger in my course ,  
 But I never can forget, love,  
 That dear fountain, that old cross,  
 Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—  
 For the winds were chilly then—  
 First I met my Leonora,  
 When the gloom was on the glen.

Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,  
 Many a land I've wandered o'er ,  
 But a valley like that glen love,  
 Half so dear I never sor !

Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,  
 Than wert thou, my true love, when  
 In the gloaming first I saw yer,  
 In the gloaming of the glen !

### THE RED FLAG

WHERE the quivering lightning flings  
 His arrows from out the clouds  
 And the howling tempest sings  
 And whistle among the shrouds  
 'Tis pleasant 'tis pleasant to ride  
 Along the foaming brine—  
 Wilt be the Rover's bride ?  
 Wilt follow him, Judy mine ?  
     Hurrah !  
 For the bonny bonny brine

Amidst the storm and rack,  
 You shall see our sail pass  
 As a serpent lithe and black  
 Glides through the waving grass  
 As the vulture, swift and dark,  
 Down on the ring dove flies  
 You shall see the Rover's bark  
 Swoop down upon his prize,  
     Hurrah !  
 For the bonny bonny prize

Over her sides we dash  
 We gallop across her deck—  
 Hail there's a ghastly gash  
 On the merchant captain's neck—  
 Well shot well shot old Ned !  
 Well struck we'll struck, black James !  
 Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,  
 And we leave a ship in flames !  
     Hurrah !  
 For the bonny bonny flames !

*DEAR JACK.*

DEAR Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill  
And drink to the health of Sweet Nan of the Hill,  
Was once Tommy Tossplot's as jovial a sot  
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot--  
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass  
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd off his glass

One morning in summer while seated so snug  
In the porch of his garden discussing his jug,  
Stern Death on a sudden to Tom did appear  
And said, 'Honest Thomas come take your last beer  
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this tin  
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan

*COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL*

THE Pope he is a happy man  
His Palace is the Vatican,  
And there he sits and drains his can  
The Pope he is a happy man  
I often say when I'm at home  
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome

And then there's Sultan Saladin  
That Turkish Soldan full of sin  
He has a hundred wives at least,  
By which his pleasure is increased  
I've often wished I hope no sin,  
That I were Sultan Saladin

But no the Pope no wife may choose,  
And so I would not wear his shoes,  
No wine may drink the proud Phynim,  
And so I'd rather not be him  
My wife my wine I love, I hope,  
And would be neither Turk nor Pope



**WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE  
HAZURE SEAS**

WHEN moonlike ore the hazy seas  
In soft effulgence swells,  
When silver jows and balmy breeze  
Bend down the Lily's bells,



When calm and deep, the rosy sleep  
Has lapt your soul in dreams,  
O Hangeline ! O lady mine !  
Dost thou remember James ?

I mark thee in the Marble All,  
 Where England's loveliest shine,—  
 I say the fairest of them all  
 Is Lady Hangeline  
 My soul, in desolate eclipse,  
 With recollection terms—  
 And then I hark with weeping lips,  
 Dost thou remember Jeune's?

Away! I may not tell thee all  
 This sighing heart endures—  
 There is a lonely spirit call  
 That sorrow never cures,  
 There is a little little Star  
 That still above me beams,  
 It is the Star of Hope—but ah!  
 Dost thou remember Jeune's?

### KING CANUTE

KING CANUTE was weary hearted, he had reigned for years a  
 score,  
 Battling, struggling, pushing fighting killing much and robbing  
 more,  
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps  
 sedate,  
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold-  
 sticks great  
 Chaplains, aides de camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like a shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,  
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped  
 their jaws,  
 If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-  
 haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young

Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleemen sung,

Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal

"Sure, my Lord, it is the lunpreys served to dinner, or the seal"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the uppy monarch "Keeper, tis not that I feel

"Tis the *huff* and not the dinner fool, that doth my rest impair

Can a king be great & I am prithce and yet know no care?"

Oh, I'm sick and tired and weary — Some one cried, "The King's arm chair"

Then towards the lacquey turning quick my Lord the Keeper nodded

Straight the King's great chair was brought him by two footmen double bodied

Languidly he sank into it — it was comfortably wadded

"Leading on my fierce companions" cried he "over storm and burn

I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old,

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold,

Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mould!

"Oh remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites,

Horrid horrid things I look on though I put out all the lights,

Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires,  
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered  
sires"—

"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one  
admires."

"But for such unpleasant bygones cease, my gracious lord,  
to search,

They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church,  
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's  
bounty raised

Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily  
praised

You, my Lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I'm  
amazed!

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing  
near

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to  
squeeze a tear)

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty  
year"

"Live these fifty years! the Bishop roared, with actions made  
to suit

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King  
Canute?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will  
do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,  
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as  
well as they?"

"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper "fervently I trust he may"

"He to die?" resumed the Bishop "He a mortal like to us?  
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*  
Keeper, you are irreligious for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can com-  
pete,  
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their  
feet,  
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it  
meet

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,  
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand  
still?  
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will "

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute  
cried  
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?  
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the  
sign?  
Said the Bishop bowing lowly "Land and sea, my Lord, are  
thine  
Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou  
frowning brow

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to  
retreat,  
Venture not thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat  
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder deeper roar,  
And the rapid waves drew nearer filling sounding on the shore,  
Back the keeper and the Bishop, back the king and courtiers  
bore

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,  
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas  
obey  
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.  
King Canute is dead and gone Parasites exist away

*FRIAR'S SONG.*

SOME love the matin chimes, which tell  
The hour of prayer to sinner  
But better far's the mid day bell,  
Which speaks the hour of dinner,  
For when I see a smoking fish,  
Or capon drown'd in gravy,  
Or noble haunch on silver dish,  
Full glad I sing my ave.

My pulpit is in alchouse bench,  
Whereon I sit so jolly,  
A smiling rosy country wench  
My saint and patron holy  
I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,  
I press her ringlets wavy  
And in her willing ear I speak  
A most religious ave

And if I'm blind yet Heaven is kind  
And holy saints forgiving,  
For sure he leads a right good life  
Who thus admires good living  
Above, they say, our flesh is air,  
Our blood celestial ichor  
Oh, grant I mid all the changes there  
They may not change our liquor!

---

*ATRA CURA.*

BEFORE I lost my five poor wits,  
 I mind me of a Romish clerk,  
 Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,  
 Beside the belted horseman sits.  
 Methought I saw the grisly sprite  
 Jump up but now behind my Knight.

And though he gallop as he may,  
 I mark thit cursed monster black  
 Still sits behind his honour's back,  
 Tight squeezing of his heart alway  
 Like two black Templars sit they there  
 Beside one crupper, Knight and Care

No knight am I with pennoned spear,  
 To prance upon a bold destriere  
 I will not have black Care prevail  
 Upon my long eared charger's tail,  
 For lo, I am a witless fool,  
 And laugh at Grief and ride a mule.

*REQUIESCAT*

UNDER the stone you behold  
 Buried and coffined, and cold,  
 Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance  
 Warring in Flanders and France,  
 Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,  
 Rode in his youth the good knight,  
 Scattering Paynims in flight

Brian, the Templar untrue,  
Fairly in tourney he flew,  
Saw Hierusalem too

Now he is buried and gone,  
Lying beneath the grey stone  
Where shall you find such a one?



Long time his widow deplored,  
Weeping the fate of her lord,  
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,  
Came the good Lord Athelstane,  
When her Ladyship married again



*THE WILLOW-TREE.*

Know ye the willow-tree  
Whose grey leaves quiver,  
Whispering gloomily  
To von pale river?  
Lady at eventide  
Wander not near it  
They say its branches hide  
A sad lost spirit!

Once to the willow tree  
A maid came fearful,  
Pale seemed her cheek to be,  
Her blue eye tearful  
Soon as she saw the tree,  
Her step moved fleet  
No one was there—ah me!  
No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear  
The far bells chime  
Toll from the chapel tower  
The trying time  
But the red sun went down  
In golden flame  
And though she looked round,  
Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,  
Sadly to greet her,—  
Moon in her silver light,  
Stars in their glitter,  
Then sank the moon away  
Under the billow,  
Still wept the maid alone—  
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,  
By the stream rolling,  
Hour after hour went on  
Tolling and tolling

Long was the darkness,  
Lonely and stilly,  
Shrill came the night wind,  
Piercing and chilly

Shrill blew the morning breeze,  
Biting and cold,  
Bleak pears the grey dawn  
Over the wold  
Black over moor and stream  
Looks the grey dawn,  
Grey, with discoloured hur,  
Still stands the willow there—  
THE MAID IS GONE!

*Domine, Domine!*  
*Sing we a lullaby,*  
*Sing for poor maiden hearts broken and weary,*  
*Domine Domine!*  
*Sing we a lullaby,*  
*Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!*

## THE WILLOW-TREE.

### ANOTHER VERSION

LONG by the willow trees  
Vainly they sought her  
Wild ring the mother's screams  
Over the grey water  
Where is my lovely one?  
Where is my daughter?

"Rouse thee, Sir Constable—  
Rouse thee and look,  
Fisherman bring your net,  
Boatman, your hook  
Beat in the lily beds,  
Dive in the brook!"

## III

\*Vainly the constable  
 Shouted and called her,  
 Vainly the fisher in  
 Beat the green alder,  
 Vainly he flung the net,  
 Never it hauled her!

## IV

Mother beside the fire  
 Sat her nightcap in,  
 Father, in easy chair  
 Gloomily napping  
 When 't the window sill  
 Came a light tapping!

## V

And a pale countenance  
 Looked through the casement,  
 Loud beat the mother's heart  
 Sick with amazement  
 And at the vision which  
 Came to surprise her,  
 Shrieked in an agony—  
 'Lor! it's Lizzy!'

## VI

Yes 'twas Elizabeth—  
 Yes 'twas their girl,  
 Pale was her cheek and her  
 Hair out of curl  
 "Mother! the loving one,  
 Blushing exclaimed  
 "I let not your innocent  
 Lizzy be blamed

## VII

"Yesterday going to Aunt  
 Jones's to tea  
 Mother dear mother, I  
*I've got the door key!*

And as the night was cold,  
 And the way steep,  
 Mrs Jones kept me to  
 Breakfast and sleep "

## VIII

Whether her Pa and Ma  
 Fully believed her,  
 That we shall never know  
 Stern they received her,  
 And for the work of that  
 Cruel though short night,  
 Sent her to bed without  
 Tea for a fortnight

## IX

## MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddlety,  
 Cat and the Fiddlety,  
 Maidens of England take caution by she !  
 Let love and suicide  
 Never tempt you aside,  
 And always remember to take the door-key*





LYRA HIBERNICA.

THE POEMS

OF

THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY



LYRA HIBERNICA  
THE POLMS  
OF  
THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY

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*THE PIMLICO PAVILION*

**Y**E pathrons of Janus, Minerva and Vanius,  
Who sit on Parnassus that mountain of snow,  
Descend from your station and make observation  
Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico

This garden, by Jakurs, is forty poor acres  
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know)  
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,  
Than the Phantix itself, seems the Park Pimlico

O 'tis there that the spoort is when the Queen and the Court is  
Walking magnanimous all of a row  
Forgetful what state is among the parties  
And the pine-apple gardens of sweet Pimlico

There in blossoms odorous the birds sing a chorus  
Of "God save the Queen" as they hop to and fro,  
And you sit on the benches and hark to the finches,  
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico

There shutting their phantasies they pluck polyanthuses  
That round in the gardens resplendently grow,  
Wid roses and jessamins and other sweet specimens,  
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico



You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,  
 Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,  
 A hill so tremendous, it tops the top-windows  
 Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico

And when you ve ascended that precipice splendid  
 You see on its summit a wond'herful show—  
 A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,  
 The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico

Prince Albert of I landthers that Prince of Commandthers  
 (On whom my best blessings herby I bestow),  
 With goold and vermillion his decked thit Pavilion,  
 Where the Queen make take try in her sweet Pimlico

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on  
 And pictures beneath them that s shaped like a bow,  
 I was grently astounded to think thit thit Roundhead  
 Should find an admission to famed Pimlico

O lovely s each fresco and most picturesque O,  
 And while round the chamber astonished I go,  
 I think Dan Maclise s it baits all the pieces  
 Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico

Eastlake has the chimney (a good one to himn he),  
 And a vargin he paints with a serpent below,  
 While bulls pigs and panthers, and other enchanthers,  
 Are painted by Landsat in sweet Pimlico

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it,  
 Oer Claude or Poussang sure tis he that may crow  
 But Sir Ross s best future is small miniature—  
 He shouldn't print frescoes in famed Pimlico

There s Leslie and Uwins his rather small doings,  
 There s Dyce, as brave murther as England can show,  
 And the flowers and the sthrawberries, sure he no dauber is,  
 That painted the panels of famed Pimlico

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there s got,  
 Sure the marble s as natural as thrue Scaglio,

And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,  
 And eat butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico  
 There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,  
 Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo,  
 'Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janus abounds in't),  
 And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico  
 That picture of Severn s is worthy of reverence,  
 But some I won't mention is rather so so,  
 For sweet philosophy, or crumpets and coffee,  
 O where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico?  
 O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,  
 Daymosthenes, Brougham or young Cicero  
 So, heavenly Goddess dye pardon my modesty  
 And silence, my lyric about sweet Pimlico

### THE CRYSTAL PALACE

WITH grand force  
 Thrinsfused me layre,  
 Ye sacred nymphs of Pindus  
 The whole I sing  
 That wondthrous thing  
 The Palace made o' windows'

Say Paxton, truth,  
 Thou wondthrous youth  
 What sthroke of art cristall,  
 What power was lint  
 You to invent  
 This combination cristall

C would before  
 That Thomas Moore  
 Likewise the late Lord Byron  
 Them aigles sthrong  
 Of godlike song,  
 Cast on on that cast oiron'

And saw thim walls,  
 And glittering halls,  
 Thim rising slendither columns,  
 Which I poor pote,  
 Could not denote,  
 No, not in twinty vollums

My Musc's words  
 Is like the birds  
 That roosts beneath the pines there,  
 Her wings she spoils  
 'Gunst them bright toils  
 And cracks her silly brains 'nere

This Palace tall  
 The Crystal Hall  
 Which Imperors might covet,  
 Stands in High Park  
 Like Noah's Ark,  
 A rainbow bint above it

The towers and fanes,  
 In other scyenes  
 The fame of this will undo,  
 Saint Paul's big doom,  
 Saint Pyther's Room,  
 And Dublin's proud Rotundo

Tis here that roams,  
 As well becomes  
 Her dignitee and stitions,  
 Victoria Great,  
 And houlds in state  
 The Congress of the Nations

Her subjects pours  
 From distant shores,  
 Her Injians and Canajians,  
 And also we,  
 Her kingdoms three,  
 Attund with our allagiance

Here come likewise  
 Her bould allies,  
 Both Asian and European ,  
 From East and West  
 They send their best  
 To fill her Coornucopian

I seen (thank Grace !)  
 This wondthrou place  
 (His Noble Honour Misther  
 H Cole it was  
 That gave the pass  
 And let me see wh it is there)

With conscious pride  
 I stude inside  
 And look d the World's Great Fair in,  
 Until me sight  
 Was dazzled quite  
 And couldn't see for staring

There's holy sunts  
 And window punts  
 By Maydayal Pugin ,  
 Alhamborough Jones  
 Did punt the tones,  
 Of yellow and gumbouge in

There's fount uns there  
 And crosses fair ,  
 There's water gods with urnns ,  
 There's organs thret,  
 To play d ye see  
 "God save the Queen, by turns

There's statues bright  
 Of marble white  
 Of silver and of copper ,  
 And some in zinc,  
 And some, I think,  
 That isn't over proper

There's stajm ingynes,  
That stands in lines,  
Enormous and amazing,  
That squeal and snort  
Like whales in sport,  
Or elephants a grazing

There's carts and gigs,  
And pins for pigs,  
There's dibblers and there's harrows,  
And ploughs like toys  
For little boys  
And dig out wheelbarrow

For thim gentles  
Who ride on wheels,  
There's plenty to indulge 'em  
There's droshks snug  
From Petersbug,  
And vayhycles from Bulgum

There's cabs on stands  
And shandthryduns,  
There's waggons from New York here,  
There's Lapland sleighs  
Have cross'd the seas,  
And jaunting cays from Cork here

Amazed I pass  
I rom glass to glass,  
Delighted I survey 'em,  
Fresh wond'ers grows  
Before me nose  
In this sublime Musayum !

Look here's a fan  
From far Japan,  
A sabre from Dumasco  
There's shawls ye get  
From far Tibet,  
And cotton prints from Glasgow

There's German flutes,  
 Marocky boots,  
 And Naples macaronies,  
 Bohaymia  
 Has sent Bohay,  
 Polonia her polonies

There s granite flints  
 That s quite immense,  
 There s sacks of coals and fuels,  
 There s swords and guns,  
 And soap in tuns,  
 And gingerbread and jewels

There s taypots there,  
 And cannons rare,  
 There s coffins fill'd with roses,  
 There s cinis tints  
 Teeth-instrumints,  
 And shuits of clothes by MOSI s

There's fashins more  
 Of things in store  
 But thim I don't remember,  
 Nor could disclose  
 Did I compose  
 From MAY time to NOVEMBER!

Ah, JUNE thru'  
 With eyes so blue,  
 That you were here to view it!  
 And could I sew  
 But tu pound tu,  
 'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise  
 VICTORIA'S praise,  
 And ALBERT'S proud condition,  
 That takes his ayse  
 As he surveys  
 This CRISTIAL Lxhibition

*MOLONY'S LAMENT.*

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,  
 And read what the peepers report?  
 They re goan to recal the Liffinant,  
 And shut up the Castle and Coort!  
 Our desolate counthry of Oirland  
 They re hint, the blagyards, to desthroy..  
 And now having murdthered our counthry,  
 They re goin to kill the Viceroy,  
     Dear boy  
 'Twas he was our proude and our joy!

And will we no longer behold him,  
 Surrounding his carriage in throngs,  
 As he waves his cocked hat from the windies,  
 And smiles to his bould and de congs?  
 I liked for to see the young heroes,  
 All shoining with sthripes and with stars,  
 A horsing about in the Phynix  
 And winking the girls in the cyars  
     Like Mars,  
 A smokin their pipes and cigyars

Dear Mitchell coiled to Bermudies,  
 Your beautiful oilds you ll ope  
 And there ll be an abundance of croyin'  
 From O Bine at the Keep of Good Hope,  
 When they read of this news in the peepers,  
 Across the Atlantick wave,  
 That the last of the Oirish Liffinints,  
 Of the Oirland of Seents has tuck lave  
     God save  
 The Queen—she should better behave

And whut's to becomie of poor Dame Sthreet,  
 And wholl ut the puffs and the tarts,  
 Whim the Coort of imprial splndor  
 From Doblin's sad city departs?

And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,  
 When the deuce of a Coort there remains?  
 And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,  
 To hire the Coort shuuts and the thrains?  
 In sthrains,  
 It's thus that ould Erin complains !

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,  
 'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,  
 And she wanted a plinty of popplin,  
 For her dthress and her flounce and her tail,  
 She bought it of Misthress O Grady,  
 Eight shillings a yard tabinet,  
 But now that the Coort is concluded,  
 The divvle a yard will she get,  
 I bet,  
 Bedad, that she wears the old set

There's Surgeon O Toole and Miss I cary,  
 They d dylings at Madam O Riggs,  
 Each year at the dthrawing room slyson,  
 They mounted the neatest of wigs  
 When Spring with its buds and its daisies,  
 Comes out in her beauty and bloom,  
 Thim tull never think of new jaisies,  
 Becase there is no dthrawing room,  
 For whom  
 They'd choose the expense to ashume

There's Alderman Toad and his lady  
 'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,  
 And the pome apples turhots, and lobsters,  
 To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort  
 But now that he quality's gon,  
 I warnt that the rating will stop,  
 And you'll get at the Alderman's tebble  
 The devil a bite or a dthrop,  
 Or chop,  
 And the butcher may shut up his shop



Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,  
 And his Lordship, the dear honest man,  
 And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,  
 And Corry, the bould Connellan,  
 And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,  
 And the Chewter and Governess tu,  
 And the servants are packing their boxes,—  
 Oh, murder, but what shall I due  
     Without you?  
 O Murr, with ois of the blue!

### *MR MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL*

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULI SE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR  
 AND ORIENTAL COMPANY

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,  
 Bekad I cannot pass it o'er  
 I'll tell you all about the Ball  
 To the Nitypaulase Ambassador  
 Begor! this fete all balls does bate  
 At which I've worn a pump and I  
 Must here relate the splendor great  
 Of th' Oriental Company

These men of sinse disposed expinse,  
 To fete these black Achilleses.  
 "We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,  
 And take the rooms at Willis's"  
 With flags and shawls for these Nepauls,  
 They hung the rooms of Willis up  
 And decked the walls, and sturs, and halls,  
 With roses and with lilies up

And Julian's band it took its stand  
 So sweetly in the middle there,  
 And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
 And violins did fiddle there

And when the Coort was tired of spoort,  
 I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
 A nate buffet before them set,  
 Where lashins of good dthrink there was

At ten before the ballroom door,  
 His mighty Excellency was,  
 He smolled and bowed to all the crowd,  
 So gorgeous and immensc he was  
 His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
 Into the doorway followed him,  
 And O the noise of the blackguard boys  
 As they hurrood and hollow'd him !

The noble Chur\* stud'd the stair,  
 And bide the dthrums to thump and he  
 Did thus evince, to that Black Prince  
 The welcome of his Company  
 O fair the girls, and rich the curls  
 And bright the oys you saw there was,  
 And fixed each eye ye there could spot,  
 On General Jung Bahawther was !

This General great then tuck his side,  
 With all the other generals  
 (Bedad his troot his bult, his coat  
 All blézed with precious minerals),  
 And as he there, with princely air,  
 Reclonin on his cushion was,  
 All round about his royal chair  
 The squeezin and the pushin was

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,  
 Such fashion and nobilitée !  
 Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
 Amidst the high gentilitée !

\* James Matheson, Esquire, to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Imotheus Molony, late stoker on board the "Iberia," the "Lady Mary Wood," the "Iagus," and the Oriental steamships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.

There was Lord De l'Huys, and the Portygeese  
 Minister and his lady there,  
 And I reckon'd, with much surprise,  
 Our messmate, Bob O Grady, there,

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,  
 And Baroness Reichen there,  
 And Countess Roulhier, that looked peculiar  
 Well, in her robes of gauze in there  
 There was Lord Croxhurst (I knew him first,  
 When only Mr Pips he was),  
 And Mick O Toole the great big fool,  
 That after supper tipsy was

There was Lord Ingall, and his ladies all,  
 And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
 And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife,  
 I wond'her how he could stuff her in  
 There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,  
 And seem'd to ask how should I go there?  
 And the Widow Muerie and Lord A Hay,  
 And the Marchioness of Sligo there

Yes Jukes, and Jarks and diamonds and pearls,  
 And pretty girls, was spoorting there,  
 And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,  
 Behind the windies, coorting there  
 Oh there's one I know bedad, would show  
 As beautiful as any there,  
 And I'd like to hear the pipers blow  
 And shake a fut with Fanny there!

### *THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK*

Ye Genii of the nation,  
 Who look with veneration,  
 And Ireland's desolation onsayingly deplore,  
 Ye sons of General Jackson,  
 Who thrample on the Saxon,  
 Attend to the transaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,  
 A tyrant and a humbug.  
 With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,  
 Our fortitude and valliance  
 Instructed his battalions  
 To respect the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore

Since that capitulation,  
 No city in this nation  
 So grand a reputation could boast before,  
 As I merick prodigious,  
 That stands with quays and bridges,  
 And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore

A chief of ancient line,  
 'Tis William Smith O Brine  
 Reprints this darling I merick, this ten years or more  
 O the Saxons can't endure  
 To see him on the flure  
 And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore !

This valiant son of Mars  
 Had been to visit Paris  
 That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor,  
 And to welcome his return  
 From pilgrimages furren  
 We invited him to try on the Shannon shore !

Then we summoned to our board  
 Young Mergher of the Sword,  
 'Tis he will sheathe that battle axe in Saxon gore  
 And Mitchil of Belfast  
 We bade to our repast,  
 To drink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Conveniently 'oould  
 These patriots so bould,  
 We took the opportunity of Jim Doolan's store,  
 And with ornaments and bannets  
 (As becomes genteel good manners)  
 We made the loveliest tay room upon Shannon shore

'Twould bumsit your sows,  
 To see the butthered rowls,  
 The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,  
 And the muffins and the crumpets,  
 And the band of harps and thrumpets,  
 To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imp'ror of Bohay  
 Would be proud to dthrink the tay  
 That Misthress Bid'ly Rooney for O Brine did pour,  
 And since the days of Strongbow,  
 There never was such a Congo—  
 Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry  
 Connellan beheld this sworry  
 With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core,  
 And they hired a gang of ruffins  
 To interrupt the muffins  
 And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of try and cake,  
 O Brine began to spike,  
 But juice a one could he u him, for a sudden roar  
 Of a ragunuffin rout  
 Began to yell and shout,  
 And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore

As Smith O Brine harangued,  
 They butthered and they banged  
 Tim Doofan's doors and windies down they tore;  
 They smashed the lovely windies  
 (Hung with muslin from the Indies),  
 Furshung of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,  
 Drowned puppies and dead rats,  
 These ruffin democrats themselves did lower,  
 Tin kettles rotten eggs,  
 Cabbage stalks, and wooden legs,  
 They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame  
 And upset the milk and crame ;  
 And the honourable gentlemin, they cursed and swore -  
 And Mitchil of Belfast,  
 'Twas he that looked aghast,  
 When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt  
 On that day of Ireland's guilt,  
 Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?  
 'Tis a national disgrace  
 Let me go and veil me face,"  
 And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"  
 Says Meagher of the sword,  
 "This conduct would disgrace any blackamore,"  
 But the best use Tommy made  
 Of his famous battle blade  
 Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore

Immortal Smith O Brine  
 Was raging like a line,  
 'Twould have done your soul good to have heard him roar,  
 In his glory he rose,  
 And he rush'd upon his foes,  
 But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dithragoons  
 In squadthrons and platoons,  
 With their music playing chunks down upon us bore;  
 And they bate the rattatoo,  
 But the Peckers came in view,  
 And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore



*LARRY O'TOOLE.*

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,  
 Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole,  
     He had but one eye,  
     To ogle ye by—  
 Oh, murther, but that was a jew'll  
     A fool  
 He made of de gals dis O Toole

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,  
 That tuck down patines and mail,  
     He never would shrink  
     I ro n any sthiong dthrink,  
 Was it whisky or Drogheda ale,  
     I m bul  
 This Larry would swallow a pul

Oh, manv a night at the bowl  
 With Larry I ve sot check by jowl,  
     He s gone to his rest  
     Where there s dthrink of the best,  
 And so let us give his old sowl  
     A howl  
 For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl

*THE ROSE OF FLORA*

SENT BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF QUALITY TO MISS BR-DY,  
 OF CASTLE PRADY

ON Brady's Tower there grows a flower,  
 It is the loveliest flower that blows,—  
 At Castle Brady the e lives a lady  
 (And how I love her no one knows),  
 Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora  
 Presents her with this blooming rose

"O Lady Nora," says the goddess Flora,  
 "I've many a rich and bright parterre,  
 In Brady's towers there's seven more flowers,  
 But you're the fairest lady there  
 Not all the county, nor Ireland's bounty,  
 Can produce a treasure that's half so fair!"

What cheek is redder? sure roses fed her!  
 Her hair is maregold's and her eye of blew  
 Beneath her eyelid is like the violet,  
 That darkly glistens with gentle dew!  
 The lily's nature is not surely whiter  
 Than Nora's neck is,—and her arrums too

"Come, gentle Nora," says the goddess Flora,  
 "My dearest creature take my advice  
 There is a poet, full well you know it  
 Who spends his lifetime in heavy sighs —  
 Young Redmond Barry, tis him you'll marry,  
 If rhyme and ruse you'd choose likewise

## THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE

ON reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch Professor to one of HER MAJESTY'S Godless Colleges MASTER MOLLOY MOLONY brother of THADDEUS MOLONY, ESQ, of the Temple a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines —

As I think of the insult that's done to this nation,  
 Red tears of riving from me fastures I wish,  
 And uphold in this poem, to the world's daystation,  
 The sleeves that appointed PROFESSOR MACCOSH

I look round me counthree, renowned by experience,  
 And see midst her childthren the witty, the wise,—  
 Whole hayps of logicians, poets, scholars, grammarians,  
 All ayger for pleecees, all panting to rise,



I gaze round the world in its utmost dimmision ;  
 LARD JAHN and his minions in Council I ask,  
 Was there ever a Government-pleece (with a pinsion)  
 But children of Frin were fit for that task ?

What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition ?  
 What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,



To think that our countree has ne'er a log cian  
 In the hour of her daenger will surrev her turrin !

On the logic of Saxons there's little reliance,  
 And, rather from Saxon than gather its rules,  
 I'd stamp under fuet the base book of his science,  
 And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools !

O false SIR JOHN KANE ! is it thus that you praych me ?

• I think all your Queen's Universtees Bosh ,  
And if you've no neetive Professor to tayah me,  
I scawrn to be learned by the Savon MACCOSH.

There's WISEMAN and CHUME, and His Grace the Lord  
Primate,

That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe ,  
'Tis they'll build a Collegc that's fit for our climate,  
And tayah me the saycrets I burn to imboibe !

'Tis there as a Student of Science I'll enter,  
Fair Fountain of Knowledge, of Joy and Contint !  
SAINT PATRICK'S sweet Statue shall stand in the center,  
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint

And good DOCTOR NEWMAN that praycher unwary, \*  
'Tis he shall preside the Academe School,  
And quit the gav robe of ST PHILIP of Neri  
To wield the soft rod of ST LAWKENCE O'TOOILE !





BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.



## THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.

### *THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN.*

**A**N igstrawn tye tail I will tell you this week—  
I stood in the Court of A Bickett the Beak,  
Vere Mrs Jane Roney a widow, I see,  
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she

This Mary was pore and in misc'y once,  
And she came to Mrs Roney it's more than twelve monce.  
She adn't got no bed nor no dinner nor no tea  
And kind Mrs Roney gave Mary all three

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many weeks  
(Her conduct disgusted the best of all Beax)  
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,  
Never thinkin that this Mary was a traitor to she.

"Mrs Roney, O Mrs Roney, I feel very ill,  
'Will you just step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?  
'That I will, my pore Mary,' Mrs Roney says she,  
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be

No sooner on this message Mrs Roney was sped,  
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed;  
She hopens all the trunks without never a key—  
She bustes all the boxes, and with them makes free

Mrs. Roney's best linning, gownds, petticoats, and close,  
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her hose,  
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and away with them, and  
flee

Mrs Roney's situation— you may think vat it would be!

Of Mary, ungrateful who had served her this vay,  
Mrs. Roney heerd nothink for a long year and a day  
Till last Thursday in Lamixth ven whom should she see  
But this Mary, is had acted so ungrateful to she?

She was leaning on the hullo of a worthy young man,  
They were going to be married and were walkin hand in  
hand,

And the Church bells was a ringin for Mary and he,  
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee

When up comes Mrs Roney and faces Mary Brown,  
Who trembles, and casts her eyes upon the ground  
She calls a jolly please-man it happens to be he,  
"I charge this young woman Mr Please-man, says she.

"Mrs Roney o, Mrs Roney, o do let me go,  
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,  
But the marriage bell is a ringin and the ring you may see,  
And this young man is a waitin says Mary says she

"I don't care three furlens for the parson and clerk,  
And the bell may kep ringin from noon day to dark  
Mary Brown Mary Brown, you must come along with me;  
And I thi k this young man is lucky to be free."

So, in spite of the tears which bejew'd Mary's cheek,  
I took that young gurl to A Beckett the Beak  
That valent Justice demanded her plea—  
But never a syllable said Mary said she

On account of her conduct so base and so vile,  
That wicked young gurl is committed for trial,  
And if she's transpired beyond the salt sea,  
It's a proper reward for such willians as she

Now you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who weep,  
 From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,  
 Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday week,  
 To pull you all hup to A Beckett the Beak

## THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS

My name is Pluckman X,  
 Last night I was in bed  
 A dream did me perplex  
 Which came into my head  
 I dreamed I saw three Waits  
 A playing of their tune  
 At Pimlico Palace gates  
 All underneath the moon  
 One puffed a hold French horn,  
 And one a hold Banjo  
 And one chap scold and torn  
 A Irish pipe did blow  
 They sally piped and played  
 Describing of their fates,  
 And this was what they said  
 Those three poor Christmas Waits —

“When this black year began,  
 This Lighten forty eight,  
 I was a great great man,  
 And king both wise and great,  
 And Munster Guizot by me did show  
 As Minister of State

“But Jehuerry came  
 And brought a rabble rout,  
 And me and my good dame  
 And children did turn out,  
 And us, in spite of all our right,  
 Sent to the right about.



" I left my native ground,  
 I left my kin and kith,  
 I left my Royal crown,  
 Vich I couldn't travel with,  
 And without a pound came to English ground  
 In the name of Mr Smith,

" Like any inchorie  
 I've lived since I came here,  
 I've kep my self quite quite  
 I've drank the sin ill small beer,  
 And the water you see, disagrees with me  
 And all my family dear

" O Tweedies so dear,  
 O darling Pilly Royle,  
 Was it to finish here  
 That I did trouble and toyl?  
 That all my plans should break in my ands,  
 And should on me recoil?

" My state I fenced about  
 Vith bynnick, and vith guns,  
 My gals I portioned hout  
 Rich wives I got my sons,  
 O vaint it eule to lose my rule,  
 My money and lands at once?

" And so vith arp and voice,  
 Both troubled and shagreened,  
 I bid you to rejoice  
 O glorious England's Queend!  
 And never have to weep like pore Louis-Philcep,  
 Becuase you out are clerned

" O Prince so brave and stout,  
 I stand before your gate,  
 Pray send a trifle hout  
 To me your pore old Vut,  
 For nothink could be vuss than it's been along vith us  
 In this year forty eight "

"Ven this bad year began,"  
 The nex man said, saysee,  
 "I vas a Journeyman,  
 A taylor black and free,  
 And my wife went out and chaired about,  
 And my name s the bold Cuffee

"The Queen and Hallyrt both  
 I swore I would confound  
 I took a hawfle hoath  
 To drag them to the ground,  
 And sevril more with me they swore  
 Against the British Crown

"Against her Pleacemen all  
 We said we d try our strenth,  
 Her searlick soldiers tall  
 We vow d we d hav full lenth  
 And out we came in freedom a nune  
 Last April was the tenth

"Three undred thousand snobs  
 Came out to stop th vay,  
 Vith sticks vith iron knobs,  
 Or else we d gained the day  
 The hurmy quite kept out of sight,  
 And so we vent avay

"Next day the Pleacemen came—  
 Rewenge it was their plann—  
 And from my good old dume  
 They took her taylor mann  
 And the hard hard bark did me bespeak  
 To Newgit in the Wann

"In tha etrocious Cort  
 The Jewry did agree,  
 The Judge did me transport,  
 To go beyond the sea  
 And so for life, from his dear wife  
 They took poor old Cuffee,

" O Halbert, Appy Prince !  
 With children round your knees,  
 Ingraving ansum Prints,  
 And taking haff your hease ,  
 O think of me, the old Cuffee,  
 Beyond the solt solt seas !

" Although I m hold and black,  
 My hinguish is most grent ,  
 Great Prince O call me back,  
 And I will be your Vant !  
 And never no more vill break the Lor,  
 As I did in 'I orty-eight '

The tuler thus did close  
 (A pore old blackymore roguer),  
 When a dismal gent uprose,  
 And spoke with H Irish brogue  
 " I m Smith O Brine, of Royal Line,  
 Descended from Rory Ogue

" When great O Connle died,  
 That man whom all did trust,  
 That man whom H English pride  
 Beheld with such disgust,  
 Then I m free fixed eyes on me,  
 And swear I should be fust

" 'The glorious H Irish Crown,'  
 Says she it shall be thine  
 ' Long time it s wery well known,  
 You kep it in your line ,  
 That diadem of hemerald gem  
 Is yours, my Smith O Brine

" 'Too long the Saxon churl  
 Our land encumbered hath ,  
 Arise, my Prince, my Earl,  
 And brush them from thy path  
 Rise, mighty Smith, and sweep 'em with  
 The besom of your wrath '

"Then in my might I rose,  
 My country I surveyed,  
 I saw it filled with foes,  
 I viewed them undismayed,  
 'Ha, ha !' says I, 'the harvest's high,  
 I'll reap it with my blade.'

"My warriors I enrolled,  
 They rallied round their lord,  
 And chiefs in council old  
 I summoned to the board—  
 Wise Doheny and Duffy bold  
 And Meagher of the Sword

"I stood on Smevenamun,  
 They came with pikes and bills,  
 They gathered in the dwn,  
 Like mist upon the hills  
 And rushed adown the mount an side  
 Like twenty thousand rills

"Their fortress we assail  
 Hurroo ! my boys hurroo !  
 The bloody Saxons quail  
 To hear the wild shaloo  
 Strike, and prevail, proud Innesfail,  
 O'Brine aboo, aboo !

"Our people they defied,  
 They shot at 'em like savages,  
 Their bloody guns they plied  
 With sanguinary ravages  
 Hide, blushing Glory hide  
 That day among the cabbages !

"And so no more I'll say,  
 But ask your Mussy great,  
 And humbly sing and pray,  
 Your Majesty's poor Wait  
 Your Smith O'Brine in 'Forty nine  
 Will blush for 'Forty-eight "

**LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.\***

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PACED upon my beat  
 With steady step and slow,  
 All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street,  
 Ranelagh St. Pimlico

While marching huppandownd  
 Upon that fur May morn,  
 Dould the booming cunnings sound,  
 A hoyd child is born!

The Ministers of State  
 Then presently I saw,  
 They gallops to the Pallis gate,  
 In carriages and for

With anxious looks intent,  
 Before the gate they stop,  
 There comes the good Lord President,  
 And there the Archbishopb

Lord John he next elights,  
 And who comes here in haste?  
 'Tis the cro of one underd fights,  
 The cruddle for to taste

Then Mrs. Lily the nuss,  
 Towards them steps with joy,  
 Says the brave old Duke, 'Come tell to us,  
 Is it a gal or a boy?'

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,  
 'Your Grace, it is a *Prince*'  
 And at that nuss's bold rebuke  
 He did both laugh and wince

\* The birth of Prince Arthur.

He vews with pleasant look  
This pooty flower of May,  
Then says the venerable Duke,  
"Egad, it's my buthday"

By mem'ory backards borne,  
Peraps his thoughts did stray  
To that old place where he was born  
Upon the first of May

Perhaps he did recal  
The ancient towers of Trim,  
And County Meuth and Dungan Hall  
They did revisit him

I phansy of him so  
His good old thoughts employin',  
Fourscore years and one year  
Beside the flowin' Boyne

His father praps he sees,  
Most musicle of I oids,  
A playing maddrigles and glees  
Upon the Arpsicords

Jest phansy this old Ero  
Upon his mother's knee  
Did ever lady in this land  
Ave greater sons than she?

And I shoudn be surprize  
While this was in his mind,  
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes  
Of unfamiliar brind

To Hapsly Ouse next day  
Drives up a Broosh and for,  
A gracious prince sits in that Shay  
(I mention him with Hor!)

They ring upon the bell,  
 The Porter shows his Ed,  
 (He fought at Vaterloo as Vell,  
 And wears a Veskit red)

To see that carriage come,  
 The people round it press  
 "And is the gallant Duke at ome?"  
 "Your Royal Ighness, yes "

He stepps from out the Broosh  
 And in the gate is gone ,  
 And X although the people push,  
 Says wery kind, " Move hon "

The Royal Prince unto  
 The gallant Duke did say,  
 " Dear Duke, my little son and you  
 Was born the self same day

" The Lady of the land,  
 My wife and Sovring dear,  
 It is by her horgust command  
 I wait upon you here

" That ldy is as well  
 As can expected be ,  
 And to your Grace she bid me tel  
 This gracious message free.

" That offspring of our race,  
 Whom vesterday you see,  
 To show our honour for your Grace,  
 Prince Arthur he shall be.

" That name it rhymes to fame ,  
 All Europe knows the sound ,  
 And I couldn t find a better name  
 If you'd give me twenty pound.

"King Arthur had his knights  
That girt his table round,  
But you have won a hundred fights,  
Will match 'em, I'll be bound"

"You fought with Bonypart,  
And likewise Tippoo Saib,  
I name you then with all my heart  
The Godsire of this bibe"

That Prince his leave was took,  
His hinterview was done,  
So let us give the good old Duke  
Good luck of his god son,

And wish him years of joy  
In this our time of schism,  
And hope he'll be the Royal boy  
His little catechism

And my pooty little Prince  
That's come our arts to cheer,  
Let me my loyal power win  
A welcome of you ere

And the Post Laureat's crown'd,  
I think, in some respect  
Egstrcmely shoot'ble might be found  
For honest Pleaseman X

## THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,  
List a tail vich lute besel,  
Vich I heard it, bein on duty  
At the Pleace Hofficc, Clerkenwell

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,  
Vere the little children sings  
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies  
Them there pooty little things!)



In this street there lived a housemaid,  
 If you particklarly ask me where—  
 Vy, it yas at four and-tventy  
 Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,  
 And she went to fetch the beer  
 In the street she met a party  
 As was quite surprized to see her

Vich he vas a British Sailor  
 I or to judge him by his look  
 Tarry jacket canvass trowsies,  
 Ha-la Mr I P Cooke

Presently this Mann recostes  
 Of this hinnocent young gal—  
 "Pray," saysce, "excuse my freedom,  
 You re so like my Sister Sal"

"You re so like my Sister Sally,  
 Both in valk and face and size,  
 Miss, thut—dung my old lee scuppers,  
 It brings tears into my hcyes !

"I m a mate on board a wessel,  
 I'm a sailor bold and true,  
 Shiver up my poor old timbers,  
 Let me be a mate for you !

"What s your name, my beauty, tell me?"  
 And she faintly hansers, "Lore,  
 Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,  
 And I live at twenty-four"

Hoftimes came this British seaman,  
 This deluded gal to meet,  
 And at twenty-four was welcome,  
 Twenty-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master  
(Kinder they than Missuses are),  
How in marridge he had ast her,  
Like a gallant British Tar '

And he brought his landlady vith him  
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),  
And she told how Charley Thompson  
Reely vas a good young man ,

And how she herself had lived in  
Many years of union sweet  
Vith a gent she met promiskous,  
Valking in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them  
And she thought that soon their bands  
Would be published at the Fondlin,  
Hand the clergy man jine their ands

And he ast about the lodgers  
(Vich her mistor let some rooms),  
Likevise vere they kep thair things, and  
Vere her master kep his spoons

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson  
Came on Sunday vick to see her ,  
And he sent Eliza Davis  
Hout to fetch a pint of beer

Hand while pore Eliza vent to  
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,  
This atrocious Charley Thompson  
Let his wile accomplish hin

To the lodgers, their apartments,  
This abandingd female goes  
Prigs their shirts and umberellas ,  
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes

Vile the scoundrie Charley Thompson,  
Lest his wictim should escape,  
Hocust her vith rum and vater,  
Like a fiend in humming shape

But a hi was fixt upon 'em  
Vich these raskles little sore ,  
Namely, Mr Hide, the landlord  
Of the house at twenty four

He vas valkin in his garden,  
Just afore he vent to sup ,  
And on looking up he sor the  
Lodgers vindlers lighted hup

Hup the sturs the landlord tumbled ,  
" Somethin' s going wrong," he said ,  
And he caught the vicked voman  
Underneath the lodgers bed

And he called a brother Pleaseman,  
Vich vas passing on his beat,  
Like a true and galliant feller,  
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman able bodied  
Took this voman to the cell ,  
To the cell vere she was quodded,  
In the Close of Clerkenwell

And though vicked Charley Thompson  
Boulted like a miscrant base,  
Presently another Pleaseman  
Took him to the self same place.

And this precious pair of raskles  
Tuesday last came up for doom ,  
By the beak they was committed,  
Vich his name was Mr Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,  
 Simple gurl of twanty-four,  
*She*, I ope, vill never listen  
 In the streets to sailors moar

But if she must ave a sweet art  
 (Vich most every gurl expect),  
 Let her take a jolly pleaseman,  
 Vich his name peraps is—X

### DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,  
 And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause,  
 Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause  
 Which was tried at Guildford sixes this day week as ever was

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentl'man in grief  
 (Special was the British Jury and the Judge the Baron Chief),  
 Comes a British man and husband—asking of the law relief,  
 For his wife was stolen from him—he'd have vengeance on the  
 thief

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was  
 crowned,

Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound  
 And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth  
 renowned,

To award him for his damage twenty hundred sterling pound

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford do appear,  
 Asking damage of the villun who seduced his lady dear  
 But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,  
 And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather  
 queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her daughter  
 cry

But a fortnight after marriage early times for piping eye

Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was black,  
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her  
to the door,  
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more.  
As she would not go, why *he* went thrice he left his lady dear;  
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of  
a year

Mrs Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed,  
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to bleed;  
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said  
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the jury note  
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,  
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,  
Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall and  
witnessed it

Next door to this injured Briton Mr Owers a butcher dwelt,  
Mrs Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt  
(Not that she had erred as yet crime was not developed in her);  
But being left without a penny Mrs Owers supplied her dinner—  
God be merciful to Mrs Owers, who was merciful to this sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant said they led a wretched life,  
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his wife,  
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in ten  
months space,  
Sat with his wife or spoke her kindly. This was the defend-  
ant's case

Pollock, C B, charged the Jury, said the woman's guilt was  
clear

That was not the point however, which the jury came to hear;  
But the damage to determine which, as it should true appear,  
This most tender hearted husband, who so used his lady dear—

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving,  
 year by year,  
 Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and  
 boxed her ear—  
 What a reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim  
 By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,  
 Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most profound!  
 And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and  
 sound —

“My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff, damages two hundred  
 pound ”

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,  
 And the happy land of England, where true justice does  
 abound!

British Jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict proper?  
 If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to  
 defend her,

You are welcome to neglect her to the devil you may send her  
 You may strike her, curse, abuse her, so declares our law  
 renowned,

And if after this you lose her,—why, you're paid two hundred  
 pound.

## THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THERE'S in the Vest a city pleasant  
 To vieh King Bladud gev his name,  
 And in that city there's a Crescent  
 Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame

Although that galliant knight is oldish,  
 Although Sir John as grey grey air,  
 Hage has not made his bustum coldish,  
 His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,  
 Perhaps fateagued with Bath's routines,  
 To Paris towne his phootsteps bended  
 In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,  
 A nobler finer gent than he  
 Ne'er drove about the Shons Fleesy,  
 Or piced the Roo de Rivolee



A brougham and pair Sir John provided,  
 In which abroad he loved to ride,  
 But ar' he most of 'all enyved it,  
 When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,  
 Dear ladies, you will heasy tell—  
 Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,  
 A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymous Countess ad a daughter  
 Of lovely form and tender art,  
 A nobleman in marridge sought her,  
 By name the Baron of Saint Bart

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,  
 It was so pewer and profound,  
 Lady Grabrowski he did urge on  
 With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"  
 Says kind Sir John, "and hve with me,  
 The living there's uncommon pleasant—  
 I'm sure you'll find the hair agree

"O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,  
 And bring your charming girl, seize,  
 "The Barring here shall have the ouse key,  
 With breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea

"And when they've passed an appy winter,  
 Their opes and loves no more we'll bar,  
 The marridge vow they'll enter inter,  
 And I at church will be their Par "

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,  
 Where good Sir John he did provide  
 No end of teas and balls incessant,  
 And hosses both to drive and ride

He was so Ospitably busy,  
 When Miss was late he'd make so bold  
 Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,  
 Come down, the coffy's getting cold!"

But Oh! 'tis sadd to think such bounties  
 Should meet with such return as this,  
 O Barring of Saint Bart, O Countess  
 Grabrowski, and O cruel Miss!



He married you at Bath's fair Habby,  
 Saint Bart he treated like a son—  
 And wasn't it uncommon shabby  
 To do what you have went and done!

My trembling And amost refewses  
 To write the charge which Sir John swore,  
 Of which the Countess he accuses,  
 Her daughter and her son-in-love.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of  
 The fatle charge which now I quote  
 He says Miss took his two best rings off,  
 And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parner,  
 To make away with folks' best things?  
 Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,  
 To go and prig a gent's man's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John by anger wrought on,  
 And to revenge his injured cause,  
 He brought them hup to Mr Broughton,  
 Last Vensday week as ever was.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!  
 If guilty, vengeance will not fail  
 Meanwhile the lady is remanded  
 And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

## JACOB HOMNIUM'S HOSS.

### A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT

ONE sees in Viteall Yard,  
 Vere pleacemen do resort,  
 A venerable hynstitute,  
 'Tis called the Pallis Court  
 A gent as got his i on it,  
 I think 'twill make some sport.

The natur of this Court  
 My hindignation rules ;  
 A few fat legal spiders  
 Here set & spin their viles ,  
 To rob the town theyr privlege is,  
 In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court  
 Is a melitary beak,  
 He knows no more of Lor  
 Than praps he does of Greek,  
 And provides hissself a deputy  
 Because he cannot speak



Four counsel in this Court—  
 Misnamed of Justice—sits ,  
 These lawyers owes their places to  
 Their money, not their wits ,  
 And there s six attornies under them,  
 As here their living gits

These lawyers, six and four,  
 Was a livin at their case,  
 A sendin of their writs abowt,  
 And droring in the fees,  
 When there arose a cirkumstance  
 As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since  
 A gent both good and trew  
 Possest an ansum oss with vich  
 He didn know what to do ,  
 Peraps he did not like the oss,  
 Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss  
 At Tattersall's did lodge ,  
 There came a vulgar oss dealer,  
 This gentleman's name did fodge,  
 And took the oss from Tatter all's  
 Wasn that a artful dodge ?

One day this gentleman's groom  
 This willun did spy out,  
 A mounted on this oss  
 A ridin him about ,  
 " Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"  
 Speaks up the groom so stout

The thief was cruel when d  
 To find himself so pinn d ,  
 The oss began to whinny,  
 The honest groom he grinn d ,  
 And the raskle thief got off the oss  
 And cut away like vind

And phansy with what joy  
 The master did regard  
 His dearly bluvd lost oss again  
 Irot in the stable yard !

Who was this master good  
 Of whomb I makes these rhymes ?  
 His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire ,  
 And if I'd committed crimes,  
 Good Lord ! I wouldn't ave that mann  
 Attack me in the *Times* !

Now shortly after the groom  
 His master's oss did take up,  
 There came a livery man  
 This gentleman to wake up,  
 And he handed in a little bill,  
 Which hangered Mr Jacob

For two pound seven ten  
 This livery man eplied,  
 For the keep of Mr Jacob's oss,  
 Which the thief had took to ride  
 "Do you see anythink green in me?"  
 Mr Jacob Homnium cried

"Because a raskle chews  
 My oss away to robb,  
 And goes tick at your Mews  
 For seven and fifty bob  
 Shall I be call'd to pay?—It is  
 A iniquitious Jobb

Thus Mr Jacob cut  
 The conversation short,  
 The livery man went omc,  
 Detummingd to ave sport,  
 And sunimingsd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,  
 Into the Pallis Court

Pore Jacob went to Court,  
 A Counsel for to fix,  
 And choose a barrister out of the four,  
 An attorney of the six  
 And there be sor these men of Lor,  
 And watch d em at their tricks

The dreadful day of trik  
 In the Pallis Court did come,  
 The lawyers said their say,  
 The Judge look d wery glum,  
 And then the British Jury cast  
 Pore Jacob Hom ni-um

O a weary day was that  
 For Jacob to go through ;  
 The debt was two seventeen  
 (Which he no mor owed than you)  
 And then there was the plaintives costs,  
 Eleven pound six and two

And then there was his own,  
 Which the lawyers they did fix  
 At the wery moderit figgar  
 Of ten pound one and six  
 Now I vins bless the Pallis Court,  
 And all its bold ver-dicks !

I cannot settingly tell  
 If Jacob saw and cust,  
 At wing for to pay this sumb,  
 But I should think he must,  
 And hev drawn a cheque for £24, 4s 8d.  
 With most igstre nic disgust

O Pallis Court, you move  
 My pittty most profound  
 A most enusing sport  
 You thought it I'll be bound,  
 To saddle hup a three pound debt  
 With two-and twenty pound

Good sport it is to you  
 To grind the honest pore,  
 To pay their just or unjust debts  
 With eight hundred per cent for Lor ;  
 Make haste and get your costes in,  
 They will not last much mor !

Come down from that tribewn,  
 Thou shameless and Unjust ,  
 Thou Swindle picking pockets in  
 The name of Truth august  
 Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,  
 For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnum,  
 And ply your iron pen,  
 And rise up, Sir John Jervis,  
 And shut me up that den,  
 • That sty for fattening lawyers in  
 On the bones of honest men

PLEACEMAN X.

### THE SPECULATORS.

THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in  
 sleep Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or  
 these who'd no beds to keep

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and  
 blow, I could hear the policeman's feet Clipping to and fro

There stood a potato man In the midst of all the wet, He  
 stood with his tato can In the lonely Haymarket

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags,  
 Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags

'Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk,  
 And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to  
 their talk

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those  
 dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares

I wondered more and more Says one—"Good friend of  
 mine, How many shares have you wrote for, In the Diddlesex  
 Junction line?"

"I wrote for twent " says Jim, ' But they wouldn't give  
 me one, His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly  
 he had done

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town,  
 I always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me  
 down.

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast!"  
 "I *would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pry That first instalment up, But  
 here's taters smoking hot—I say, Let's stop, my boy, and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I *drew*  
 each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and *tost*,  
 And thought of railroad specs And how money was won and  
 lost

"Bless railroads everywhere I said "and the world's ad-  
 vance, Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France,  
 For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a  
 chance."

## A WOEFUL NEW BALLAD

OF THE

### PROTESTANT CONSPIRACY TO TAKE THE POPE'S LIFE

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN ON THE SPOT

COME all ye Christian people, unto my tale give ear,  
 'Tis about a base consperracy as quickly shall appear!  
 'Twill make your hair to bristle up and your eyes to start and  
 glow,  
 When of this dread consperracy you honest folks shall know,

The news of this consperracy and villianous attempt,  
 I read it in a newspaper, from Italy it was sent  
 It was sent from lovely Italy where the olives they do grow,  
 And our Holy Father lives, yes, yes, while his name it is NO NO,

And 'tis there our English noblemen goes that is Puseytes no  
 longer,  
 Because they finds the ancient faith both better is and stronger.

And 'tis there I knelt beside my Lord when he kiss'd the POPE  
 his toe,  
 And hung his neck with chains at Saint Peter's Vinculo

And 'tis there the splendid churches is, and the fountains play  
 ing grand,  
 And the palace of PRINCE TORIONIA likewise the Vatican,  
 And there's the sturs where the bagpipe men and the piffararys  
 blow

And it's there I drove my Lady and Lord in the Park of Pincio  
 And 'tis there our splendid churches is in all their pride and  
 glory,

Saint Peter's famous Basilisk and Saint Mary's Maggiory  
 And them benighted Prodestants, on Sunday they must go  
 Outside the town to the preaching-shop by the gate of Popolo

Now in this town of famous Room as I dress as you have heard,  
 There is scarcely any gentleman as hasn't got a beard  
 And ever since the world began it was ordained so  
 That there should always barbers be wheresoever beards do  
 grow

And as it always has been so since the world it did begin,  
 The POPE, our Holy Potentate has a beard upon his chin,  
 And every morning regular when cocks begin to crow  
 There comes a curting party to wait on POPE PIO

There comes a curting gentleman with razor, soap and lather  
 A shaving most respectfully the POPE our Holy Father  
 And now the dread conspiracy I'll quickly to you show,  
 Which them sanguinary Prodestants did form against NOVO

Them sanguinary Prodestants which I abhor and hate,  
 Assembled in the preaching shop by the Laminian gate,  
 And they took counsel with their selves to deal a deadly blow  
 Against our gentle Father, the Holy POPE PIO

Exhibiting a wickedness which I never heerd or read of,  
 What do you think them Prodestants wished? to cut the good  
 POPE's head off!

And to the kind POPE's Air dresser the Prodestant Clark did go,  
 And proposed him to decapitate the innocent PIO



"What hever can be easier," said this Clerk—this Man of Sin,  
 "When you are called to hoperate on His Holiness's chin,  
 Than just to give the razor a little slip—just so?—  
 And there's an end, dear barker, of innocent Pio!"

This wicked conversation it chanced was overerd  
 By an Italian lady, she heard it every word  
 Which by birth she was a Marchioness, in service forced to go  
 With the parson of the preaching shop at the gate of Popolo.

When the lady heard the news, as duty did obleege,  
 As fast as her legs could carry her she ran to the Poleege  
 "O Polegia!" says she (for they pronounce it so)  
 'They're going for to masskver our Holy POPE Pio!

"The chomminable Englishmen the Parsing and his Clerk,  
 His Holiness's Air dresser devised it in the dark!  
 And I would recommend you in prison for to throw  
 These villains would assassinate the Holy POPE Pio!"

"And for saving of His Holiness and his trouble crown'd  
 I humbly hope your Worships will give me a few pound,  
 Because I was a Marchioness many years ago  
 Before I came to service at the gate of Popolo

That sacrilegious Air dresser the Parson and his man,  
 Wouldn't though ask'd continually own their wicked plan—  
 And so the kind Authorities let those villains go  
 That was plotting of the murder of the good Pio Nono

Now isn't this satisht proof ye gentlemen at home,  
 How wicked is them Protestants, and how good our Pope at  
 Rome

So let us drink confusion to LORD JOHN and LORD MINTO,  
 And a health unto His Eminence, and good Pio Nono



## THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH

COME all ye Christian people, and listen to my tale,  
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,  
By the Heastern Counties Railway (vich the shares I don't  
desire),

From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire

A travelling from Dury this Doctor was employed  
With a gentleman, a friend of his vich his name was Captain  
Loyd,

And on reaching Marks Tey Station that is next beyond  
Colchest

or, a lady entered in to them most elegantly dressed

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step  
And a pooty little Buby upon her bossum slep  
The gentleman received her with kindness and swillatv,  
Pitying this lady for her illness and debility

She had a fust class ticket this lovely lady said,  
Because it was so lonesome she took a seeknd instead  
Better to travel by seeknd class than sit alone in the fust,  
And the pooty little Buby upon her breist she must

A seem of her crum and shiverin and pail,  
To her spoke this surging the Lro of my tail,  
Saysee ' You look unwell ma'am I'll elp you if I can,  
And you may tell your case to me for I'm a meddick man '

"Thank you, sir" the lady said 'I only look so pale  
Because I ain't accusom'd to travelling on the Rail,  
I shall be better prcsnly when I've id some rest  
And that pooty little Buby she squerger'd it to her breist

So in conversation the journey they beguiled,  
Captin Loyd and the meddick man and the lady and the  
child,

Till the various stations along the line was passed,  
For even the Heastern Counties trains must come in at last

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,  
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.  
"Thank you, sir," the lady said, "for your kyndness dear,  
My carridge and my osses is probibbly come here.

"Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"  
The Doctor was a famly man ' That I will," says he.



Then the little child she kist kist it very gently,  
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently

With a sigh from her art as though she would have bust it,  
Then she gave the Doctor the child—very kind he nust it  
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sat from,  
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the platform.

Vile half the other passengers vent upon their ways,  
 The Capting and the Doctor sat there in a mare,  
 Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,  
 The Capting and the Doctor vated with the babby

There they sat looking queer for an hour or more,  
 But their feller passenger neither on em sore  
 Never, never back again did that lady come  
 To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do bein treated thus,  
 When the darling Babby woke cryin for its nuss?  
 Off he drove to a female friend with she was both kind and mild,  
 And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,  
 And made it very comfortable by giving it some pap,  
 And when she took its close off what d you think she found?  
 A couple of ten pun notes stewn up, in its little gownd!

Also in its little close was a note which did convey  
 That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way,  
 And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay  
 And sirtingly like gentlefolks would clum the child one day,  
 If the Christian people whod charge of it would say,  
 Per advertisement in the *Times*, where the baby lay

Pity of this hayby many people took,  
 It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look,  
 And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see  
 Any kind lady as would do as much for me,

And I wish with all my art, some night in my night gownd,  
 I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound)—  
 There came a lady forrard that most honorable did say,  
 She'd adopt this little laby, which her parents cast away

While the Doctor pondered on this offer fair,  
 Comes a letter from Devonshire from a party there,  
 Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,  
 To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexy, this pore meddler man,  
 Like a sensible gentleman to the Justice ran,  
 Which his name was Mr Hammill, a honorable beak,  
 That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

"O Justice!" says the Doctor, "instrut me what to do  
 I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you,  
 My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills  
 (There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills!)"

"I've come up from the country to know how I'll dispose  
 Of this pore little baby, and the twenty gu note, and the close,  
 And I want to go back to Suffolk dear Justice, if you please,  
 And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants  
 his fees

Up spoke Mr Hammill sittin at his desk,  
 "This yer application does me much perpleesk,  
 What I do advise you, is to leave this babby  
 In the Parish where it was left by its mother shabby"

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—  
 He might have left the baby but he hadn't got the heart  
 To go for to leave that Innocent, has the laws allows,  
 To the tender nussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee  
 Think how cruel you have been and how good was he!  
 Think, if you've been guilty innocent was she,  
 And do not take unkindly this little word of me  
 Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!



## THE ORGAN-BOY'S APPEAL

"WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT — POLICEMAN X brought a paper of doggerel verses to the MAGISTRATE which had been thrust into his hands, X said, by an Italian boy who ran away immediately afterwards

"The MAGISTRATE after perusing the lines, looked hard at X, and said he did not think they were written by an Italian

"X, blushing, said he thought the paper read in court last week, and which frightened so the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, was also not of Italian origin

O SIGNOR BRODRIP, you are a wicked old man,  
You vexes us little horgin boys whenever you can  
How dare you talk of Justice, and go for to seek  
To pussicute us horgin boys, you sanguinary Beck?

Though you set in Vestminster surrounded by your crushers  
Harrogint and habsolute like the Hortaerit of hille the Rushers,  
Yet there is a better wurld I'd have you for to know,  
Likewise a phoe verc the henimies of horgin boys will go

O you wicked HEROD without any pity!  
London without horgin boys vood be a dismal city  
Sweet SAINT CICILY who first taught horgin pipes to blow  
Soften the heart of this Magistrat that haggerywates us so!

Good Italian gentlemen, fatherly and kind,  
Brings us over to London here our horgins for to grind,  
Sends us out with little vite mill and guinea pigs also  
A poppin of the Vlasel and a Jumpin of JIM CROW

And as us young horgin boys is grateful in our turn  
We givcs to these kind gentlemen halle the money we earn  
Because that they vood vop us as wery wel we know  
Unless we brought our burnings back to them as loves us so

O MR BRODERIP ! wery much I'm surprise,  
 Ven you take your walks abroad where can be your eyes?  
 If a Beak had a heart then you d compryend  
 Us pore little horgin boys was the poor man's friend

Don't you see the shildren in the drowing rooms  
 Chipping of their little rinds when they year our toons?  
 On their mothers bussuns don't you see the babbies crow  
 And down to us dear horgin boys lots of apence throw?

Don't you see the ouse muds (pooty POOLIRS and MARIFS),  
 Ven ve bring our urdigurdis smiling from the huries?  
 Then they come out with a slice o coke puddn or a bit o' bacon  
 or so  
 And give it us young horgin boys for lunch afore we go

Have you ever seen the Irish children sport  
 When our welcome music box brings sunshine in the Court?  
 To these little prupers who can never play  
 Surely all good horgin boys for GOD'S love, will play

Has for those proud gentlemen like a serring B—k  
 (Vich I von't be pussonal and therefore vil not speak),  
 That flings their parler vinders hup ven ve begin to play  
 And cusses us and swears at us in such a violent way,

Instedd of their abwasing and calling hout Poltect,  
 Let em send out JOHN to us with sixpence or a shillin apiece  
 Then like good young horgin-boys wiv from there we'll go,  
 Blessing sweet SAINT CICILY that taught our pipes to blow



## TIMBUCTOO

To the Editor of "The Snob"

SIR,—Though your name be "Snob" I trust you will not refuse this tiny Poem of a Gownsmen, which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought Sir it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world, and conceiving *The Snob* to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation—I am, Sir yours, &c, &c, &c

## TIMBUCTOO \*

In Africa (a quarter of the world)		The situa-
Men's skins are black their hair is crisp and curl'd,		tion.
And somewhere there unknown to public view,		
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo		
There stalk the tiger—there the lion roars	5	The natural
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors,		history

Line 1 and 2 See Guthrie's Geography

The site of Timbuctoo is doubtful, the Author has neatly expressed this in the Poem at the same time giving us some slight hints relative to its situation

Line 5. So Horace,—Iconum and i nutrit

\* This parody probably represents Mr Thackeray's first appearance in print. In the year 1829, when only eighteen years of age, he was chiefly concerned in starting a short lived Cambridge undergraduate magazine entitled *The snob*. He is believed to have been responsible for a considerable proportion of the contents, which are not of any particular merit, but with the exception of this parody of a Cambridge Prize Poem (on the subject, as will be remembered for which Tennyson gained the Chaucellor's Medal), it is not possible to be certain which contributions were from his pen, though there are several epigrammatic verses and some letters full of misspelling and Malapropisms, from Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom, which are almost unmistakably his





What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,  
Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone?  
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no ! 25  
It shall not, must not cannot, e'er be so  
The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel  
Stiff Afric's wrath, and wither neath Afric's steel.  
I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,  
And sell their sugars on their own account , 30  
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,  
Sue for her rice and barters for her rum 32

it is now his wish to be enthusiastic and magnificent. He trusts the Reader will perceive the aptness with which he hath changed his style when he narrated facts he was calm, when he enters on prophecy he is fervid.

The enthusiasm which he feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25, 26. He thinks he has very successfully imitated in the last six lines the best manner of Mr Pope and in lines 19-26 the pathetic elegance of the Author of *Austrasia* and *Athens*.

The Author cannot conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this Poem will be fully accomplished if he can infuse in the breasts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes--Africa! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows of love for thy land of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem, where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope, on the smouldering ashes of Despair!



**A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.**



# A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

## CHAPTER I

### *Sir Ludwig of Hombourg*

It was in the good old days of chivalry when every mountain that bathes its shadow in the Rhine had its castle not inhabited, as now, by a few rats and owls, nor covered with moss and wall flowers, and funguses, and creeping ivy. No, no! where the ivy now clusters there grew strong portcullis and bars of steel; where the wallflower now quivers on the rampart there were silken banners embroidered with wonderful heraldry, men-at-arms marched where now you shall only see a bank of moss or a hideous black champignon, and in place of the rats and owlets, I warrant me there were ladies and knights to revel in the great halls, and to feast, and to dance and to make love there. They are passed away - those old knights and ladies their golden hair first changed to silver and then the silver dropped off and disappeared for ever, their elegant legs, so slim and active in the dance became swollen and gouty, and then, from being swollen and gouty, dwindled down to bare bone-shanks, the roses left their cheeks, and then their cheeks disappeared, and left their skulls, and then their skulls powdered into dust, and all sign of them was gone. And as it was with them, so shall it be with us. Ho, seneschal, fill me a cup of liquor! put sugar in it good fellow—yea, and a little hot water, a very little, for my soul is sad, as I think of those days and knights of old.

They, too, have revelled and feasted, and where are they?—gone?—nay, not altogether gone, for doth not the eye catch glimpses of them as they walk yonder in the grey limbo of

romance, shining faintly in their coats of steel, wandering by the side of long-haired ladies, with long-tailed gowns that little pages carry? Yes! one sees them—the poet sees them still in the far off Cloudland; and hears the ring of their clarions as they hasten to battle or tourney—and the dim echoes of their lutes chanting of love and fair ladies! Gracious privilege of poesy! It is as the Dervish's collyrium to the eyes, and causes them to see treasures that to the sight of donkeys are invisible.



Blessed treasures of fancy! I would not change ye—no, not for many donkey loads of gold. Fill again, jolly seneschal, thou brave wag, chalk me up the produce on the hostel door—surely the spirits of old are mixed up in the wondrous liquor, and gentle visions of bygone princes and princesses look blandly down on us from the cloudy perfume of the pipe. Do you know in what year the faeries left the Rhine,—long before Murray's "Guide Book" was wrote—long before squat steamboats, with snorting funnels, came paddling down the stream. Do you not

'know that once upon a time the appearance of eleven thousand British virgins was considered at Cologne as a wonder? Now there come twenty thousand such annually, accompanied by their ladies' maids. But of them we will say no more—let us back to those who went before them.

Many many hundred thousand years ago, and at the exact period when chivalry was in full bloom, there occurred a little history upon the banks of the Rhine which has been already written in a book, and hence must be positively true. 'Tis a story of knights and ladies—of love and battle and virtue rewarded, a story of princes and noble lords, moreover the best of company. Gentles, an ye will, ye shall hear it. Fair dames and damsels, may your loves be as happy as those of the heroine of this romance.

On the cold and rainy evening of Thursday the 26th of October, in the year previously indicated such travellers as might have chanced to be abroad in that bitter night, might have remarked a fellow-wayfarer journeying on the road from Oberwinter to Godsberg. He was a man not tall in stature, but of the most athletic proportions, and Time which had browned and furrowed his cheek and sprinkled his locks with grey, declared pretty clearly that he must have been acquainted with the warrior for some fifty good years. He was armed in mail, and rode a powerful and active battle-horse, which (though the way the pair had come that day was long and weary indeed) yet supported the warrior, his armour and luggage, with seeming ease. As it was in a friend's country the knight did not think fit to wear his heavy *destrier*, or helmet, which hung at his saddle-bow over his portmanteau. Both were marked with the coronet of a count, and from the crown which surmounted the helmet, rose the crest of his knightly race, an arm proper lifting a naked sword.

At his right hand, and convenient to the warrior's grasp, hung his mangonel or mace—a terrific weapon which had shattered the brains of many a turbaned sultan, while over his broad and ample chest there fell the triangular shield of the period, whereon were emblazoned his arms—argent, a gules wavy, on a saltire reversed of the second. The latter device was awarded for a daring exploit before Ascalon, by the Emperor Maximilian, and a reference to the German Peccage of that day, or a knowledge of high families which every gentleman



then possessed, would have sufficed to show at once that the rider we have described was of the noble house of Hombourg. It was, in fact, the gallant knight Sir Ludwig of Hombourg, his rank as a count, and chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, was marked by the cap of maintenance with the peacock's feather which he wore (when not armed for battle), and his princely blood was denoted by the oiled silk umbrella which he carried (a very good protection against the pitiless storm), and which, as it is known, in the middle ages, none but princes were justified in using. A bag fastened with a brazen padlock, and made of the costly produce of the Persian looms (then extremely rare in Europe) told that he had travelled in Eastern climes. This, too, was evident from the inscription writ on card or parchment and sewed on the bag. It first ran, "Count Ludwig de Hombourg Jerusalem," but the name of the Holy City had been dashed out with the pen and that of "Godesberg" substituted. So far indeed had the cavalier travelled!—and it is needless to state that the bag in question contained such remaining articles of the toilet as the high-born noble deemed unnecessary to place in his valise.

"By Saint Hugo of Kitzbellenbogen!" said the good knight, shivering, "tis colder here than at Damascus! Marry, I am so hungry I could eat one of Saladin's camels. Shall I be at Godesberg in time for dinner? And taking out his horologe (which hung in a small side pocket of his embroidered surcoat), the crusader comforted himself by finding that it was but seven of the night and that he would reach Godesberg ere the warder had sounded the second gong.

His opinion was borne out by the result. His good steed, which could trot at a pinch fourteen leagues in the hour, brought him to this famous castle just as the warder was giving the first welcome signal which told that the princely family of Count Karl Margrave of Godesberg were about to prepare for their usual repast at eight o'clock. Crowds of pages and horsekeepers were in the court when, the portcullis being raised and amidst the respectful salutes of the sentinels, the most ancient friend of the house of Godesberg entered into its castle yard. The under-butler stepped forward to take his bridle-rein. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land!" exclaimed the faithful old man. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land!" cried the rest of the servants in the hall.

A stable was speedily found for the Count's horse, Streithengst, and it was not before the gallant soldier had seen that true animal well cared for, that he entered the castle itself, and was conducted to his chamber. Wax candles burning bright on the mantel, flowers in china vases, every variety of soap, and a flask of the precious essence manufactured at the neighbouring city of Cologne, were displayed on his toilet-table, a cheery fire "crackled on the hearth," and showed that the good knight's coming had been looked and cared for. The serving maidens bringing him hot water for his ablutions smiling asked, "Would he have his couch warmed at eve? One might have been sure from their blushes that the tough old soldier made an arch reply. The family tonsor came to know whether the noble Count had need of his skill. 'By Saint Bugo' said the knight, as seated in an easy settle by the fire, the tonsor rid his chin of its stubbly growth, and lightly passed the tongs and pomatum through "the sable silver" of his hair - 'By Saint Bugo, this is better than my dungron at Grand Cairo. How is my godson Otto, master barber, and the Lady Countess his mother, and the noble Count Karl, my dear brother in arms?'

"They are well," said the tonsor with a sigh.

"By Saint Bugo I'm glad on't! But why that sigh?"

"Things are not as they have been with my good lord," answered the hairdresser, "ever since Count Gottfried's arrival."

"He here!" roared Sir Ludwig. "Good never came where Gottfried was!" and the while he donned a pair of silken hose, that showed admirably the proportions of his lower limbs, and exchanged his coat of mail for the spotless vest and black surcoat collared with velvet of Genoa, which was the fitting costume for "knight in lady's bower" - the knight entered into a conversation with the barber who explained to him, with the usual garrulousness of his tribe what was the present position of the noble family of Godtsberg.

This will be narrated in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER II.

*The Godesbergers*

'Tis needless to state that the gallant warrior Ludwig, of Hom-bourg found in the bosom of his friend's family a cordial welcome. The brother in arms of the Margrave Karl, he was the esteemed friend of the Margravine, the exalted and beautiful Theodora of Boppum, and (albeit no theologian, and although the first prince of Christendom coveted such an honour) he was selected to stand as sponsor for the Margrave's son Otto, the only child of his house.

It was now seventeen years since the Count and Countess had been united, and although Heaven had not blessed their couch with more than one child it may be said of that one that it was a prize and that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. When Count Ludwig hastening to the holy wars, had quitted his beloved godchild he had left him a boy, he now found him, as the latter rushed into his arms, grown to be one of the finest young men in Germany. Tall and excessively graceful in proportion with the blush of health mantling upon his cheek, that was likewise adorned with the first down of manhood, and with magnificent golden ringlets, such as a Rowland might envy curling over his brow and his shoulders. His eyes alternately beamed with the fire of daring or melted with the moist glance of benevolence. Well might a mother be proud of such a boy. Well might the brave Ludwig exclaim, as he clasped the youth to his breast, "By Saint Bygo of Katzenellenbogen Otto, thou art fit to be one of *Cœur de Lion's* grenadiers!" and it was the fact the "Child" of Godesberg measured six feet three.

He was habited for the evening meal in the costly though simple attire of the nobleman of the period—and his costume a good deal resembled that of the old knight whose toilet we have just described, with the difference of colour, however. The *fourpoint* worn by young Otto of Godesberg was of blue, handsomely decorated with buttons of carved and embossed gold, his *haut de-chausses*, or leggings, were of the stuff of Nanquin, then brought by the Lombard argosies at an immense price from China. The neighbouring country of Holland had

supplied his wrists and bosom with the most costly laces, and thus attired, with an opera-hat placed on one side of his head, ornamented with a single flower (that brilliant one, the tulip), the boy rushed into his godfather's dressing room, and warned him that the banquet was ready.

It was indeed a frown had gathered on the dark brows of the Lady Theodora and her bosom heaved with an emotion akin to indignation, for she feared lest the soups in the refectory and the splendid fish now smoking there were getting cold. She feared not for herself, but for her lord's sake. 'Godsberg,' whispered she to Count Ludwig, as trembling on his arm they descended from the drawing room, 'Godsberg is sadly changed of late.'

"By Saint Bugo!" said the burly knight, starting, "these are the very words the barber spoke."

The lady heaved a sigh and placed herself before the soup-tureen. For some time the good knight Ludwig of Hombourg was too much occupied in ladling out the force meat balls and rich calves head of which the delicious pottage was formed (in ladling them out did we say? ay, marry and in eating them, too) to look at his brother-in-arms at the bottom of the table, where he sat with his son on his left hand, and the Baron Gottfried on his right.

The Margrave was *indeed* changed. "By Saint Bugo," whispered Ludwig to the Countess, "your husband is as surly as a bear that hath been wounded on the head. Tears falling into her soup-plate were her only reply. The soup, the turbot, the haunch of mutton Count Ludwig remarked that the Margrave sent all away untasted."

"The boteler will serve ye with wine, Hombourg," said the Margrave gloomily from the end of the table. "Not even an invitation to drink! how different was this from the old times!"

But when, in compliance with this order the boteler proceeded to hand round the mintling vintage of the Cape to the assembled party and to fill young Otto's goblet (which the latter held up with the eagerness of youth) the Margrave's rage knew no bounds. He rushed at his son, he dashed the wine-cup over his spotless vest and giving him three or four heavy blows which would have knocked down a bonassus, but only caused the young Childe to blush. "You take wine!" roared out the Margrave, "you dare to help yourself! Who

the d-v-l gave you leave to help yourself?" and the terrible blows were reiterated over the delicate ears of the boy.

"Ludwig! Ludwig!" shrieked the Margravine

"Hold your prute madam roared the Prince "By Saint Buffo, mayn't a father beat his own child?"

"His own CHILD!" repeated the Margrave with a burst, almost a shriek, of indescribable agony "Ah, what did I say?"

Sir Ludwig looked about him in amaze, Sir Gottfried (at the Margrave's right hand) smiled ghastly, the young Otto was too much agitated by the recent conflict to wear any expression but that of extreme discomfiture, but the poor Margravine turned her head aside and blushed, red almost as the lobster which flanked the turbot before her.

In those rude old times 'tis known such table quarrels were by no means unusual amongst gallant knights, and Ludwig, who had oft seen the Margrave cast a leg of mutton at an offending servitor or empty a sauce boat in the direction of the Margravine, thought this was but one of the usual outbreaks of his worthy though irascible friend, and wisely determined to change the converse.

"How is my friend," said he, "the good knight, Sir Hildebrandt?"

"By Saint Buffo this is too much!" screamed the Margrave, and actually rushed from the room.

"By Saint Bugo," said his friend "gallant knights, gentle suits what ails my good I old Margrave?"

"Perhaps his nose bleeds," said Gottfried, with a sneer.

"Ah my kind friend," said the Margravine, with uncontrollable emotion "I fear some of you have passed from the frying-pan into the fire." And making the signal of departure to the ladies, they rose and retired to coffee in the drawing-room.

The Margrave presently came back again, somewhat more collected than he had been. "Otto," he said sternly, "go join the ladies. It becomes not a young boy to remain in the company of gallant knights after dinner." The noble Child with manifest unwillingness quitted the room, and the Margrave, taking his lady's place at the head of the table, whispered to Sir Ludwig, "Hildebrandt will be here to-night to an evening party, given in honour of your return from Pales-

tine. My good friend—my true friend—my old companion in arms, Sir Gottfried! you had best see that the fiddlers be not drunk, and that the crumpets be gotten ready." Sir Gottfried, obsequiously taking his patron's hint, bowed and left the room.

"You shall know all soon, dear Ludwig," said the Margrave, with a heartrending look. "You marked Gottfried, who left the room anon?"

"I did."

"You look incredulous concerning his worth, but I tell thee, Ludwig, that yonder Gottfried is a good fellow, and my fast friend. Why should he not be? He is my near relation, heir to my property: should I (here the Margrave's countenance assumed its former expression of excruciating agony),—*'should I have no son*

"But I never saw the boy in better health," replied Sir Ludwig.

"Nevertheless: hadst thou my chance that I shall soon have no son.

The Margrave had crushed many a cup of wine during dinner, and Sir Ludwig thought naturally that his gallant friend had drunken rather deeply. He proceeded in this respect to imitate him, for the stern soldier of those days neither shrunk before the Prynam nor the punch bowl: and many a rousing night had our crusader enjoyed in Syria with lion-hearted Richard, with his condutor, Godfrey of Bouillon, nay, with the dauntless Saladin himself.

"You knew Gottfried in Palestine?" asked the Margrave.

"I did."

"Why did ye not greet him then, as ancient comrades should, with the warm grasp of friendship? It is not because Sir Gottfried is poor? You know well that he is of race as noble as thine own: my early friend."

"I care not for his race nor for his poverty," replied the blunt crusader. "What says the Minnesinger? Marry, 'the rank is but the stump of the gunca, the man is the gold.' And I tell thee, Karl of Godesberg, that yonder Gottfried is base metal."

"By Saint Buffo, thou beliest him, dear Ludwig."

"By Saint Bugo, dear Karl, I say sooth. The fellow was known in the camp of the crusaders—disreputably known. Ere

he joined us in Palestine, he had sojourned in Constantinople, and learned the arts of the Greek. He is a cogger of dice, I tell thee—a chanter of horseflesh. He won five thousand marks from bluff Richard of England the night before the storming of Ascalon, and I caught him with false trumps in his pocket. He warranted a bay mare to Conrad of Mont Serrat, and the rogue had fired her.

"Ha! mean ye that Sir Gottfried is a *left*?" cried Sir Karl, knitting his brows. Now by my blessed patron, Saint Buffo of Bonn, had any other but Ludwig of Hombourg so said, I would have cloven him from skull to chine.

By Saint Pugo of Kitzencellenbogen! I will prove my words on Sir Gottfried's body—not on thine, O brother-in-arms. And to do the knife justice, he is a good hinc. Holy Bugo! but he did good service at Acre! But his character was such that, spite of his bravery, he was dismissed the army, nor even allowed to sell his captain's commission.

"I have heard of it," said the Margrave, "Gottfried hath told me of it. I was about some silly quarrel over the wine cup—a mere silly jape, believe me. Hugo de Brodenel would have no black bottle on the board. Gottfried was wroth, and, to say sooth, flung the black bottle at the Count's head. Hence his dismissal and abrupt return. But you know not," continued the Margrave, with a heavy sigh, "of what use that worthy Gottfried has been to me. He has unlocked a traitor to me."

"Not yet," answered Hombourg satirically.

"By Saint Buffo! a deep dyed dastard! a dangerous damnable traitor!—not of traitors. Hildebrandt is a traitor—Otto is a traitor—and Theodora (O Heaven!) she—she is *another*." The old Prince burst into tears at the word, and was almost choked with emotion.

"What means this passion, dear friend?" cried Sir Ludwig, seriously alarmed.

"Mark Ludwig! mark Hildebrandt and Theodora together, mark Hildebrandt and *Otto* together. I like, like I tell thee as two peas. O holy saints, that I should be born to suffer this!—to have all my affections wrenched out of my bosom, and to be left alone in my old age! But, hark! the guests are arriving. An ye will not empty another flask of claret, let us join the ladies in the withdrawing chamber. When there, mark *Hildebrandt and Otto*!

## CHAPTER III

*The Festival*

THE festival was indeed begun. Coming on horseback, or in their caroches, knights and ladies of the highest rank were assembled in the grand saloon of Godesberg which was splendidly illuminated to receive them. Servitors in rich liveries (they were attired in doublets of the sky blue broadcloth of Ypres, and hose of the richest yellow sammit—the colours of the house of Godesberg) bore about various refreshments on trays of silver—cakes, baked in the oven and swimming in melted butter, manchet of bread smeared with the same delicious condiment, and carved so thin that you might have expected them to take wing and fly to the ceiling—coffee introduced by Peter the Hermit after his excursion into Arabia and tea such as only Bohemia could produce, circulated amidst the festive throng, and were eagerly devoured by the guests. The Margrave's gloom was unheeded by them—how little indeed is the smiling crowd aware of the pangs that are lurking in the breasts of those who bid them to the feast! The Margravine was pale—but woman knows how to deceive, she was more than ordinarily courteous to her friends and laughed, though the laugh was hollow, and talked though the talk was louthsome to her.

"The two are together" said the Margrave clutching his friend's shoulder. "Now look!"

Sir Ludwig turned towards a quadrille, and there, sure enough, were Sir Hildebrandt and young Otto standing side by side in the dance. Two eggs were not more like! The reason of the Margrave's horrid suspicion at once flashed across his friend's mind.

"'Tis clear as the staff of a pike," said the poor Margrave mournfully. "Come brother away from the scene! let us go play a game at cribbage!" and retiring to the Margravine's *chambre*, the two warriors sat down to the game.

But though 'tis an interesting one and though the Margrave won, yet he could not keep his attention on the cards—so agitated was his mind by the dreadful secret which weighed upon it. In the midst of their play, the obsequious Gottfried came to whisper a word in his patron's ear, which threw the latter



into such a fury, that apoplexy was apprehended by the two lookers on. But the Margrave mastered his emotion. "*At what time, did you say?*" said he to Gottfried.

"At daybreak, at the outer gate.

"I will be there."

"*And so will I too,*" thought Count Ludwig, the good Knight of Hombourg.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### *The Illigh'*

How often does man, proud man make calculations for the future, and think he can bend stern fate to his will! Alas, we are but creatures in its hands! How many a slip between the lip and the lifted wine cup! How often though seemingly with a choice of couches to repose upon, do we find ourselves dashed to earth, and then we rue fun to say the grapes are sour, because we cannot attain them, or worse, to yield to anger in consequence of our own fault. Sir Ludwig, the Hombourger, was *not at the outer gate* at daybreak.

He slept until ten of the clock. The previous night's potations had been heavy: the day's journey had been long and rough. The knight slept as a soldier would, to whom a feather bed is a rarity, and who wakes not till he hears the blast of the reveille.

He looked up as he woke. At his bedside sat the Margrave. He had been there for hours watching his slumbering comrade. Watching?—no not watching, but awake by his side, brooding over thoughts unutterably bitter—over feelings inexpressibly wretched.

"What's o'clock?" was the first natural exclamation of the Hombourger.

"I believe it is five o'clock," said his friend. "It was ten. It might have been twelve. Two half past four twenty minutes to six, the Margrave would still have said, '*I believe it is five o'clock.*' The wretched take no count of time. It flies with unequal pinions, indeed, for *them*."

"Is breakfast over?" inquired the crusader.

"Ask the butler," said the Margrave, nodding his head wildly, rolling his eyes wildly, smiling wildly.

"Gracious Bugo!" said the Knight of Hombourg, "what has ailed thee, my friend? It is ten o'clock by my horologe. Your regular hour is nine. You are not—no, by heavens! you are not shaved! You wear the tights and silken hose of last evening's banquet. Your collar is all rumpled—tis that of yesterday. *You have not been to bed!* What has chanced, brother of mine, what has chanced?"

"A common chance, Louis of Hombourg," said the Margrave, "one that chanced every day. A false woman, a false friend, a broken heart. *This* has chanced. I have not been to bed."

"What mean ye?" cried Count Ludwig deeply affected. "A false friend? I am not a false friend. A false woman? Surely the lovely Theodora, your wife —"

"I have no wife, Louis now. I have no wife and no son."

In accents broken by grief, the Margrave explained what had occurred. Gottfried's information was but too correct. There was a *cause* for the likeness between Otto and Sir Hildebrandt, a fatal cause! Hildebrandt and Theodora had met at dawn at the outer gate. The Margrave had seen them. They walked along together, they embraced. Ah! how the husbands, the fathers' feelings were harrowed at that embrace! They parted, and then the Margrave, coming forward, coldly signified to his lady that she was to retire to a convent for life, and gave orders that the boy should be sent too, to take the vows at a monastery.

Both sentences had been executed. Otto, in a boat, and guarded by a company of his father's men at arms was on the river going towards Cologne, to the Monastery of Saint Buffo there. The Lady Theodora, under the guard of Sir Gottfried and an attendant, were on their way to the convent of Nonnenwerth, which many of our readers have seen—the beautiful Green Island Convent, laved by the bright waters of the Rhine!

"What road did Gottfried take?" asked the Knight of Hombourg, grinding his teeth.

"You cannot overtake him," said the Margrave. "My good

Gottfried, he is my only comfort now he is my kinsman, and shall be my heir. He will be back anon."

"Will he so?" thought Sir Ludwig. "I will ask him a few questions ere he return. And springing from his couch, he began forthwith to put on his usual morning dress of complete armour, and after a hasty ablution, donned, not his cap of maintenance, but his helmet of battle. He rang the bell violently.

"A cup of coffee, straight," said he to the servitor who answered the summons, "bid the cook pack me a sausage and bread in paper, and the groom saddle Streithengst we have far to ride.

The various orders were obeyed. The horse was brought, the refreshments disposed of: the clattering steps of the departing steed were heard in the courtyard: but the Margrave took no notice of his friend and sat plunged in silent grief quite motionless by the empty bedside.

## CHAPTER V

### *The Traitor's Doom*

THE Hombourger led his horse down the winding path which conducts from the hill and castle of Godesberg into the beautiful green plain below. Who has not seen that lovely plain, and who that has seen it has not loved it? A thousand sunny vineyards and cornfields stretch around in peaceful luxuriance, the mighty Rhine flows by it in silver magnificence, and on the opposite bank rise the seven mountains robed in majestic purple, the monarchs of the royal scene.

A pleasing poet Lord Byron in describing this very scene, has mentioned that "peasant girls, with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer cake and wine, are perpetually crowding round the traveller in this delicious district, and proffering to him their rustic presents. This was no doubt the case in former days, when the noble bard wrote his elegant poems—in the happy ancient days! when maidens were as yet generous, and men kindly! Now the degenerate peasantry of the district are much

more inclined to ask than to give and their blue eyes seem to have disappeared with their generosity

But as it was a long time ago that the events of our story occurred, 'tis probable that the good Knight Ludwig of Hombourg was greeted upon his path by this fascinating peasantry, though we know not how he accepted their welcome. He continued his ride across the flat green country until he came to Rolandseck, whence he could command the Island of Nonnenwerth (that lies in the Rhine opposite that place), and all who went to it or passed from it.

Over the entrance of a little cavern in one of the rocks hanging over the Rhine stream at Rolandseck and covered with odoriferous cactuses and silvery magnolias the traveller of the present day may perceive a rude broken image of a saint that image represented the venerable Saint Buffo of Bonn, the patron of the Margrave, and Sir Ludwig, kneeling on the greensward, and reciting a censer, an ave, and a couple of acolytes before it, felt encouraged to think that the deed he meditated was about to be performed under the very eyes of his friend's sanctified patron. His devotion done (and the knight of those days was as pious as he was brave) Sir Ludwig the gallant Hombourger, exclaimed with a loud voice—

"Ho! hermit! holy hermit, art thou in thy cell?"

"Who calls the poor servant of Heaven and Saint Buffo?" exclaimed a voice from the cavern, and presently, from beneath the wreaths of geranium and magnolia, appeared an intensely venerable, ancient and majestic head—twas that, we need not say, of Saint Buffo's solitary. A silver beard hanging to his knees gave his person in appearance of great respectability, his body was robed in simple brown serge, and girt with a knotted cord; his ancient feet were only defended from the prickles and stones by the rudest sandals, and his bald and polished head was bare.

"Holy hermit, said the knight, in a grave voice, "make ready thy ministry,, for there is some one about to die."

"Where, son?"

"Here, father."

"Is he here, now?"

"Perhaps," said the stout warrior, crossing himself, "but not so if right prevail." At this moment he caught sight of a ferry-boat putting off from Nonnenwerth, with a knight on

board Ludwig knew at once, by the sinople reversed and the truncated gules on his surcoat that it was Sir Gottfried of Godesberg.

"Be ready, father," said the good knight, pointing towards the advancing host, and waving his hand by way of respect to the reverend hermit without a further word, he vaulted into his saddle, and rode back for a few score of paces, when he wheeled round, and remained steady. His great lance and pennon rose in the air. His armour glistened in the sun, the chest and head of his battle horse were similarly covered with steel. As Sir Gottfried likewise armed and mounted (for his horse had been left at the ferry hard by) advanced up the road, he almost started at the figure before him - a glistening tower of steel.

"Are you the lord of this pass, Sir Knight?" said Sir Gottfried haughtily - or do you hold it against all comers in honour of your lady love?

"I am not the lord of this pass. I do not hold it against all comers. I hold it but against one, and he is a liar and a traitor."

"As the matter concerns me not I pray you let me pass," said Gottfried.

"The matter *does* concern thee. Gottfried of Godesberg Liar and traitor! art thou coward, too?"

Holy Sunt Buffo, tis a fight! exclaimed the old hermit (who too had been a gallant warrior in his day) and like the old war horse that hears the trumpet's sound and spite of his clerical profession he prepared to look on at the combat with no ordinary eagerness, and sat down on the overhanging ledge of the rock, lighting his pipe and affecting unconcern, but in reality most deeply interested in the event which was about to ensue.

As soon as the word 'coward' had been pronounced by Sir Ludwig, his opponent uttering a curse far too horrible to be inscribed here had wheeled back his powerful pibald, and brought his lance to the rest.

"Ha! Beruséant! cried he "Allah humdillah!" 'Twas the battle-cry in Palestine of the irresistible Knights Hospitallers. 'Look to thyself, Sir Knight, and for mercy from Heaven. I will give thee none.'

"A Bugo for Katzenellenbogen!" exclaimed Sir Ludwig.

piously that, too, was the well-known war-cry of his princely race

"I will give the signal," said the old hermit, waving his pipe. "Knights, are you ready? One, two, three *Los!*" (Let go)

At the signal, the two steeds tore up the ground like whirlwinds, the two knights, two flashing perpendicular masses of steel, rapidly converged—the two lances met upon the two shields of either and shivered splintered shattered into ten hundred thousand pieces, which whirled through the air here



and there, among the rocks or in the trees, or in the river. The two horses fell back trembling on their hunches, where they remained for half a minute or so

"Holy Buffo! a brave stroke!" said the old hermit. "Marry, but a splinter well nigh took off my nose! The honest hermit waved his pipe in delight not perceiving that one of the splinters had carried off the head of it and rendered his favourite amusement impossible. "Ha! they are to it again! O my! how they go to with their great swords! Well stricken grey! Well parried, piebald! Ha, that was a slicer! Go it, piebald!"

go it, grey!—go it, grey! go it, pie—— *Peccavi! peccavi!* said the old man, here suddenly closing his eyes, and falling down on his knees. "I forgot I was a man of peace." And the next moment, uttering a hasty *matin*, he sprang down the ledge of rock, and was by the side of the combatants.

The battle was over. Good knight as Sir Gottfried was, his strength and skill had not been able to overcome Sir Ludwig the Hombourger with *Rik Hr* on his side. He was bleeding at every point of his armour: he had been run through the body several times, and a cut in three delivered with tremendous dexterity, had cloven the crown of his helmet of *Damascus* steel, and passing through the *crëbellum* and *sensorium*, had split his nose almost in twain.

His mouth foaming—his face almost green—his eyes full of blood—his brains spattered over his forehead—and several of his teeth knocked out—the discomfited warrior presented a ghastly spectacle, as reeling under the effects of the last tremendous blow which the Knight of Hombourg dealt, Sir Gottfried fell heavily from the saddle of his piebald charger, the frightened animal whisked his tail wildly with a shrill and a snort, plunged out his hind legs tripping for one moment upon the feet of the prostrate Gottfried, thereby causing him to shrick with agony, and then galloped away riderless.

Away! ay away!—away amid the green vineyards and golden cornfields, away up the steep mountains, where he frightened the eagles in their eyries, away down the clattering ravines where the flashing cataracts tumble, away through the dark pine forests, where the hungry wolves are howling, away over the dreary wolds where the wild wind walks alone, away through the plashing quagmires where the will-o'-the-wisp slunk frightened among the reeds, away through light and darkness, storm and sunshine, away by tower and town, high road and hamlet. Once a turnpike man would have detained him, but ha! ha! he charged the pike, and cleared it at a bound. Once the Cologne Diligence stopped the way, he charged the Diligence, he knocked off the cap of the conductor on the roof, and yet galloped, wildly, madly, furiously, irresistibly on! Brave horse! gallant steed! snorting child of Arah! On went the horse, over mountains, rivers, turnpikes, apple women, and never stopped until he reached a livery-stable in Cologne where his master was accustomed to put him up.

## CHAPTER VI

*The Confession*

BUT we have forgotten meanwhile, the prostrate individual. Having examined the wounds in his side, legs, head and throat, the old hermit (a skilful leech) knelt down by the side of the vanquished one and said, ' Sir Knight, it is my painful duty to state to you that you are in an exceedingly dangerous condition, and will not probably survive '.

" Say you so Sir Priest? then 'tis time I make my confession. ' Harken you, Priest and you, Sir Knight, whoever you be '.

Sir Ludwig (who, much affected by the scene had been tying his horse up to a tree) lifted his visor and said ' Gottfried of Godesburg! I am the friend of thy kinsman Margrave Karl, whose happiness thou hast ruined, I am the friend of his chaste and virtuous lady whose fair fame thou hast belied, I am the godfather of young Count Otto, whose heritage thou wouldst have appropriated. Therefore I met thee in deadly fight, and overcame thee and have well nigh finished thee. Speak on.

' I have done all this said the dying man, " and here, in my last hour, repent me. The Lady Theodora is a spotless lady, the youthful Otto the true son of his father—Sir Hildebrandt is not his father but his *uncle*.

" Gracious Buffo! " Celestial Bugo! here said the hermit and the Knight of Hoinbourg simultaneously, clasping their hands.

" Yes, his uncle, but with the *bar sinister* in his 'scutcheon. Hence he could never be acknowledged by the family, hence, too, the Lady Theodora's spotless purity (though the young people had been brought up together) could never be brought to own the relationship.

" May I repeat your confession? " asked the hermit.

" With the greatest pleasure in life carry my confession to the Margrave, and pray him give me pardon. Were there—a notary-public present, slowly gasped the knight, the film of dissolution glazing over his eyes, ' I would ask—you—two—gentlemen to witness it. I would gladly—sign the deposition—



that is, if I could wr-wr wr wr it!" A faint shuddering smile—a quiver, a gasp, a gurgle—the blood gushed from his mouth in black volumes.

"He will never sin more," said the hermit solemnly.

"May Heaven assuage him!" said Sir Ludwig. "Hermit, he was a gallant knight. He died with harness on his back, and with truth on his lips. Ludwig of Hombourg would ask no other death."

An hour afterwards the principal servants at the Castle of Godesburg were rather surprised to see the noble Lord Louis trot into the courtyard of the castle, with a companion on the crupper of his saddle. It was the venerable Hermit of Rolandseck, who for the sake of greater privacy had adopted this undignified conveyance, and whose appearance and little dumpy legs might well create hilarity among the "pampered menials" who are always found lounging about the houses of the great. He skipped off the saddle with considerable lightness, however, and Sir Ludwig taking the reverend man by the arm, and frowning the jeering servitors into awe, bade one of them lead him to the presence of His Highness the Margrave.

"What has chanced?" said the inquisitive servitor. "The riderless horse of Sir Gottfried was seen to gallop by the outer wall anon. The Margrave's Grace has never quitted your Lordship's chamber, and sits as one distraught."

"Hold thy peace, knave, and lead us on!" And so saying, the Knight and his Reverence moved into the well-known apartment where, according to the servitor's description, the wretched Margrave sat like a stone.

Ludwig took one of the kind broken-hearted man's hands, the hermit seized the other and began (but on account of his great age, with a prolixity which we shall not endeavour to imitate) to narrate the events which we have already described. Let the dear reader fancy the while his Reverence speaks the glazed eyes of the Margrave gradually lighting up, with attention; the flush of joy which mantles in his countenance—the start—the throb—the almost delirious outburst of hysteric exultation with which, when the whole truth was made known, he clasped the two messengers of glad tidings to his breast, with an energy that almost choked the aged recluse! "Ride, ride this instant to the Margravine—say I have wronged her, that it is all right that she may come back—that I forgive her—

that I apologise, if you will"—and a secretary forthwith despatched a note to that effect, which was carried off by a fleet messenger.

"Now write to the Superior of the monastery at Cologne, and bid him send me back my boy, my darling my Otto—my Otto of roses! said the fond father, making the first play upon words he had ever attempted in his life. But what will not paternal love effect? The secretary (smiling at the joke) wrote another letter, and another fleet messenger was despatched on another horse.

"And now," said Sir Ludwig playfully, "let us to lunch. Holy hermit, are you for a snack?"

The hermit could not say nay on an occasion so festive, and the three gentles seated themselves to a plentiful repast, for which the remains of the feast of yesterday offered it need not be said ample means.

"They will be home by dinner time," said the exulting father. "Ludwig! reverend hermit! we will carry on till then. And the cup passed gaily round, and the laugh and jest circulated, while the three happy friends sat confidently awaiting the return of the Margravine and her son.

But alas! said we not rightly at the commencement of a former chapter, that betwixt the lip and the raised wine cup there is often many a spill? that our hopes are high, and often, too often, vain? About three hours after the departure of the first messenger he returned, and with an exceedingly long face knelt down and presented to the Margrave a billet to the following effect—

*"CONVENT OF NONNEWERTH Friday Afternoon*

"SIR, —I have submitted too long to your ill usage, and am disposed to bear it no more. I will no longer be made the butt of your ribald satire, and the object of your coarse abuse. Last week you threatened me with your cane! On Tuesday last you threw a wine-decanter at me, which hit the butler, it is true, but the intention was evident. This morning, in the presence of all the servants, you called me by the most vile abominable name, which Heaven forbid I should repeat! You dismissed me from your house under a false accusation. You sent me to this odious convent to be immured for life. Be it so! I will not come back, because, forsooth, you relent. Anything is better than a residence with a wicked, coarse, violent intoxicated, brutal

monster like yourself I remain here for ever, and blush to be obliged to sign myself

"THEODORA VON GODESBERG. †

"P S—I hope you do not intend to keep all my best gowns, jewels, and wearing apparel, and make no doubt you dismissed me from your house in order to make way for some vile hussy, whose eyes I would like to tear out

"T V G"

## CHAPTER VII

### *The Sentence*

THIS singular document illustrative of the passions of women at all times and particularly of the manners of the early ages, struck dismay into the heart of the Margrave

"Are her Ladyship's insinuations correct?" asked the hermit, in a severe tone "To correct a wife with a cane is a venial, I may say a justifiable practice, but to fling a bottle at her is ruin both to the liquor and to her"

"But she sent a carving knife at me first," said the heart-broken husband "O jealousy! cursed jealousy, why, why did I ever listen to thy green and yellow tongue?"

"They quarrelled, but they loved each other sincerely," whispered Sir Ludwig to the hermit, who began to deliver forthwith a lecture upon family discord and marital authority, which would have sent his two hearers to sleep, but for the arrival of the second messenger, whom the Margrave had despatched to Cologne for his son This herald wore a still longer face than that of his comrade who preceded him

"Where is my darling?" roared the agonised parent. "Have ye brought him with ye?"

"N—no" said the man, hesitating

"I will flog the knave soundly when he comes," cried the father, vainly endeavouring, under an appearance of sternness, to hide his inward emotion and tenderness

"Please, your Highness" said the messenger, making a desperate effort "Count Otto is not at the convent."

"Know ye, knave, where he is?"

The swain solemnly said, "I do He is *there*." He pointed as he spake to the broad Rhine, that was seen from the casement, lighted up by the magnificent hues of sunset.

"*There*! How mean ye *there*!" gasped the Margrave, wrought to a pitch of nervous fury.

"Alas! my good lord when he was in the boat which was to conduct him to the convent, he—he jumped suddenly from it, and is dr dr owned."

"Carry that knave out and hang him!" said the Margrave, with a calmness more dreadful than any outburst of rage. "Let every man of the boat's crew be blown from the mouth of the cannon on the tower—except the coxswain, and let him be!"——

What was to be done with the coxswain no one knows, for at that moment, and overcome by his emotion, the Margrave sank down lifeless on the floor.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *The Childe of Godsberg*

It must be clear to the dullest intellect (if amongst our readers we dare venture to presume that a dull intellect should be found) that the cause of the Margrave's fainting fit described in the last chapter was a groundless apprehension on the part of that too solicitous and credulous nobleman regarding the fate of his beloved child. No young Otto was *not* drowned. Was ever hero of romantic story done to death so early in the tale? Young Otto was *not* drowned. Had such been the case, the Lord Margrave would infallibly have died at the close of the last chapter, and a few gloomy sentences at its close would have denoted how the lovely Lady Theodora became insane in the convent, and how Sir Ludwig determined upon the demise of the old hermit (consequent upon the shock of hearing the news), to retire to the vacant hermitage, and assume the robe, the beard, the mortifications of the late venerable and solitary ecclesiastic. Otto was *not* drowned, and all those personages of our history are consequently alive and well.

The boat containing the amazed young Count—for he knew

not the cause of his father's anger, and hence rebelled against the unjust sentence which the Margrave had uttered—had not rowed many miles, when the gallant boy rallied from his temporary surprise and despondency, and determined not to be a slave in any convent of any order, determined to make a desperate effort for escape. At a moment when the men were pulling hard against the tide and Kuno, the coxswain, was looking carefully to steer the barge between some dangerous rocks and quicksands, which are frequently met with in the majestic though dangerous river Otto gave a sudden spring from the boat and with one single bound was in the boiling, frothing, swirling eddy of the stream.

Lancy the agony of the crew at the disappearance of their young lord! All loved him— all would have given their lives for him— but as they did not know how to swim, of course they declined to make any useless plunges in search of him, and stood on their oars in mute wonder and grief. Once, his fair head and golden ringlets were seen to arise from the water, twice puffing and putting it appeared for an instant again, *thrice* it rose but for one single moment— it was the last chance, and it sunk, sank, sunk. Knowing the reception they would meet with from their liege lord, the men naturally did not go home to Godesberg but putting in at the first creek on the opposite bank, fled into the Duke of Nassau's territory, where, as they have little to do with our tale, we will leave them.

But they little knew how expert a swimmer was young Otto. He had disappeared it is true— but why? because he *had dived*. He calculated that his conductors would consider him drowned, and the desire of liberty lending him wings (or we had rather say *fin*, in this instance) the gallant boy swam on beneath the water, never lifting his head for a single moment between Godesberg and Cologne—the distance being twenty five or thirty miles.

Escaping from observation, he landed on the *Dents* side of the river repaired to a comfortable and quiet hostel there, saying he had had an accident from a boat, and thus accounting for the moisture of his habiliments, and while these were drying before a fire in his chamber, went snugly to bed, where he trusted, not without anxiety, on the strange events of the day. "This morning," thought he, "a noble, and heir to a princely estate—this evening an outcast, with but a few bank-notes

which my mamma luckily gave me on my birthday. What a strange entry into life is this for a young man of my family! Well, I have courage and resolution. My first attempt in life has been a gallant and successful one, other dangers will be conquered by similar bravery. And recommending himself, his unhappy mother, and his mistaken father to the care of their patron saint Saint Buffo, the gallant hearted boy fell presently into such a sleep, is only the young, the healthy, the innocent, and the extremely fatigued, can enjoy.

The fatigues of the day (and very few men but would be fatigued after swimming well nigh thirty miles under water) caused young Otto to sleep so profoundly, that he did not remark how, after Friday's sunset, as a natural consequence, Saturday's Phœbus illumined the world, and sunk at his appointed hour. The serving maidens of the hostel peeping in, marked him sleeping and blessing him for a pretty youth tripped lightly from the chamber, the boots tried haply twice or thrice to call him (as boots will run) but the lovely boy giving another snore turned on his side and was quite unconscious of the interruption. In a word, the youth slept for six and thirty hours at an elongation, and the Sunday sun was shining and the bells of the hundred churches of Cologne were clinking and tolling in pious festivity and the burghers and lighthearts of the town were trooping to vespers and morning service when Otto awoke.

As he donned his clothes of the richest Genoa velvet the astonished boy could not at first account for his difficulty in putting them on. 'Marry' said he, these breeches that my blessed mother (tears filled his fine eyes as he thought of her)—"that my blessed mother had made long on purpose, are now ten inches too short for me. Whirr! my coat cracks in the back as in vain I try to buckle it round me, and the sleeves reach no further than my elbows! What is this mystery? Am I grown fat and tall in a single night? Ah! ah! ah! ah! I have it.

The young and good humoured Childe laughed merrily. He bethought him of the reason of his mistake, his garments had shrunk from being five and twenty miles under water.

But one remedy presented itself to his mind, and that we need not say was to purchase new ones. Inquiring the way to the most genteel ready made clothes' establishment in the

city of Cologne, and finding it was kept in the 'Minoriten Strasse, by an ancestor of the celebrated Moses of London, the noble Childe had him towards the emporium, but you may be sure did not neglect to perform his religious duties by the way. Entering the cathedral, he made straight for the shrine of St. Buffo and, hiding himself behind a pillar there (fearing he might be recognised by the Archbishop, or any of his father's numerous friends in Cologne), he proceeded with his devotions, as was the practice of the young nobles of the age.

But though exceedingly intent upon the service, yet his eye could not refrain from wandering *about* round about him, and he remarked with surprise that the whole church was filled with archers, and he remembered too that he had seen in the streets numerous other bands of men similarly attired in green. On asking at the cathedral porch the cause of this assemblage, one of the green ones said (in a jape), Marry, youngster, *you* must be *green*, not to know that we are all bound to the castle of his Grace Duke Adolf of Cleves who gives an archery meeting once a year, and prizes for which we toxophilites muster strong.

Otto whose course hitherto had been undetermined, now immediately settled what to do. He straightway repaired to the ready-made emporium of Herr Moses, and bidding that gentleman furnish him with an archer's complete dress. Moses speedily selected a suit from his vast stock, which fitted the youth to a *t*, and we need not say was sold at an exceedingly moderate price. So attired (and bidding Herr Moses a cordial farewell), young Otto was a gorgeous & noble & soul inspiring boy to gaze on. A coat and breeches of the most brilliant pea-green, ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons, and fitting him with exquisite tightness showed off a figure unrivalled for slim symmetry. His feet were covered with peaked buskins of buff leather, and a belt round his slender waist of the same material held his knife, his tobacco pipe and pouch, and his long shining dirk, which though the adventurous youth had as yet only employed it to fashion wicket-bails or to cut bread and cheese, he was now quite ready to use against the enemy. His personal attractions were enhanced by a neat white hat, flung carelessly and fearlessly on one side of his open smiling countenance, and his lovely hair, curling in ten thousand yellow

ringlets, fell over his shoulder like golden epaulettes, and down his back as far as the waist-buttons of his coat. I warrant me, many a lovely Colnerinn looked after the handsome Childe with anxiety, and dreamed that night of Cupid under the guise of "a bonny boy in green."

So accoutred the youth's next thought was, that he must supply himself with a bow. This he speedily purchased at the most fashionable bowyer's, and of the best material and make. It was of ivory, trimmed with pink ribbon, and the cord of silk. An elegant quiver, beautifully punted and embroidered, was slung across his back, with a dozen of the finest arrows, tipped with steel of Damascus formed of the branches of the famous Upis-tree of Java, and feathered with the wings of the ortolan. These purchases being completed (together with that of a knapsack dressing case, change, &c.) our young adventurer asked where was the hostel at which the archers were wont to assemble? and being informed that it was at the sign of the "Golden Stag," hied him to that house of entertainment, where by calling for quantities of liquor and beer, he speedily made the acquaintance and acquired the goodwill of a company of his future comrades, who happened to be sitting in the coffee room.

After they had eaten and drunken for all, Otto said, addressing them, "When go ye forth, gentles? I am a stranger here, bound as you to the archery meeting of Duke Adolf. An ye will admit a youth into your company, twill gladden me upon my lonely way?"

The archers replied, "You seem so young and jolly, and you spend your gold so very like a gentleman, that we'll receive you in our band with pleasure. Be ready for we start at half-past two! At that hour accordingly the whole joyous company prepared to move, and Otto not a little increased his popularity among them by stopping out and having a conference with the landlord, which caused the latter to come into the room where the archers were assembled previous to departure, and to say "Gentlemen, the bill is settled" —words never ungrateful to an archer yet no marry, nor to a man of any other calling that I wot of.

They marched joyously for several leagues singing and joking, and telling of a thousand feats of love and chase and war. While thus engaged, some one remarked to Otto, that



he was not dressed in the regular uniform, having ~~no~~ feathers in his hat

"I dare say I will find a feather" said the lad, smiling. \*

Then another gibed because his bow was new

"See that you can use your old one as well, Master 'Wolf gang,' said the undisturbed youth His answers, his bearing, his generosity, his beauty and his wit, inspired all his new toxophilite friends with interest and curiosity, and they longed to see whether his skill with the bow corresponded with their secret sympathies for him

An occasion for manifesting this skill did not fail to present itself soon—as indeed it seldom does to such a hero of romance as young Otto was Fate seems to watch over such events occur to them just in the nick of time, they rescue virgins just as ogres are on the point of devouring them, they manage to be present at Court and interesting ceremonies and to see the most interesting people at the most interesting moment, directly an adventure is necessary for them, that adventure occurs and I, for my part, have often wondered with delight (and never could penetrate the mystery of the subject) at the way in which that humblest of romance heroes Signor Clown, when he wants anything in the Pantomime straightway finds it to his hand How is it that,—suppose he wishes to dress himself up like a woman for instance, that minute a coalheaver walks in with a shovel hat that answers for a bonnet at the very next instant a butcher's lad passing with a string of sausages and a bundle of bladders unconsciously helps Mister Clown to a necktie and a *tournure*, and so on through the whole toilet? Depend upon it there is something we do not wot of in that mysterious ordering of circumstances by great individuals, that apt and wondrous conjuncture of *the Hour and the Man*, and so for my part when I heard the above remark of one of the archers that Otto had never a feather in his bonnet, I felt sure that a heron would spring up in the next sentence to supply him with an *oreille*.

And such indeed was the fact rising out of a morass by which the archers were passing a gallant heron, arching his neck swelling his crest placing his legs behind him, and his beak and red eyes against the wind, rose slowly and offered the fairest mark in the world

"Shoot, Otto," said one of the archers "You would not

shoot just now at a crow because it was a foul bird, nor at a hawk because it was a noble bird, bring us down you heron. It flies slowly."

But Otto was busy that moment tying his shoestring, and Rudolf, the third best of the archers, shot at the bird and missed it.

"Shoot, Otto," said Wolfgang, a youth who had taken a liking to the young archer. "the bird is getting further and further."

But Otto was busy that moment whittling a willow twig he had just cut. Max, the second best archer, shot and missed.

"Then," said Wolfgang, "I must try myself a plague on you, young springald, you have lost a noble chance!"

Wolfgang prepared himself with all his care, and shot at the bird. "It is out of distance," said he, "and a murrain on the bird!"

Otto, who by this time had done whittling his willow stick (having carved a capital caricature of Wolfgang upon it) flung the twig down and said carelessly, "Out of distance! Pshaw! We have two minutes yet, and fill to asking riddles and cutting jokes, to the which none of the archers listened, as they were all engaged, their noses in air, watching the retreating bird."

"Where shall I hit him?" said Otto.

"Go to," said Rudolf, "thou canst see no limb of him, he is no bigger than a flea."

"Here goes for his right eye!" said Otto, and stepping forward in the English manner (which his godfather having learnt in Palestine had taught him) he brought his bowstring to his ear, took a good aim, allowing for the wind, and calculating the parabola to a nicety. "Whizz!" his arrow went off.

He took up the willow twig again and began carving a head of Rudolf at the other end, chatting and laughing, and singing a ballad the while.

The archers, after standing a long time looking skywards with their noses in the air, at last brought them down from the perpendicular to the horizontal position, and said, "Pooh, this lad is a humbug! The arrow's lost, let's go!"

"Heads!" cried Otto, laughing. A speck was seen rapidly

descending from the heavens, it grew to be as big as a crown piece, then as a partridge, then as a tea kettle, and flop! down fell a magnificent heron to the ground, flooring poor Max in its fall.

"Take the arrow out of his eye, Wolfgang," said Otto, without looking at the bird. "wipe it and put it back into my quiver."

The arrow indeed was there having penetrated right through the pupil.

"Are you in league with *Der Freischütz*?" said Rudolf, quite amazed.

Otto laughingly whistled the "Huntsman's Chorus" and said, "No, my friend. It was a lucky shot—only a lucky shot. I was taught shooting look you, in the fashion of merry England where the archers are archers indeed."

And so he cut off the heron's wing for a plume for his hat, and the archers walked on, much amazed, and saying, "What a wonderful country that merry England must be!"

Far from feeling any envy at their comrade's success, the jolly archers recognised his superiority with pleasure, and Wolfgang and Rudolf especially held out their hands to the youngster, and besought the honour of his friendship. They continued their walk all day and when night fell made choice of a good hostel you may be sure where over beer, punch, champagne and every luxury they drank to the health of the Duke of Cleves, and indeed each others' healths all round. Next day they resumed their march, and continued it without interruption except to take in a supply of victuals here and there (and it was found on these occasions that Otto young & he was, could eat four times as much as the oldest archer present and drink to correspond), and these continued refreshments having given them more than ordinary strength they determined on making rather a long march of it and did not halt till after nightfall at the gates of the little town of Windeck.

What was to be done? the town gates were shut. "Is there no hostel no castle where we can sleep?" asked Otto of the sentinel at the gate. "I am so hungry that in lack of better food I think I could eat my grandmother."

The sentinel laughed at this hyperbolical expression of hunger, and said, 'You had best go sleep at the Castle of

Windeck yonder," adding, with a peculiarly knowing look, "Nobody will disturb you there."

At that moment the moon broke out from a cloud, and showed on a hill hard by a castle indeed—but the skeleton of a castle. The roof was gone the windows were dismantled, the towers were tumbling, and the cold moonlight pierced it through and through. One end of the building was however, still covered in and stood looking still more frowning vast, and gloomy even than the other part of the edifice.

"There is a lodging certainly," said Otto to the sentinel, who pointed towards the castle with his butt in, "but tell me, good fellow, what are we to do for a supper?"

"Oh, the castellan of Windeck will entertain you," said the man-at-arms with a grin, and marched up the embrasure, the while the archers taking counsel among themselves, debated whether or not they should take up their quarters in the gloomy and deserted edifice.

"We shall get nothing but an owl for supper there," said young Otto. "Marry, lads, let us storm the town, we are thirty gallant fellows, and I have heard the garrison is not more than three hundred. But the rest of the party thought such a way of getting supper was not a very cheap one, and, grovelling knaves preferred rather to sleep ignobly and without victuals, than dare the assault with Otto, and die, or conquer something comfortable."

One and all then made their way towards the castle. They entered its vast and silent halls, frightening the owls and bats that fled before them with hideous hootings and flappings of wings, and passing by a multiplicity of mouldy stairs, dank reeking roofs, and rickety corridors at last came to an apartment which, dismal and dismantled as it was, appeared to be in rather better condition than the neighbouring chambers, and they therefore selected it as their place of rest for the night. They then tossed up which should mount guard. The first two hours of watch fell to Otto, who was to be succeeded by his young though humble friend Wolfgang, and accordingly the Childe of Godesberg drawing his dirk, began to pace upon his weary round, while his comrades by various gradations of snoring, told how profoundly they slept, spite of their lack of supper.

'Tis needless to say what were the thoughts of the noble

Childe as he performed his two hours' watch, what gushing memories poured into his full soul, what "sweet and bitter" recollections of home inspired his throbbing heart; and what manly aspirations after fame buoyed him up. "Youth is ever confident," says the bard. Happy happy season! The moonlit hours passed by on silver wings, the twinkling stars looked friendly down upon him. Coniding in their youthful sentinel, sound slept the valorous toxophilites, as up and down, and there and back again, marched on the noble Childe. At length his repeater told him much to his satisfaction, that it was half past eleven, the hour when his watch was to cease, and so, giving a playful kick to the lumbering Wolfgang, that good-humoured fellow sprung up from his lair, and, drawing his sword, proceeded to relieve Otto.

The latter laid him down for warmth's sake on the very spot which his comrade had left, and for some time could not sleep. Realities and visions then began to mingle in his mind till he scarce knew which was which. He dozed for a minute, then he woke with a start, then he went off again, then woke up again. In one of these half-sleeping moments he thought he saw a figure, as of a woman in white, gliding into the room, and beckoning Wolfgang from it. He looked again. Wolfgang was gone. At that moment twelve o'clock clanged from the town, and Otto started up.

## CHAPTER IX.

### • • • *The Lady of Hindelck*

As the bell with iron tongue called midnight, Wolfgang the Archer, pining on his watch, beheld before him a pale female figure. He did not know whence she came, but there suddenly she stood close to him. Her blue clear glassy eyes were fixed upon him. Her form was of faultless beauty, her face pale as the marble of the fairy statue, ere yet the sculptor's love had given it life. A smile played upon her features, but it was no warmer than the reflection of a moonbeam on a lake, and yet it was wondrous beautiful. A fascination stole over the senses of young Wolfgang. He stared at the lovely apparition with

fixed eyes and distended jaws. She looked at him with ineffable archness. She lifted one beautifully rounded alabaster arm, and made a sign as if to beckon him towards her. Did Wolfgang—the young and lusty Wolfgang—follow? Ask the iron whether it follows the magnet?—ask the pointer whether it pursues the partridge through the stubble?—ask the youth whether the lollypop shop does not attract him? Wolfgang *did* follow. An antique door opened, as if by magic. There was no light, and yet they saw quite plain, they passed through the innumerable ancient chambers, and yet they did not wake any of the owls and bats roosting there. We know not through how many apartments the young couple passed, but at last they came to one where a feast was prepared, and on an antique table covered with massive silver, covers were laid for two. The lady took her place at one end of the table, and with her sweetest nod beckoned Wolfgang to the other seat. He took it. The table was small and their knees met. He felt as cold in his legs as if he were kneeling against an ice wall.

"Gallant archer," said she, "you must be hungry after your day's march. What supper will you have? Shall it be a delicate lobster salad? or a dish of elegant tripe and onions? or a slice of boar's head and truffles? or a Welsh rabbit à la *cave au cidre*? or a beefsteak and shillot? or a couple of *rogmons à la brochette*? Speak brave bowyer, you have but to order."

As there was nothing on the table but a covered silver dish, Wolfgang thought that the lady who proposed such a multiplicity of delicacies to him was only laughing at him, so he determined to try her with something extremely rare.

"Fair Princess," he said, "I should like very much a pork chop and some mashed potatoes."

She lifted the cover: there was such a pork chop as Simpson never served, with a dish of mashed potatoes that would have formed at least six portions in our degenerate days in Rupert Street.

When he had helped himself to these delicacies the lady put the cover on the dish again, and watched him eating with interest. He was for some time too much occupied with his own food to remark that his companion did not eat a morsel, but big as it was, his chop was soon gone, the shining silver

of his plate was scraped quite clean with his knife, and, heaving a great sigh, he confessed a humble desire for something to drink

"Call for what you like, sweet sir," said the lady, lifting up a silver filigree bottle, with an india rubber cork, ornamented with gold

"Then," said Master Wolfgang—for the fellow's tastes were, in sooth, very humble—"I call for half and half" According to his wish a pint of that delicious beverage was poured from the bottle, forming, into his beaker

Having emptied this at a draught and declared that on his conscience it was the best tap he ever knew in his life the young man felt his appetite renewed, and it is impossible to say how many different dishes he called for Only enchantment, he was afterwards heard to declare (though none of his friends believed him), could have given him the appetite he possessed on that extraordinary night He called for another pork chop and potatoes, then for pickled salmon, then he thought he would try a devilled turkey wing "I adore the devil," said he

"So do I," said the pale lady with unwonted animation, and the dish was served straightway It was succeeded by black puddings, tripe toasted cheese, and—what was most remarkable—every one of the dishes which he desired came from under the same silver cover which circumstance when he had partaken of about fourteen different articles, he began to find rather mysterious

"Oh," said the pale lady with a smile "the mystery is easily accounted for the servants hear you, and the kitchen is *below*" But this did not account for the manner in which more half and half, bitter ale punch (both gin and rum) and even oil and vinegar, which he took with cucumber to his salmon, came out of the self same bottle from which the lady had first poured out his pint of half and half

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Voracio," said his arch entertainer, when he put this question to her, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy" and, sooth to say, the archer was by this time in such a state, that he did not find anything wonderful more

"Are you happy dear youth?" said the lady, as, after his collation, he sank back in his chair.

"Oh miss, ain't I!" was his interrogative and yet affirmative reply.

"Should you like such a supper every night, Wolfgang?" continued the pale one

"Why, no," said he, "no, not exactly, not *every* night *some* nights I should like oysters."

"Dear youth, said she, "be but mine, and you may have them all the year round! I he unhappy boy was too far gone to suspect anything, otherwise this extraordinary speech would have told him that he was in suspicious company. A person who can offer oysters all the year round can live to no good purpose

"Shall I sing you a song, dear Archer?" said the lady

"Sweet love!" said he, now much excited, "strike up and I will join the chorus."

She took down her mandolin, and commenced a ditty 'Twas a sweet and wild one. It told how a lady of high lineage cast her eyes on a peasant page, it told how might could her love assuage, her suitor's wealth and her father's rage. It told how the youth did his foes engage, and at length they went off in the Gretna stage the high born dame and the peasant page. Wolfgang beat time, waggled his head, sung woefully out of tune as the song proceeded, and if he had not been too intoxicated with love and other excitement, he would have remarked how the pictures on the wall, as the lady sang began to waggle their heads too, and nod and grin to the music. The song ended "I am the lady of high lineage Archer, will you be the peasant page?"

"I'll follow you to the devil!" said Wolfgang

"Come," replied the lady, glaring wildly on him, "come to the chapel, we'll be married this minute!"

She held out her hand—Wolfgang took it. It was cold, damp,—deadly cold, and on they went to the chapel.

As they passed out, the two pictures over the wall, of a gentle man and lady, tripped lightly out of their frames skipped noiselessly down to the ground, and making the retreating couple a profound curtsy and bow, took the places which they had left at the table.

Meanwhile the young couple passed on towards the chapel, threading innumerable passages and passing through chambers of great extent. As they came along, all the portraits on the



wall stepped out of their frames to follow them. One ancestor, of whom there was only a bust, frowned in the greatest rage, because, having no legs, his pedestal would not move, and several sticking plaster profiles of the former Lords of Windeck looked quite black at being for similar reasons, compelled to keep their places. However there was a goodly procession formed behind Wolfgang and his bride, and by the time they reached the church, they had near a hundred followers.

The church was splendidly illuminated, the old banners of the old knights glittered as they do at Drury Lane. The organ set up of itself to play the "Bridemaids' Chorus." The choir chairs were filled with people in black.

"Come, love," said the pale lady.

"I don't see the parson," exclaimed Wolfgang, spite of himself rather alarmed.

"Oh, the parson! that's the cruelest thing in the world! I say, bishop!" said the lady, stooping down.

Stooping down - and to what? Why, upon my word and honour, to a great brass plate on the floor, over which they were passing, and on which was engraven the figure of a bishop - and a very ugly bishop, too - with crozier and mitre, and lifted finger on which sparkled the episcopal ring. "Do, my dear lord, come and marry us," said the lady, with a levity which shocked the feelings of her bridegroom.

The bishop got up, and directly he rose a dean who was sleeping under a large slate near him came bowing and cringing up to him, while a canon of the cathedral (whose name was *Schidnischmidt*) began grinning and making fun at the pair. The ceremony was begun, and

As the clock struck twelve, young Otto bounded up, and remarked the absence of his companion Wolfgang. The idea he had had that his friend disappeared in company with a white-robed female struck him more and more. 'I will follow them,' said he, and calling to the next on the watch (old Snozo, who was right unwilling to forego his sleep), he rushed away by the door through which he had seen Wolfgang and his temptress take their way.

That he did not find them was not his fault. The castle was vast, the chamber dark. There were a thousand doors, and

what wonder that, after he had once lost sight of them, the intrepid Childe should not be able to follow in their steps? As might be expected, he took the wrong door, and wandered for at least three hours about the dark enormous solitary castle, calling out Wolfgang's name to the careless and indifferent echoes, knocking his young shins against the ruins scattered in the darkness, but still with a spirit entirely undaunted, and a firm resolution to aid his absent comrade. Brave Otto! thy exertions were rewarded at last!

For he lighted at length upon the very apartment where Wolfgang had partaken of supper, and where the old couple who had been in the picture frames, and turned out to be the lady's father and mother were now sitting at the table.

"Well, Bertha has got a husband at last," said the lady.

"After waiting four hundred and fifty-three years for one it was quite time," said the gentleman. (He was dressed in powder and a pigtail quite in the old fashion.)

"The husband is no great thing," continued the lady, taking snuff. "A low fellow, my dear, a butcher's son, I believe. Did you see how the wretch ate at supper? To think my daughter should have to marry an archer!"

"There are archers and archers," said the old man. "Some archers are snobs as your Ladyship states, 'ome, on the contrary, are gentlemen by birth at least though not by breeding. Witness young Otto the Landgrave of Godesberg's son, who is listening at the door like a lincquey, and whom I intend to run through the —"

"Law, Baron!" said the lady.

"I will, though," replied the Baron, drawing an immense sword, and glaring round at Otto, but though at the sight of that sword and that scowl a less valorous youth would have taken to his heels the undaunted Childe advanced at once into the apartment. He wore round his neck a relic of Saint Buffo (the tip of the saint's ear, which had been cut off at Constantinople). "Friends! I command you to retreat!" said he, holding up this sacred charm, which his mamma had fastened on him, and at the sight of it, with an unearthly yell the ghosts of the Baron and the Baroness sprang back into their picture frames, as clown goes through a clock in a pantomime.

He rushed through the open door by which the unlucky Wolfgang had passed with his demoniacal bride, and went on

and on through the vast gloomy chambers lighted by the ghastly moonshine the noise of the organ in the chapel, the lights in the kaleidoscopic windows, directed him towards that edifice. He rushed to the door 'twas barred! He knocked the beadsles were deaf! He applied his intestimable relic to the lock, and—whizz! crash! cling! bing! whang!—the gate flew open! the organ went off in a fugue—the lights quivered over the tapers, and then went off towards the ceiling—the ghosts assembled rushed away with a skurry and a scream—the bride howled, and vanished—the fat bishop waddled back under his brass plate—the dean flounced down into his family vault—and the canon Schidnischmidt, who was making a joke as usual, on the bishop was obliged to stop at the very point of his epigram, and to disappear into the void whence he came.

Otto fell fainting at the porch while Wolfgang tumbled lifeless down at the altar steps, and in this situation the archers, when they arrived found the two youths. They were resuscitated, as we scarce need say—but when, in incoherent accents, they came to tell their wondrous tale, some sceptics among the archers said—"Pooh! they were intoxicated!" while others, nodding their older heads exclaimed—'*They have seen the Lady of Windick!*' and recalled the stories of many other young men, who, inveigled by her devilish arts, had not been so lucky as Wolfgang—and had disappeared—for ever!

This adventure bound Wolfgang heart and soul to his gallant preserver, and the archers—it being now morning, and the cocks crowing lustily round about—pursued their way without further delay to the castle of the noble patron of toxophilites, the gallant Duke of Cleves.

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## CHAPTER X

### *The Battle of the Boumen*

ALTHOUGH there liv an immense number of castles and abbeys between Windick and Cleves for every one of which the guide-books have a legend and a ghost who might, with the commonest stretch of ingenuity be made to waylay our adventurers on the road, yet as the journey would be thus almost interminable, let us cut it short by saying that the travellers reached

Cleves without any further accident, and found the place thronged with visitors for the meeting next day.

And here it would be easy to describe the company which arrived, and make display of antiquarian lore. Now we would represent a cavalcade of knights arriving, with their pages carrying their shining helms of gold, and the stout esquires, bearers of lance and banner. Anon would arrive a fat abbot on his ambling palfrey surrounded by the white-robed companions of his convent. Here should come the gleemen and jongleurs, the minstrels, the mountebanks, the parti-coloured gipsies, the dark-eyed, nut-brown *Zigeunerinnen*, then a troop of peasants chanting Rhine songs and leading in their ox-drawn carts the peach-checked girls from the vine lands. Next we would depict the litters blazoned with armorial bearings from between the brodered curtains of which peeped out the swan-like necks and the haughty faces of the blonde ladies of the castles. But for these descriptions we have not space, and the reader is referred to the account of the tournament in the ingenious novel of 'Ivanhoe,' where the above phenomena are described at length. Suffice it to say that Otto and his companions arrived at the town of Cleves and hastening to a hostel reposed themselves after the day's march, and prepared them for the encounter of the morrow.

That morrow came, and as the sports were to begin early, Otto and his comrades hastened to the field, armed with their best bows and arrows, you may be sure, and eager to distinguish themselves, as were the multitude of other archers assembled. They were from all neighbouring countries—crowds of English, as you may fancy, armed with Murry's Guide books, troops of chattering Frenchmen, Frankfurt Jews with roulette tables, and Tyrolese, with gloves and trinkets—all hied towards the field where the butts were set up and the archery practice was to be held. The Child and his brother archers were, it need not be said, early on the ground.

But what words of mine can describe the young gentleman's emotion when preceded by a band of trumpets, bagpipes, ophicleides and other wind instruments, the Prince of Cleves appeared with the Princess Helen, his daughter? And ah! what expressions of my humble pen can do justice to the beauty of that young lady? Fancy every charm which decorates the person, every virtue which ornaments the mind, every accom-

plishment which renders charming mind and charming person doubly charming, and then you will have but a faint and feeble idea of the beauties of Her Highness the Princess Helen. Fancy a complexion such as they say (I know not with what justice) Rowland & Kalydor impart to the users of that cosmetic, fancy teeth to which orient pearls are like Wallsend coals, eyes, which were so blue, tender, and bright, that while they ran you through with their lustre they healed you with their kindness, a neck and waist so ravishingly slender and graceful that the least that is said about them the better, a foot which fell upon the flowers no heavier than a dewdrop—and this charming person set off by the most elegant toilet that ever milliner devised! The lovely Helen's hair (which was as black as the finest varnish for boots) was so long that it was borne on a cushion several yards behind her by the maids of her train, and a hat set off with moss roses, sunflowers, hugh's birds of-paradise, gold lace, and pink ribbon gave her a *distingue* air which would have set the editor of the *Morning Post* mad with love.

It had exactly the same effect upon the noble Childe of Godesberg, as leaning on his ivory bow, with his legs crossed, he stood and gazed on her, as Cupid gazed on Psyche. Their eyes met—it was all over with both of them. A blush came at one and the same minute budding to the cheek of either. A simultaneous throb beat in those young hearts! They loved each other for ever from that instant. Otto still stood cross-legged, enraptured, leaning on his ivory bow, but Helen, culling to a maiden for her pocket handkerchief, blew her beautiful Grecian nose in order to hide her agitation. Bless ye, bless ye, pretties! I am old now—but not so old but that I kindle at the tale of love. Theresa McWhirter too has lived and loved. Heigho!

Who is yon chief that stands behind the truck whereon are seated the Princess and the stout old lord her father? Who is he whose hair is of the carrotty hue—whose eyes across a snubby bunch of a nose are perpetually scowling at each other, who has a hump back, and a hideous mouth surrounded with bristles, and crammed full of jutting yellow odious teeth? Although he wears a sky blue doublet laced with silver, it only serves to render his vulgar punchy figure doubly ridiculous, although his nether garment is of salmon-coloured velvet, it only draws the

more attention to his legs, which are disgustingly crooked and bandy. A rose coloured hat, with towering pea green ostrich-plumes, looks absurd on his bull-head, and though it is time of peace, the wretch is armed with a multiplicity of daggers, knives, yataghans, dirks, sabres, and scimitars, which testify his truculent and bloody disposition. 'Tis the terrible Rowski de Donnerblitz, Margrave of Lulenschreckenstein. Report says he is a suitor for the hand of the lovely Helen. He addresses various speeches of gallantry to her, and grins hideously as he thrusts his disgusting head over her lily shoulder. But she turns away from him! turns and shudders—ay, as she would at a black dose!

Otto stands gazing still, and leaning on his bow. "What is the prize?" asks one archer of another. "There are two prizes—a velvet cap, embroidered by the hand of the Princess, and a chain of massive gold, of enormous value. Both lie on cushions before her."

"I know which I shall choose when I win the first prize," says a swarthy, savage and bandy legged archer, who bears the owl gules on a black shield, the cognizance of the Lord Rowski de Donnerblitz.

"Which, fellow?" says Otto, turning fiercely upon him.

"The chain, to be sure!" says the leering archer. "You do not suppose I am such a flat as to choose that velvet gimerack there?" Otto laughed in scorn, and began to prepare his bow. The trumpets sounding proclaimed that the sports were about to commence.

Is it necessary to describe them? No, that has already been done in the novel of "Ivanhoe" before mentioned. Fancy the archers clad in Lincoln green, all coming forward in turn, and firing at the targets. Some hit, some miss, those that missed were fain to retire amidst the jeers of the multitudinous spectators. Those that hit began new trials of skill, but it was easy to see, from the first, that the battle lay between Squintoff (the Rowski archer) and the young hero with the golden hair and the ivory bow. Squintoff's fame as a marksman was known throughout Europe, but who was his young competitor? Ah! there was *one* heart in the assembly that beat most anxiously to know. 'Twas Helen's.

The crowning trial arrived. The bull's eye of the target, set up at three quarters of a mile distance from the archers, was so small, that it required a very clever man indeed to see, much more

to hit it, and as Squintoff was selecting his arrow for the final trial, the Rowski flung a purse of gold towards his archer, saying—"Squintoff, an ye win the prize, the purse is thine." "I may as well pocket it at once, your honour," said the bowman, with a sneer at Otto. "This young chick, who has been lucky as yet, will hardly hit such a mark as that." And, taking his aim, Squintoff discharged his arrow right into the very middle of the bull's eye.

"Can you mend that, young springald?" said he, as a shout rent the air at his success, as Helen turned pale to think that the champion of her secret heart was likely to be overcome, and as Squintoff pocketing the Rowski's money, turned to the noble boy of Godsborg.

"Has anybody got a pea?" asked the lad. Everybody laughed at his droll request, and an old woman, who was selling porridge in the crowd, handed him the vegetable which he demanded. It was a dry and yellow pea. Otto, stepping up to the target, caused Squintoff to extract his arrow from the bull's eye, and placed in the orifice made by the steel point of the shaft, the pea which he had received from the old woman. He then came back to his place. As he prepared to shoot, Helen was so overcome by emotion, that it was thought she would have fainted. Never, never had she seen a being so beautiful as the young hero now before her.

He looked almost divine. He flung back his long clusters of hair from his bright eyes and tall forehead, the blush of health mantled on his cheek, from which the barber's weapon had never shorn the down. He took his bow, and one of his most elegant arrows, and poising himself lightly on his right leg, he flung himself forward, raising his left leg on a level with his ear. He looked like Apollo, as he stood balancing himself there. He discharged his dart from the thrumming bowstring—it clove the blue air—whizz!

"*He has split the pea!*" said the Princess, and fainted. The Rowski, with one eye, hurled an indignant look at the boy, while with the other he levelled (if aught so crooked can be said to level anything) a furious glance at his archer.

The archer swore a sulky oath. "He is the better man!" said he. "I suppose, young chap, you take the gold chain?"

"The gold chain!" said Otto. "Prefer a gold chain to a cup worked by that august hand? Never!" And advancing

to the balcony where the Princess, who now came to herself, was sitting, he kneeled down before her, and received the velvet cap, which, blushing as scarlet as the cap itself, the Princess Helen placed on his golden ringlets. Once more their eyes met—their hearts thrilled. They had never spoken, but they knew they loved each other for ever.

"Wilt thou take service with the Rowski of Donnerblitz?" said that individual to the youth. "Thou shalt be captain of my archers in place of yon blundering nincompoop, whom thou hast overcome."

"Yon blundering nincompoop is a skilful and gallant archer," replied Otto haughtily, "and I will *not* take service with the Rowski of Donnerblitz."

"Wilt thou enter the household of the Prince of Cleves?" said the father of Helen laughing and not a little amused at the haughtiness of the humble archer.

"I would die for the Duke of Cleves and *his family*," said Otto, bowing low. He laid a particular and a tender emphasis on the word family. Helen knew what he meant. *She* was the family. In fact, her mother was no more and her papa had no other offspring.

"What is thy name good fellow," said the Prince, "that my steward may enrol thee?"

"Sir," said Otto again blushing, "I am OTTO THE ARCHER."

## CHAPTER XI

### *The Martyr of Love*

THE archers who had travelled in company with young Otto, gave a handsome dinner in compliment to the success of our hero, at which his friend distinguished himself as usual in the eating and drinking department. Squintoff, the Rowski bowman, declined to attend, so great was the envy of the brute at the youthful hero's superiority. As for Otto himself he sat on the right hand of the chairman, but it was remarked that he could not eat. Gentle reader of my page! thou knowest why full well. He was too much in love to have any appetite, for though I myself, when labouring under that passion, never



found my consumption of victuals diminish, yet remember our Otto was a hero of romance, and they *never* are hungry when they're in love

The next day, the young gentleman proceeded to enrol himself in the corps of Archers of the Prince of Cleves, and with him came his attached squire who vowed he never would leave him. As Otto threw aside his own elegant dress, and donned the livery of the House of Cleves, the noble Childe sighed not a little. 'Twas a splendid uniform tis true, but still it *was* a livery, and one of his proud spirit ill bears another's cognisances. "They are the colours of the Princess, however," said he, consoling himself, "and what suffering would I not undergo for *her*?" As for Wolfgang the squire it may well be supposed that the good natured low born fellow had no such scruples, but he was glad enough to exchange for the pink hose, the yellow jacket the pea green cloak and orange fawn hat with which the Duke's steward supplied him, the homely patched doublet of green which he had worn for years past.

"Look at yon two archers," said the Prince of Cleves to his guest the Rowski of Donnerblitz as they were strolling on the battlements after dinner smoking their cigars as usual. His Highness pointed to our two young friends, who were mounting guard for the first time. "See yon two bowmen—mark their bearing! One is the youth who beat thy Squintoff, and t'other, an I mistake not won the third prize at the butts. Both wear the same uniform—the colours of my house—yet wouldst not swear that the one was but a churl and the other a noble gentleman?"

"Which looks like the nobleman?" said the Rowski, as black as thunder.

"Which? why, young Otto to be sure," said the Princess Helen eagerly. The young lady was following the pair, but under pretence of disliking the odour of the cigar, she had refused the Rowski's proffered arm, and was loitering behind with her parasol.

Her interposition in favour of her young *protégé* only made the black and jealous Rowski more ill humoured. "How long is it, Sir Prince of Cleves," said he, "that the churls who wear your livery permit themselves to wear the ornaments of noble knights? Who but a noble dare wear ringlets such as yon springald's? Ho, archer!" roared he, "come hither, fellow."

And Otto stood before him. As he came, and presenting arms stood respectfully before the Prince and his savage guest, he looked for one moment at the lovely Helen—their eyes met, their hearts beat simultaneously—and, quick, two little blushes appeared in the cheek of either. I have seen one ship at sea answering another's signal so.

While they are so regarding each other let us just remind our readers of the great estimation in which the hair was held in the North. Only nobles were permitted to wear it long. When a man disgraced himself, a shaving was sure to follow. Penalties were inflicted upon villains or vassals who sported ringlets. See the works of Aurelius Tonsor, *Hirsutus de Nobilitate Capillari*, *Rolandus de Olco Micassar*, *Schnurburt*, *Fränsche Alterthumskunde*, &c.

"We must have those ringlets of thine cut, good fellow," said the Duke of Cleves good-naturally but wishing to spare the feelings of his gallant recruit. "His against the regulation cut of my archer guard."

"Cut off my hair!" cried Otto, agonised.

"Ay, and thine ears with it, yoked," roared Donnerblitz.

"Peace, noble Eulenschreckenstein," said the Duke with dignity. "let the Duke of Cleves decide as he will with his own men-at-arms. And you, young sir, unloose the grip of thy dagger."

Otto, indeed, had convulsively grasped his snickersnee, with intent to plunge it into the heart of the Kowski, but his politer feelings overcame him. "The Count need not fear, my Lord," said he. "a lady is present. And he took off his orange-tawny cap and bowed low. Ah! what a pang shot through the heart of Helen, as she thought that those lovely ringlets must be shorn from that beautiful head!"

Otto's mind was, too, in commotion. His feelings as a gentleman—let us add his pride as a man—for who is not, let us ask, proud of a good head of hair?—waged war within his soul. He expostulated with the Prince. "It was never in my contemplation," he said, "on taking service, to undergo the operation of hair-cutting."

"Thou art free to go or stay. Sir Archer," said the Prince pettishly. "I will have no churls imitating noblemen in my service. I will bandy no conditions with archers of my guard."

"My resolve is taken," said Otto, irritated too in his turn, "I will"—

"What?" cried Helen, breathless with intense agitation.

"I will stay," answered Otto. The poor girl almost fainted with joy. The Rowski frowned with demoniac fury, and grinding his teeth and cursing in the horrible German jargon, stalked away. "So be it," said the Prince of Cleves taking his daughter's arm—"and here comes Snipwitz, my barber, who shall do the business for you." With this the Prince too moved on, feeling in his heart not a little compassion for the lad, for Adolf of Cleves had been handsome in his youth, and distinguished for the ornament of which he was now depriving his archer.

Snipwitz led the poor lad into a side room, and there—in a word operated upon him. The golden curls—fair curls that his mother had so often played with—fell under the shears and round the lad's knees until he looked as if he was sitting in a bath of sunbeams.

When the frightful act had been performed Otto, who entered the little chamber in the tower ringleted like Apollo, issued from it as crooked as a charity boy.

See how melancholy he looks now that the operation is over!—And no wonder. He was thinking what would be Helen's opinion of him now that one of his chief personal ornaments was gone. 'Will she know me?' thought he, 'will she love me after this hideous mutilation?'

Yielding to these gloomy thoughts and, indeed, rather unwilling to be seen by his comrades now that he was so disfigured the young gentleman had hidden himself behind one of the buttresses of the wall, a prey to natural despondency, when he saw something which instantly restored him to good spirits. He saw the lovely Helen coming towards the chamber where the odious barber had performed upon him—coming forward timidly looking round her anxiously, blushing with delightful agitation and presently seeing, as she thought, the count clear she entered the apartment. She stooped down, and ah! what was Otto's joy when he saw her pick up a beautiful golden lock of his hair press it to her lip, and then hide it in her bosom! No carnation ever blushed so redly as Helen did when she came out after performing this feat. Then she hurried straightway to her own apartments in the castle, and Otto, whose first impulse was to come out from his hiding place, and falling at her feet, call heaven and earth to witness to his

passion, with difficulty restrained his feelings and let her pass but the love-stricken young hero was so delighted with this evident proof of reciprocated attachment, that all regret at losing his ringlets at once left him, and he vowed he would sacrifice not only his hair, but his head, if need were, to do her service.

That very afternoon, no small bustle and conversation took place in the castle on account of the sudden departure of the Rowski of Eulenschreckenstein, with all his train and equipage. He went away in the greatest wrath, it was said after a long and loud conversation with the Prince. As that potentate conducted his guest to the gate, walking rather demurely and shamefacedly by his side, as he gathered his attendants in the court, and there mounted his charger, the Rowski ordered his trumpets to sound, and scornfully flung a largesse of gold among the servitors and men at arms of the House of Cleves, who were marshalled in the court. Farewell, Sir Prince," said he to his host. "I quit you now suddenly, but remember it is not my last visit to the Castle of Cleves. And ordering his band to play 'See the Conquering Hero comes' he clattered away through the drawbridge. The Princess Helen was not present at his departure, and the venerable Prince of Cleves looked rather moody and chafed when his guest left him. He visited all the castle defences pretty accurately that night, and inquired of his officers the state of the ammunition, provisions, &c. He said nothing, but the Princess Helen's maid did and everybody knew that the Rowski had made his proposals, had been rejected, and getting up in a violent fury, had called for his people, and sworn by his great gods that he would not enter the castle again until he rode over the breach, lance in hand, the conqueror of Cleves and all belonging to it.

No little consternation was spread through the garrison at the news for everybody knew the Rowski to be one of the most intrepid and powerful soldiers in all Germany one of the most skilful generals. Generous to extravagance to his own followers, he was ruthless to the enemy a hundred stories were told of the dreadful barbarities exercised by him in several towns and castles which he had captured and sacked. And poor Helen had the pain of thinking that in consequence of her refusal she was dooming all the men, women, and children of the principality to indiscriminate and horrible slaughter.

The dreadful surmises regarding a war received in a few days dreadful confirmation. It was noon, and the worthy Prince of Cleves was taking his dinner (though the hopest warrior had had little appetite for that meal for some time past), when trumpets were heard at the gate and presently the herald of the Rowski of Donnerblitz clad in a tabard on which the arms of the Count were blazoned, entered the dining hall. A page bore a steel gauntlet on a cushion. Bleu Sanglier had his hat on his head. The Prince of Cleves put on his own, as the herald came up to the chair of state where the sovereign sat.

"Silence for Bleu Sanglier," cried the Prince gravely. "Say your say, Sir Herald."

In the name of the high and mighty Rowski, Prince of Donnerblitz, Margrave of Bulenschnckenstein, Count of Krottenwald, Schnauzstadt, and Griggenhügel, Hereditary Grand Corkscrew of the Holy Roman Empire—to you, Adolf the Twenty-third, Prince of Cleves I, Bleu Sanglier, bring war and defiance. Alone and lance to lance or twenty to twenty in field or in fort on plain or on mountain the noble Rowski defies you. Here or wherever he shall meet you he proclaims war to the death between you and him. In token whereof, here is his glove. And taking the steel glove from the page, Bleu Hour flung it clanging on the marble floor.

The Princess Helen turned deadly pale, but the Prince, with a good assurance flung down his own glove, calling upon some one to rouse the Rowski, which Otto accordingly took up and presented to him on his knee.

"Boteler, fill my goblet," said the Prince to that functionary, who clothed in tight black hose with a white kerchief, and a napkin on his dexter arm stood obsequiously by his master's chair. The goblet was filled with Malvoisie, it held about three quarts, a precious golden nap carved by the cunning artificer, Benvenuto the Florentine.

"Drink, Bleu Sanglier," said the Prince, "and put the goblet in thy bosom. Wear this chain, furthermore, for my sake." And so saying, Prince Adolf flung a precious chain of emeralds round the herald's neck. "An invitation to battle was ever a welcome call to Adolf of Cleves. So saying, and bidding his people take good care of Bleu Sanglier's retinue, the Prince left the hall with his daughter. All were marvelling at his dignity, courage, and generosity."

But, though affecting unconcern, the mind of Prince Adolf was far from tranquil. He was no longer the stalwart knight who, in the reign of Stanislaus Augustus had, with his naked fist, beaten a lion to death in three minutes and alone had kept the postern of Peterwaradin for two hours against seven hundred Turkish janissaries, who were assailing it. Those deeds which had made the hair of Cleves famous were done thirty years syne. A free liver since he had come into his principality and of a lively turn he had neglected the athletic exercises which had made him in youth so famous a champion, and indolence had borne its usual fruits. He tried his old battle sword - that famous blade with which in Palestine, he had cut an elephant driver in two pieces and split asunder the skull of the elephant which he rode. Adolf of Cleves could scarcely now lift the weapon over his head. He tried his armour. It was too tight for him. And the old soldier burst into tears when he found he could not buckle it. Such a man was not fit to encounter the terrible Rowski in single combat.

Nor could he hope to make head against him for any time in the field. The Prince's territories were small, his vassals proverbially lazy and peccable, his treasury empty. The dimmallest prospects were before him and he passed a sleepless night writing to his friends for succour, and calculating with his secretary the small amount of the resources which he could bring to aid him against his advancing and powerful enemy.

Helen's pillow that evening was also unvisited by slumber. She lay awake thinking of Otto - thinking of the danger and the ruin her refusal to marry had brought upon her dear papa. Otto too, slept not but his waking thoughts were brilliant and heroic. The noble Childe thought how he should defend the Princess, and win *los* and honour in the ensuing combat.

## CHAPTER XII

### *The Champion*

AND now the noble Cleves began in good earnest to prepare his castle for the threatened siege. He gathered in all the available cattle round the property and the pigs round many miles, and a dreadful slaughter of horned and snouted animals

took place,—the whole castle resounding with the lowing of the oxen and the squeaks of the gruntlings, destined to provide food for the garrison. These, when slain (her gentle spirit, of course, would not allow of her witnessing that disagreeable operation), the lovely Helen, with the assistance of her maidens, carefully salted and pickled. Corn was brought in in great quantities, the Prince paying for the same when he had money, giving bills when he could get credit or occasionally, marry, sending out a few stout men at arms to forage who brought in wheat without money or credit either. The charming Princess, amidst the intervals of her labours, went about encouraging the garrison who vowed to a man they would die for a single sweet smile of hers and in order to make their inevitable sufferings as easy as possible to the gallant fellows, she and the apothecaries got ready a plenty of efficacious simples and scraped a vast quantity of lint to bind their warriors' wounds withal. All the fortifications were strengthened, the fosses carefully filled with spikes and water, large stones placed over the gates, convenient to tumble on the heads of the assaulting parties, and cauldrons prepared, with furnaces to melt up pitch, brimstone, boiling oil, &c., wherewith hospitably to receive them. Having the keenest eye in the whole garrison, young Otto was placed on the topmost tower, to watch for the expected coming of the beleaguering host.

They were seen only too soon. Long ranks of shining spears were seen glittering in the distance and the army of the Rowski soon made its appearance in battle's magnificently stern array. The tents of the renowned chief and his numerous warriors were pitched out of arrow shot of the castle, but in fearful proximity, and, when his army had taken up its position, an officer with a flag of truce and a trumpet was seen advancing to the castle gate. It was the same herald who had previously borne his master's defiance to the Prince of Cleves. He came once more to the castle gate and there proclaimed that the noble Count of Lulenschreckenstein was in arms without, ready to do battle with the Prince of Cleves or his champion, that he would remain in arms for three days ready for combat. If no man met him at the end of that period, he would deliver an assault, and would give quarter to no single soul in the garrison. So saying the herald nailed his lord's gauntlet on the castle gate. As before, the Prince flung him over another

glove from the wall; though how he was to defend himself from such a warrior, or get a champion, or resist the pitiless assault that must follow, the troubled old nobleman knew not in the least.

The Princess Helen passed the night in the chapel, vowing tons of wax candles to all the patron saints of the House of Cleves, if they would raise her up a defender.

But how did the noble girl's heart sink—how were her notions of the purity of man shaken within her gentle bosom by the dread intelligence which reached her the next morning after the defiance of the Rowski! At roll call it was discovered that he on whom she principally relied—he whom her fond heart had singled out as her champion—had proved faithless!

Otto, the degenerate Otto had fled! His comrade, Wolfgang, had gone with him. A rope was found dangling from the casement of their chamber, and they must have swum the moat and passed over to the enemy in the darkness of the previous night. 'A pretty lad was this fair-spoken archer of thine!' said the Prince her father to her, 'and a pretty kettle of fish hast thou cooked for the fondest of fathers.' She retired weeping to her apartment. Never before had that young heart felt so wretched.

That morning at nine o'clock, as they were going to breakfast, the Rowski's trumpets sounded. Clad in complete armour, and mounted on his enormous piebald charger, he came out of his pavilion, and rode slowly up and down in front of the castle. He was ready there to meet a champion.

Three times each day did the odious trumpet sound the same notes of defiance. Thrice duly did the steel-clad Rowski come forth challenging the combat. The first day passed and there was no answer to his summons. The second day came and went, but no champion had risen to defend. The wail of his shrill clarion remained without answer, and the sun went down upon the wretchedest father and daughter in all the land of Christendom.

The trumpets sounded an hour after sunrise, an hour after noon, and an hour before sunset. The third day came, but with it brought no hope. The first and second summons met no response. At five o'clock the old Prince called his daughter and blessed her. 'I go to meet this Rowski,' said he. 'It may be we shall meet no more, my Helen—my child—the



innocent cause of all this grief. If I shall fall to-night the Rowski's victim, 'twill be that life is nothing without honour." And so saying, he put into her hands a dagger, and bade her sheathe it in her own breast so soon as the terrible champion had carried the castle by storm.

This Helen most faithfully promised to do, and her aged father retired to his armoury, and donned his ancient war-worn corslet. It had borne the shock of a thousand lances ere this, but it was now so tight as almost to choke the knightly wearer.

The last trumpet sounded—tantara! tantara!—its shrill call rang over the wide plains, and the wide plains gave back no answer. Agun!—but when its note died away, there was only a mournful, an awful silence. "Farewell my child," said the Prince, bulkily lifting himself into his battle saddle. "Remember the dagger. Hark! the trumpet sounds for the third time. Open, warders! Sound, trumpeters! and good Saint Bendigo guard the right."

But Puffendorff, the trumpeter, had not leisure to lift the trumpet to his lips when, hark! from without there came another note of another clarion!—a distant note at first, then swelling fuller. Presently in brilliant variations, the full rich notes of the "Huntsman's Chorus" came clearly over the breeze, and a thousand voices of the crowd, gazing over the gate exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!"

And indeed, a champion *had* come. Issuing from the forest came a knight and squire, the knight gracefully cantering on elegant cream coloured Arabian of prodigious power—the squire mounted on an unpretending grey cob, which, nevertheless, was an animal of considerable strength and sinew. It was the squire who blew the trumpet, through the bars of his helmet, the knight's visor was completely down. A small prince's coronet of gold, from which rose three pink ostrich feathers, marked the warrior's rank. His blank shield bore no cognisance. As gracefully poising his lance he rode into the green space where the Rowski's tents were pitched, the hearts of all present beat with anxiety, and the poor Prince of Cleves, especially, had considerable doubts about his new champion. "So slim a figure as that can never compete with Donnerblitz," said he moodily, to his daughter, "but whoever he be, the fellow puts a good face on it, and rides like a man. See, he has touched

the Rowski's shield with the point of his lance! By Saint Bendigo, a perilous venture!"

- The unknown knight had indeed defied the Rowski to the death, as the Prince of Cleves remarked from the battlement where he and his daughter stood to witness the combat, and so, having defied his enemy, the Incognito galloped round under the castle wall, bowing elegantly to the lovely Princess there, and then took his ground and waited for the foe. His armour blazed in the sunshine as he sat there, motionless, on his cream coloured steed. He looked like one of those fairy knights one has read of—one of those celestial champions who decided so many victories before the invention of gunpowder.

The Rowski's horse was speedily brought to the door of his pavilion, and that redoubted warrior, blazing in a suit of magnificent brass armour clattered into his saddle. Long waves of blood red feathers bristled over his helmet which was further ornamented by two huge horns of the aurochs. His lance was painted white and red and he whirled the prodigious beam in the air and caught it with savage glee. He laughed when he saw the slim form of his antagonist, and his soul rejoiced to meet the coming battle. He dug his spurs into the enormous horse he rode the enormous horse snorted, and squealed too, with fierce pleasure. He jerked and curvitted him with a brutal playfulness, and after a few minutes turning and wheeling during which everybody had leisure to admire the perfection of his equitation he cantered round to a point exactly opposite his enemy, and pulled up his impatient charger.

The old Prince on the battlement was so eager for the combat, that he seemed quite to forget the danger which menaced himself, should his slim champion be discomfited by the tremendous Knight of Donnerblitz. "Go it!" he cried, flinging his truncheon into the ditch and at the word, the two warriors rushed with whirling rapidity at each other.

And now ensued a combat so terrible, that a weak female hand, like that of her who pens this tale of chivalry, can never hope to do justice to the terrific theme. "You have seen two engines on the Great Western line rush past each other with a pealing scream? So rapidly did the two warriors gallop towards one another, the feathers of either streamed yards behind their backs as they converged. Their shock as they met was as that of two cannon balls, the mighty horses trembled and reeled

with the concussion, the lance aimed at the Rowski's helmet bore off the coronet, the horns, the helmet itself, and hurled them to an incredible distance—a piece of the Rowski's left ear was carried off on the point of the nameless warrior's weapon. How had he fared? His adversary's weapon had glanced harmless along the blank surface of his polished buckler and the victory so far was with him.

The expression of the Rowski's face, as, bareheaded, he glared on his enemy with fierce bloodshot eyeballs, was one worthy of a demon. The imprecatory expressions which he made use of can never be copied by a feminine pen.

His opponent magnanimously declined to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered him of finishing the combat by splitting his opponent's skull with his curtal ax, and, riding back to his starting place, bent his lance's point to the ground, in token that he would wait until the Count of Lutenschreckenstein was helmeted afresh.

"Blessed Bendigo!" cried the Prince, "thou art a gallant lance—but why didst not rip the Schelm's brain out?"

"Bring me a fresh helmet!" yelled the Rowski. Another casque was brought to him by his trembling squire.

As soon as he had braced it, he drew his great flashing sword from his side, and rushed at his enemy, raising hoarsely his cry of battle. The unknown knight's sword was unsheathed in a moment, and at the next the two blades were clanking together the dreadful music of the combat!

The Donnerblitz wielded his with his usual savageness and activity. It whirled round his adversary's head with frightful rapidity. Now it carried away a feather of his plume, now it shorn off a leaf of his coronet. The flail of the thresher does not fall more swiftly upon the corn. For many minutes it was the Unknown's only task to defend himself from the tremendous activity of the enemy.

But even the Rowski's strength would slacken after exertion. The blows began to fall less thick anon, and the point of the unknown knight began to make dreadful play. It found and penetrated every joint of the Donnerblitz armour. Now it nicked him in the shoulder where the umbrance was buckled to the corselet, now it bored a shrewd hole under the light brassard, and blood followed, now with fatal dexterity it darted through the visor, and came back to the recover deeply unged with blood.

A scream of rage followed the last thrust, and no wonder—it had penetrated the Rowski's left eye.

His blood was trickling through a dozen orifices, he was almost choking in his helmet with loss of breath, and loss of blood, and rage. Gasping with fury, he drew back his horse, flung his great sword at his opponent's head, and once more plunged at him, wielding his curial axe.

Then you should have seen the unknown knight employing the same dreadful weapon! Hitherto he had been on his defence, now he began the attack, and the gleaming axe whirled in his hand like a reed, but descended like a thunderbolt! "Yield! yield! Sir Rowski!" shouted he in a calm clear voice.

A blow dealt madly at his head was the reply. It was the last blow that the Count of Lulenschickenstein ever struck in battle! The curse was on his lips as the crushing steel descended into his brain, and split it in two. He rolled like a log from his horse. His enemy's knee was in a moment on his chest, and the dagger of mercy at his throat. As the knight once more called upon him to yield.

But there was no answer from within the helmet. When it was withdrawn the teeth were crunched together, the mouth that should have spoken, grunted a ghastly silence. One eye still glared with hate and fury, but it was glazed with the film of death!

The red orb of the sun was just then dipping into the Rhine. The unknown knight, vaulting once more into his saddle, made a graceful obeisance to the Prince of Clèves and his daughter, without a word and galloped back into the forest, whence he had issued an hour before sunset.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *The Marriage*

THE consternation which ensued on the death of the Rowski speedily sent all his camp followers, army, &c. to the right about. They struck their tents at the first news of his discomfiture, and each man laying hold of what he could, the whole of the gallant force which had marched under his banner in the morning had disappeared ere the sun rose.

On that night, as it may be imagined, the gates of the Castle of Cleves were not shut. Everybody was free to come in. Wine-butts were broached in all the courts, the pickled meat prepared in such lots for the siege was distributed among the people, who crowded to congratulate their beloved sovereign on his victory, and the Prince as was customary with that good man, who never lost an opportunity of giving a dinner-party, had a splendid entertainment made ready for the upper classes, the whole concluding with a tasteful display of fireworks.

In the midst of these entertainments our old friend the Count of Hombourg arrived at the castle. The stalwart old warrior swore by Saint Rugo that he was grieved the killing of the Rowski had been taken out of his hand. The laughing Cleves vowed by Saint Bandido Hombourg could never have finished off his enemy so satisfactorily as the unknown knight had just done.

But who was he? was the question which now agitated the bosom of these two old nobles. How to find him—how to reward the champion and restorer of the honour and happiness of Cleves? They agreed over supper that he should be sought for everywhere. Banners were sent round the principal cities within fifty miles, and the description of the knight advertised in the *Journal de Francfort* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The hand of the Princess Ellen was solemnly offered to him in these advertisements, with the reversion of the Prince of Cleves's splendid though somewhat dilapidated property.

"But we don't know him, my dear papa," faintly ejaculated that young lady. "Some impostor may come in a suit of plain armour and pretend that he was the champion who overcame the Rowski (a prince who hid his faults certainly, but whose attachment for me I can never forget) and how are you to say whether he is the real knight or not? There are so many deceivers in this world, added the Princess, in tears, "that one can't be too cautious now. The fact is that she was thinking of the desertion of Otto in the morning, by which instance of faithlessness her heart was well nigh broken.

As for that youth and his comrade Wolfgarg, to the astonishment of everybody at their impudence they came to the archers' mess that night, as if nothing had happened, got their supper, partaking both of meat and drink most plentifully, fell asleep when their comrades began to describe the events of the day, and the admirable achievements of the unknown warrior, and,

turning into their hammocks, did not appear on parade in the morning until twenty minutes after the names were called.

When the Prince of Cleves heard of the return of these deserters he was in a towering passion. "Where were you, fellows," shouted he, "during the time my castle was at its utmost need?"

Otto replied, "We were out on particular business."

"Does a soldier leave his post on the day of battle, sir?" exclaimed the Prince. "You know the reward of such—Death! and death you merit. But you are a soldier only of yesterday, and yesterday's victory has made me merciful. Hanged you shall not be, as you merit—only flogged—both of you. Parade the men. Colonel Nickelstern, after breakfast, and give these scoundrels five hundred apiece."

You should have seen how young Otto bounded when this information was thus abruptly conveyed to him. "I log me?" cried he. "I log Otto of —"

"Not so, my father," said the Prince's Helen, who had been standing by during the conversation and who had looked at Otto all the while with the most inflexible scorn. "Not so, although these *persons* have forgotten their duty" (she laid a particularly sarcastic emphasis on the word *persons*), "we have had no need of their services, and we luckily found *others* more faithful. You promised your daughter a boon, papa: it is the pardon of these two *persons*. Let them go and quit a service they have disgraced: a mistress,—that is, a master—they have deceived."

"Drum 'em out of the castle, Nickelstern, strip their uniforms from their backs, and never let me hear of the scoundrels again!" So saying, the old Prince angrily turned on his heel to breakfast, leaving the two young men to the fun and derision of their surrounding comrades.

The noble Count of Hombourg, who was taking his usual airing on the ramparts before breakfast, came up at this juncture, and asked what was the row? Otto blushed when he saw him, and turned away rapidly, but the Count, too, catching a glimpse of him with a hundred exclamations of joyful surprise, seized upon the lad, hugged him to his manly breast, kissed him most affectionately, and almost burst into tears as he embraced him. For, in sooth, the good Count had thought his godson long ere this at the bottom of the silver Rhine.

The Prince of Cleves, who had come to the breakfast-parlour window (to invite his guest to enter, as the tea was made), beheld this strange scene from the window, as did the lovely tea maker likewise, with breathless and beautiful agitation. The old Count and the archer strolled up and down the battlements in deep conversation. By the gestures of surprise and delight exhibited by the former 'twas easy to see the young archer was conveying some very strange and pleasing news to him, though the nature of the conversation was not allowed to transpire.

"A godson of mine," said the noble Count when interrogated over his muffins. "I know his family worthy people, sad scapegrace ran away parents looking for him glad you did not flog him, devil to pay and so forth. The Count was a man of few words and told his tale in this brief artless manner. But why at its conclusion, did the gentle Helen leave the room, her eyes filled with tears? She left the room once more to kiss a certain lock of yellow hair she had pilfered. A dazzling delicious thought & strange wild hope arose in her soul!

When she appeared again she made some side handed inquiries regarding Otto (with that gentle artifice oft employed by women) but he was gone. He and his companion were gone. The Count of Hombourg had likewise taken his departure, under pretext of particular business. How lonely the vast castle seemed to Helen, now that *he* was no longer there. The transactions of the last few days, the beautiful archer boy, the offer from the Rowski (always an event in a young lady's life), the siege of the castle, the death of her truculent admirer all seemed like a fevered dream to her all was passed away, and had left no trace behind. No trace?—yes! one & little insignificant lock of golden hair over which the young creature wept so much that she put it out of curl, passing hours and hours in the summer house where the operation had been performed.

On the second day (it is my belief she would have gone into a consumption and died of languor if the event had been delayed a day longer) a messenger, with a trumpet, brought a letter in haste to the Prince of Cleves who was as usual, taking refreshment. "To the high and mighty Prince" &c, the letter ran. "The champion who had the honour of engaging on Wednesday last with his late Excellency the Rowski of Donnerblitz,

presents his compliments to H S H the Prince of Cleves. Through the medium of the public prints the C has been made acquainted with the flattering proposal of His Serene Highness relative to a union between himself (the Champion) and Her Serene Highness the Princess Helen of Cleves. The Champion accepts with pleasure that polite invitation, and will have the honour of waiting upon the Prince and Princess of Cleves about half-an-hour after the receipt of this letter.

"Iol lol de rol, girl, shouted the Prince with heartfelt joy (Have you not remarked dear friend, how often in novel books, and on the stage joy is announced by the above burst of incoherent monosyllables?) "Iol lol de rol Don thy best kirtle, child, thy husband will be here anon. And Helen tried to arrange her to sit for this awful event in the life of a young woman. When she returned tried to welcome her defender her young cheek was as pale as the white satin slip and orange sprigs she won.

She was scarce seated on the dais by her father's side, when a huge flourish of trumpets from without proclaimed the arrival of the Champion. Helen felt quite sick a draught of ether was necessary to restore her tranquillity.

The great door was flung open. He entered, the same tall warrior, slim and beautiful, blazing in shining steel. He approached the Prince's throne, supported on each side by a friend likewise in armour. He knelt gracefully on one knee.

"I come," said he in a voice trembling with emotion, "to claim as per advertisement the hand of the lovely Lady Helen." And he held out a copy of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* as he spoke.

"Art thou noble, Sir Knight?" asked the Prince of Cleves.

"As noble as yourself," answered the kneeling steel.

"Who answers for thee?"

"I, Karl, Margrave of Göttesberg, his father!" said the knight on the right hand, lifting up his visor.

"And I—Ludwig, Count of Hombourg his godfather!" said the knight on the left doing likewise.

The kneeling knight lifted up his visor now, and looked on Helen.

"I knew it was," said she, and fainted as she saw Otto the Archer.

But she was soon brought to gentles, as I have small need to tell ye. In a very few days after, a great marriage took



place at Cleves, under the patronage of Saint Bugo, Saint Buffo, and Saint Bendigo. After the marriage ceremony, the happiest and handsomest pair in the world drove off in a chaise-and-four; to pass the honeymoon at Kissingen. The Lady Theodora, whom we left locked up in her convent a long while since, was prevailed upon to come back to Godesberg, where she was reconciled to her husband. Jealous of her daughter-in-law, she idolised her son and spoiled all her little grandchildren. And so all are happy, and my simple tale is done.

I read it in an old old book, in a mouldy old circulating library. 'Twas written in the French tongue by the noble Alexandre Dumas, but 'tis probable that he stole it from some other, and that the other had filched it from a former tale-teller. For nothing is new under the sun. Things die and are reproduced only. And so it is that the forgotten tale of the great Dumas reappears under the signature of

HERESA MACWHIRTER

WHISTLEBINKIE, N.B. December 1

THE DIARY  
OF  
C. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ.,  
WITH HIS LETTERS.



# THE DIARY

or

C JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ



## A LUCKY SPECULATOR

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen James Plush Esq, lucky foot man in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

"One day last week, Mr James waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City, and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

"His master (we believe we may mention without offending delicacy, the well known name of Sir George Fimsy of the house of Fimsy Diddler and Flet) inquiringly asked Mr James what was the amount of his savings, wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent in bouquets, silk stockings and perfumery—Mr Plush could have managed to lay by anything.

"Mr Plush, with some hesitation, said he had been *speculating in railroads*, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway

Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell

"Sir George who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook Mr P by the hand, Lady Flimsy begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table, and has subsequently invited him to her grand *déjeuner* at Richmond, where it was observed that Miss Emily Flimsy, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman *marked attention*

"We hear it stated that Mr P is of a very ancient family (Hugo de la Pluche came over with the Conqueror), and the new bough on which he has started bears the ancient coat of his race

'He has taken apartments in the Albany and is a director of thirty three railroads. He proposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election on decidedly Conservative principles which have always been the politics of his family

"Report says that even in his humble capacity Miss Emily Flimsy had remarked his high demeanour. Well, 'none but the brave' say we 'deserve the fair' — *Morning Paper*

This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box\* with a West End post mark. If, as we believe they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late, if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous, if poor *Mrs Plush* *be still alive*, we trust, we trust, Mr Plush will do her justice.

\* The letter box of *Mr Punch*, in whose columns these papers were first published

## "JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE.

## "A HEIRIGY

•  
 "Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,  
 Come all ye ladies maids so fair —  
 Vile I a story vill relate  
 Of cruel James of Buckley Square  
 A tighter lad, it is confest  
 Neer walked with powder in his air  
 Or wore a nosegay in his breast  
 Than andsum James of Buckley Square

"O Fyns! it is the best of sights,  
 Behind his Master's coach and pair  
 To see our James in red plush tights  
 A driving hoff from Buckley Square  
 He wd become his huggillets,  
 He cocked his at with *such* a hair,  
 His calves and viskers *was* such pets  
 That hall loved James of Buckley Square

"He pleased the hip sturs folks as vell,  
 And o' I withered with despair  
 Missis *would* ring the putler bell,  
 And call up James in Buckley Square  
 Both beer and sperrits he abhord  
 (Sperrits and beer I ~~could~~ be ar)  
 You would have thought he was a lord  
 Down in our All in Buckley Square

"Last year he visper d Mary Ann,  
 Ven I've an under d pound to spare,  
 To take a public is my plan,  
 And leave this hojous Buckley Square  
 O how my gentle heart did bound  
 To think that I his name should bear,

'Dear James,' says I, 'I've twenty pound,  
And gev them him in Buckley Square

Our master was a City gent,  
His name's in railroads everywhere,  
And lord, vot lots of letters vent  
Betwixt his brokers and Buckley Square!  
My James it was the letters took  
And read them all (I think it's fair),  
And took a leaf from Master's book,  
As *hOTHERS* do in Buckley Square

"Encouraged with my twenty pound,  
Of which poor I was unware,  
He wrote the Companies all round  
And signed hisself from Buckley Square.  
And how John Porter used to grin  
As day by day, share after share,  
Came raily letters pouring in  
'J Plush Esquire, in Buckley Square

'Our servants All was in a rage—  
Scrap stock curves gradients, bull and bear,  
With butler coachman groom and page,  
Was all the talk in Buckley Square  
But O! imagine vot I felt  
Last Vensdy week as ever went,  
I gets a letter which I spelt  
Miss M A Hogg<sup>es</sup> Buckley Square

'He sent me back my money true—  
He sent me back my lock of air,  
And said, 'My dear, I bid yew  
To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.  
Think not to marry foolish Hann  
With people who your betters are,  
James Plush is now a gentleman,  
And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

" 'I've thirty thousand guineas won,  
 In six short months, by genius rare,  
 You little thought what Jeames was on  
 Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square  
 I've thirty thousand guineas net,  
 Powder and plush I scorn to wear,  
 And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget  
 For better Jeames, of Buckley Square ' "

The rest of the MS is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears

#### A LETTER FROM 'JEAMES, OF BUCKLEY SQUARE '

'ALFANY, LETTER X. August 10, 1845

" SIR, - Has a regular subscriber to your amusing paper, I beg leave to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abilit to expose the mustaries of privit life, and to hinjer the delight feelings of unble individvouals like myself, who have *no ideer* of being made the subject of news paper criticism

' I elude, Sir, to the unjustasible use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my innocantile speculations and the *hinnmost fashns of my art* have been blot forrards in a ridiclus way for the public amusement

' What call Sir, has the public to inquire into the sneckm stansies of my engagements with Miss Mary Hann Oggins, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maud the hob-jack of your *redicule* : : a *dogged bullet* impewted to her? I say *impewted*, because, in *my* time at least Mary Hann could only sign her + mark (has I've hofsten witness it for her when she paid him at the Savings Bank), and has for *sacrificing to the Mewses* and making *poetry*, she was as *hincapible* as Mr Wakley himself



"With respect to the ballit, my balcal is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to Mary Hann—a fuller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a ritun (having been a doctor's boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed Miss H's name to his *nonsence and lies* and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for libel for insutting them in your paper"

"It is false that I have treated Miss H hill in *any* way That I borrowed 20lb of her is *true* But she confesses I paid it back Can hill people say is much of the money *they* ve lent or borrowed? No And I not only pud it back, but giv her the indsomest pres nts *which I never should have eluded to*, but for this attack First a silver thimble (which I found in Missus's work-box,) seeknd, a vollom of Byrom's poems, third, I halways brought her a glas of Curasore, when we ad a party of which she was remarkable fond I treated her to Hashleys twice (and halways a snimp or a boyster by the way), and a *thousnd delight attentions*, which I sapow count for *nothink*

"Has for marridge Haltered suckinstancies rendered it himpossible I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxey I breathe no sallible of blame against Miss H but has a holliterit cookmaid hit to set at a fashnable table? Do young fellers of rank genrally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our is upon a low born gal I needn say it's only a tempory distraction, *pore pressy h long* So much for *her* claims upon me Has for *that best of a Doctor's boy* he's unwuthy the notis of a ~~Gentleman~~

'That I've one thirty thousan lb and *praps* more, I dont deny Ow much has the Kilossus of Rulroads one, I should like to know and what was his cappitk? I hentered the market with 20lb specklited Jewdicious and iam what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haen't)—So may you be if you choose to go in & win

"I for my part am jusly *prowd* of my suxess, and could gve you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hosses I bought (and a better pair of steppers I dafy you to see in hanv curracle) I crisd Hull and Selby, in *grateful*

elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've jest sold him at  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount.

"At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two groom<sup>s</sup> for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshik servant, a vally de shamber—He curls my air, inspeex my accounts and hunsers my hinvitations to dinner. I call this Vally my *Trent Vally*, for it was the prophit I got from that extlent line, which injuiced me to ingage him.

' Besides my North British Plute and Breakfast equipidge—I have two hindsom servives for dinner—the goold plate for Sundrys and the silver for common use. When I have a great party 'Tient,' I say to my man 'we will have the London and Bummingham plute to-day (the goold) or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver). I bought them after realising on the abus lines and if people suppose that the companys made me a presnt of the plate, how can I help it?

' In the sam way I say, 'Tient bring us a bottle of Bristol and Hexter' or, 'Put some Hestern Counties in bice! He knows what I mean—it's the wines I bought upon the hospicious tunamination of my connexshn with those two rail roads.

' So strong indeed as this rabbit become, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest Miss Diddle last weak, I had her christened (provisionally) Rosmell—from the French line of which I am Director, and only the other day finding myself rayther unwell 'Doctor says I to Sir Jeames Clark, 'I've sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of horder, and I want you to send him up to a premium. The Doctor lafd, and I believe told the story subsequently at Buckinum P-II-s.

" But I will trouble you no futher. My sole object in writing has been to *clear my carrater* to show that I came by my money in a honrabic way—that I am not ashrymd of the manner in which I gavned it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

" To conclude, I have ad my podignic maid out at the *Erald Hoffis* (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stag. You are correct in stating that I am of

hancient Normin family This is more than Peal can say, to whom I applied for a baronetcy, but the primumer being of low igstruction, natrally stickles for his horrier Consurvative though I be, *I may change my opinions* before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint

Meanwhile, I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHL"



## THE DIARY.

ONE day in the panic week, our friend James called at our office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole: his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other camcos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

'How's scrip, Mr James?' said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

'Scrip be —', replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlour whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, "*Mr Punch*" says he, after a moment's hesitation, "I wish to speak to you on a pint of business. I wish to be paid for my contributions to your paper. Such instances is altered with me. I—I—in a word, *can* you lend me — / for the account?"

He named the sum. It was one so great that we don't care to mention it here, but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on Messrs Pump and Aidgate, our bankers) tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the City.

Returning to our study we found he had left on our table an open pocket book, of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained—three tavern bills.

paid, a tailor's ditto, unsettled, forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount, and in an old bit of paper tied with pink riband a lock of chestnut hair, with the initials M A H

In the diary of the pocket book was a journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant as, for instance — '3rd January — Our beer in the Servants' Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *must* give warning, & wood, but for my dear Mary Hann "

" *February 7* — I hat broot Screw, the Butler, wanted to kis her, but my dear Mary Hann boxt his hold hears, & served him right. *I datist* Screw, — and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, Mr James quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and begin his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

#### EXTRACT —

"Wen I anounced in the Servants All my axeshn of forting, and that by the exsize of my own talence and ingriunty I had reerhazd a summ of 20 000 lb (it was only 5 but what s the use of a mann depri shunting the qualaty of his own mackyrcl?)—wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hull the people!—Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweatbred or the slise of the breast of a Cold Tucky. Screw, the butler (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hoverbaring beast), ~~suggested~~ *suggested* me to walk into the *Supper* Servants All, and try a glass of Shewrior Shatto Margo. Heaven Visp, the coachman, cld out his and, & said 'Jeames, I hopes theres no quarriling betwixst you & me, & I'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure'

"The sickofnts!—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me prigginn some cold tuttle soup of which I'm remarkable fond) Has for the butler, I always *abominat* him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who wear livry (he never would sit in our parlour, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs), and in regard of Visp—

why, it was only the day before the vulgar beast offered to fite me, and threatnd to give me a good liding if I refused. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, as haughty as may be 'there's nothink that I want for that I can t go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in the Halbany, letter Hex, if I'm ungry I've no need to refresh myself in the *kitching*. And so saying, I took a dignified ajew of these minnral domestics, and ascending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and taking off those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by Cullin of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

"There was *one* pusson in the house with womb I was rayther anxious to evord a persnal leave taking—Mary Hann Oggins, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can t abide seeing a pore gal in pane. I d given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20lb, which she d lent me 6 months before and paying her back not only the intere t but I gave her an andsome pair of scissars and a silver thimbl, by way of boanus. 'Mary Hann' says I 'suchimstances has huttered our relatifs positions in life. I quit the Servnts Hall for ever (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that, my dear, is hall gammin) and so I wish you a good by my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halwais refer to me.

"Mary Hann didn t hanser my spech (which I think was remarkable kind), but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into somethink betwixt a laugh & a cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang t'e dressing room bell. Would you bleave it? She left the thimbl & things, & my check for 20lb 20s, on the tabil when she went to answer the bell. And now I heard her sobbing and ~~vimpering~~ in her own room nex but one to miae, with the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good by. But as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring Frederick my fellow ~~servnt~~, to fetch me a cabb, and requestin g permission to take leaf of my lady & the famly before my departure."

"How Miss Hemly did hogle me to be sure! Her Ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hannable, fond of poetry,

plays the gutter. Then she asked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin indeed! I don't like carnis! as it must be confest Miss Hemly's his—and has for a *blond buty*, she has pink 's like a Mallino and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeeged my & as she went away!

"Mary Hann now has haubin air and a complexion like roses and ivory and 's as blew as Evie.

I gev Frederick two and six for fitchin the cabb—he's resolved to huet the gentleman in hall things. How Ie started!"

"25/h I am now director of forty seven hadvantageous lines and have past hall day in the City. Although I've hate or nine new scots of close and Mr 'ullin fits me heligant yet I fancy they hull reckonise me. Conshins whispers to me, 'Jeezus, your hony a footman in disguise hister all

'28/h - Been to the Opera. Music tol lol. That Lablash is a wopper at singing. I cooldn make out why some people called out Bravo, some Bravur and some Bravet. 'Bravee, Lablash says I, it which heverybody list.

I'm in my new still. I've had new rushings put in and my hirms in goold on the back. I'm dressed hull in black excep a gold wustcoat and dimund studs in the embriderd busom of my shimeese. I wear a Camillia Jiponiky in my button ole and have a double barreld operi glaz, so big that I make Timmins my second man bring it in the other cabb.

"What an igstronny exalushn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are fairs, Telloni is sutnly the fairy Queen. She can do all that they ~~can~~ do and some think they can't. There's an indiscible grace about her, and Carlottie my sweet Carlotty, she sets my ut in flames.

'Ow that Miss Hemly was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth te it?

"What lines is she must as. As if I could mount up there!

"P.S.—Talking of *nauting hup!* the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent this very day.

"*and July* —Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, Lord George Ringwood (Lord Cinquars son), Lord Ballybunnion, Honorable Captung Irap & sevial hother young swells. Sir John's carridge there in course. Miss Hemly lets fall her booky as I pass, and I'm obliged to get hoff and pick it up, & get splashed up to the hys. The gettin on hossback agin is halwys the juic & hull. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a porring the hurr with his feet and sinks down so on his inches that I'm blest if I didn't slip hoff agin over his tul, at which Ballybunnion & the hother chaps rord with lafter.

"As Bally has isties in Queens County, I've put him on the St Helena direction. We call it the Great St Helena Napoleon Junction from Jamestown to Longwood. The French are taking it hup hagerly.

"*6th July* —Dined to-day at the London Irvin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I'm hon. The Cwrmwrw & Plinwyddlywm with tunnels through Snowding and Plinlim ming.

"Great nashnality of course. 'Ap Shinkin in the chair, Ap I lwydd in the vice. Welsh mutton for dinner, Welsh iron knives and forks, Welsh rabbit after dinner and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him. He went strummint on his hojous instrument, and played a toon pigularly disagreeble to me.

"It was *Pore Mary Hann*. The clarrin' holino t choaked me as I tried it, and I very nearly vs. myself as I thought of her bewtife blue is. Why *ham* always thinkin about that gal? Sasiety is sasiety, it's lors is irresistabl. Has a man of rank I can't marry a serving made. What would Cinquars and Pally bunnion say?

"P.S. —I don't like the way that Cinquars has of borroing money, & halwys making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the 'Shipp,' Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for Derby shire's brown Ock is the best in I rup, nine pound three at the 'Trafflygar,' and seventeen pound sixteen and nine at the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond, with the Countess St Emilion & the



Baroness Frontignac Not one word of French could I speak, and in consequence had nothink to do but to make myself balmost sick with heating hices and desert, while the hothers were chattering and parlyvooring

"Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with Mary Hana, when we were more happy (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy beer betwixt us), more appy with tea and a simple srimp than with hail this splendor! —

' *July 24* —My first floor apartmence in the Halbiny is now kimpctely and chasely furnished —the drowing room with yellow satting and silver for the churs and sophics—hemrall green tabbnet curtings with pink velvet and goold borders & fringes, a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroydered with tulips, tables, scritures cunsokes, &c, as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shundlers of the purest Hormolew

' The Dining room furniture is all *hoal*, British Hoak round ig-spanding table like a trick in a Pintinnine, ieconna dating my number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties. Curtings crimsing damask Churs crimsing myrocky Portricks of my favorite great m n decorats the wall—namely, the Duke of Wellington. Theres four of his Grace. For I've reinarcked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight and considiration you should holways praise and quote him. I have a vialuble one lickwise of my Qucend, and 2 of Prince Halbert—his ~~hick~~ old Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar ~~sneaky~~ that are daily hullered against that Igvolted Pottentit. Betwixt the Prins & the Duke hangs me in the Uniform of the Lingbar Malitia, of which Lingbars his made me Capting

"The Libery is not yet done

"But the Bedd roomb is the Jem of the whole. If you could but see it! such a Bedworr! I've a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanscuens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose coloured tapers. Goold dressing case and twidit of Dreding Cheny. My bed whit and gold with curtings of

pink and silver brocayd held up a top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smilin angellicly bon me has I lay with my Ed on my pfiller ball sarounded with the finest Meechin I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House I've 7 osses in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my lxtabishment

"N.B. — Heverythink looking well in the City Saint Helenas, 12 pm, Madagascars, 9½, Saffron Hill and Rookery Junction, 24, and the new lines in prorspick equily incur aging "

"People phansy its hall givty and pleasure the life of us fashnabble gentis about townd—but I can tell em its not hall goold that glitter. They dont know our momints of hagony, hour ours of studdy and refleshun. They little think when they see James de la Pluche Exquire worling round in a walce at Halmox with Lady Hann or lazaly stepping a kidrill with Lady Jane poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hess Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—they little think that leader of the tong, scaminkly so reckliss, is a careworn mann' and yet so it is

"Imprymus I've been ableged to get up all the ecom plishments at double quick, & to apply myself with treemcnjuous energy

"First,—in border to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is, I've read the novvle of Pelham six times and am to go through it 4 times mor "

"I practis ridin and the acquirement of 'a steady and & a sure seat across Country' assiduously 4 times a week, at the Hippodrum Ridng Grounds. Many's the tumbil I've ad and the along boins I've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

"Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabituence of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmence of James de la Pluche, Exquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing master. From six to nine we have walces and polkes—at nine 'mangtiang & depotment,' as he

calls it, & the manner of hentering a room, complimenting the ost and ostess & compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing room (has to a party), I make my bow—my mister (he's a Marquis in France and ad misfortuns, being connected with young Lowy Napolum) receives me—I had wine—speak about the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cussory manner. Brckfst is enounced by Fitzwarren, my mann—we proceed to the festive bord—complimence is ischanged with the manner of drinking wind adresssing your neighbour, employing your nipping & finger glas, &c. And then we fall to brckfst when I prommiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I'm gettin on very well—soon I shall be able to invite people to brckfst like Mr Mills, my rivle in Hulbiny, Mr Miculiv (who wrote that sweet book of ballets The Days of Hancient Rum) & the great Mr Rodgers himself.

"The above was wrote some weeks back. I have given brckfstis sins then reglu *Deshurys*. I have ad Carls and Yeounts—Barnits as many as I chose and the pick of the Railway world of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand *Fete*. I had the *Fleet* of my friends the display was sumptuous the company *richardiv*. Everything that Delixy could suggest was provided by Gunter. I had a Countiss on my right & (the Countess of Wigglesbury that lovehest and most dashing of Staggs who may be call d the Railway Queen, is my friend George II — is the Railway King) on my left the Lady Blanche Bluenor, Prince Lowrowski the great Sir Huddleston Iuddlstone from the North and a skoar of the fust of the fishn. I was in my *glory*—the dear Countess and Lady Blanche was dying with laffing at my joys and fun—I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door bell, and sudnly Fitzwarren my mann, henters with an air of constanation. 'There's somebody at the door,' says he, in a visper.

'Oh it's that dear Lady Hemily' says I 'and that lazy raskle of a husband of hers. Trot them in Fitzwarren' (for you see by this time I had adopted quite the manners and bease of

the arristory).—And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently enouncing Mr & Mrs. Blodder

- "I turned gashly pail The table—the guests—the Countess—Towrouski, and the rest weald round & round before 'my hagitated I's *It was my Grandmother and Huncle Bill* She is a washerwoman at Healing Common, and he— he keeps a vegetable donkey-cart

"Y, Y hadn't John, the tuger, igcluded them? He had tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters advanced in spite of him, Huncle Bill bringing in the old lady grinning on his harm

"Phansy my feelinx "

' Immagin when these unfornat members of my family hunted the room you miss phansy the astonishment of the nobil company present Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horientik splendor, and huncle Bill (pulling off his phintail, & salutng the company as respectfully as his vulgar natur would allow) says-- Crikky James you've got a better birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line I try a few of them plovrs hegs, sir, I says whishing I'm ashamed to say that somethink would choke huncle B— and I hope mam, now you've ad the kindness to wisit me, a little refreshment won't be out of your way '

"This I said, detummind to put a good face on the matter, and because in herly times I d r's ad a great deal of kindness from the hold lady which I should be a roig to forget She paid for my schooling, she got up my fine linnng gratis, shes given me many & many a lb, and manys the time in appy appy days when me and Maryhann has taken tea But never mind *that* 'Mam,' says I 'you must be tired hafter your walk

"'Walk? Nonsince James, says she 'it's Sunday & I came in, in *the cark*' Black or green tea maam?' says I in a warren, interruptng her And I will say the feller showed his nouce & good breeding in this difficklt momunk! for he d

halready silenced huncle Bill, whose mouth was now full of muffinx am, Blowny sausag Perrigole pie, and other delixies.

“Wouldnt you like a little *somethink* in your tea, Mam,” says thit sly wagg Cinqbars. ‘He knows what I likes, replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glass of hojous gin along<sup>d</sup> with her Hohee), and so I was ableged to horder Litzwarren to bring round the lieures and to help my unfortnit rellatuf to a bumper of Ollands. She tost it holf to the elth of the company giving a smack with her lipps after she d emtied the glas which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, she didnt agspose herself much farther for when Cinqbars was pressing her to take another glas I cried out, ‘Don’t, my Lord, on which old Grann hearing him adressd by his title, cried out, ‘A Lord’ o law! and got up and muck him a cutsy, and coodnt be pswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent bravidently muck her uncery.

“The Countiss on my right and had shownt symtms of ixtreame disgust at the beaystour of my relations, and having called for her carridge, got up to leave the room with the most dignified hair. I, of course rose to conduct her to her weakle. Ah what a contrast it was! There it stood, with stars and garters hall hover the pannels the footmin in peach-coloured tites the hoeses worth 3 hundred a piece —and there stood the horrid *linnen-cirt* with ‘Mary Blodder, Laundress, haling Middlesex,’ wrote on the bord and waiting till my thandind old parint should come out.

‘Cinqbars insisted upon helping her in. Sir Huddlestone Huddlestone the gr at barnet from the North, who great as he is is as stuwpid as a howl looked on hardly trusting his goggle. Is as they witness the sean. But little lively good natured Lady Kitty Quicksy who was going away with the Countiss held her litle & out of her carridge to me and said, ‘Mr De la Pluche you are a much better m’n than I took you to be. Though her Ladyship is horrified, & though your Grandmother *did* take gin for breakfast, dont give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father & mother.

“And this was a sort of consolation to me and I observed that all the good fellers thought none the wuss of me. Cinqbars said I was a trump for sticking up for the old washer woman,

Lord George Gills said she should have his lunning, and so they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff

"There was one pint which my Grandmother observed and whych, I muss say, I thought lickwise. 'Ho, Jeames, says she, 'hall these fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there's not one of em can hold a candle to Mary Hann'

"Railway Spec is going on phamusly. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now! Sir Paul Pump Aldgate, & Company. They bow me out of the bank parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Every body says I'm worth half a millium. The number of lines they're putting me upon is inkumseavable. I've put Fitzwarren, my man upon several. Reginald Fitzwarren, Esquire looks splendid in a perspectus and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd

"How the ladies, & men too, foller and flatter me! If I go into Lady Binsus hopra box, she makes room for me who ever is there, and cries out, 'O do make room for that dear creature!' And she compliments me on my taste in musick, or my new Droom oss, or the phanny of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old Lord Barracres, as stiff as a poaker, as proud as Loosyfer, as poor as Job—even he condysends to be sivil to the great De la Pluche and begged me at Harthurs lately, in his sollom pompus way, 'to faver him with five minutes' conversation'. I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Wouldn't mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Barracres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

"I gave the old humbug a few shares out of my own pocket. 'There, old Pride,' says I, 'I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pomposaty! Take fifty pound, I like to see you come cringing and begging for it'. Whenever I see him in a *very* public place I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him, 'Barracres, my old buck!' and I see him wince. It does my art good.

"I'm in low sports. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred.

Lady Pump, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of course, with an uncommon gal aer me, with whom I was gutting on in my fissanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy plesntry. Old Pump, from the end of the table, asked me to drink champagne, and on turning to tak the glass I saw Charles Wackles (with womb I'd been employed at Colonel Spurner's house) grinning over his shoulder at the butler.

'The beast reck missed me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up agun. *'How dy doo, Jeames?'* says he, in a findish visper. 'Just come out here, Chawles,' says I, 'I've a word for you, my old boy.' So I beckoned him into Portland Place with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

'I think you sud "*Jeames*,"' I hawles, says I, 'and grined at me at dinner?'

'Why, sir,' says he, 'we're old friends, you know.'

"Take that for old friendship then," says I, and I gave him just one on the nozs, which sent him down on the pavemint as if he'd been shot. And mounting myjestically into my cabb, I left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, & droov to the Clubb.

"Have this day kimplented a little clur with my friend George Earl Bareacres, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self & that noble gent. Adjoining the Bareacre proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squillop Hill, isceding advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to havi a pickewlar fine flavour from the natur of the gras, tyme, heather, and other hodarefaru plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones don't prevent them. Thistles here is also remarkable fine, and the land is also devided hoff by luxurient Stone Hedges—much more usefful and ickononmicle than your quickset or any of that rubbishing sort of timber. indeed the sile is of that fine natur, that timber refuses to grow there altogether. I gave Bareacres 50*l*. an acre for this land (the igsact premium of my St. Helena

Shares)—a very handsome price for land which never yielded two shillings an acre, and very convenient to his Lordship I know, who had a bill coming due at his Bankers which he had given them. James de la Pluche, Esquire, is thus for the first time a landed proprietor—or rather, I should say is about to ressume the rank & dignity in the country which his Hancestors so long occupied."

"I have caused one of our inginears to make me a plann of the Squallop Estate, Diddlesexshure, the property of &c &c, bordered on the North by Lord Bureacres's Country, on the West by Sir Granby Growler, on the South by the Honon An Arkytect & Survare, a young feller of great emagination, womb we have employed to make a survey of the Great Caffrian line, has built me a beautiful Villar (on paper), Plushton Hall Diddlesex the seat of I de la P, Esquire. The house is represented a handsome Italian Structer, imbusmd in woods and circumvented by beautiful gardings. Theres a lake in front with boatsful of nobil lary and musitions floting on its placid surface—and a curricule is a driving up to the grand hentrance, and me in it with Mrs, or perhaps Lady Hangelana de la Pluche. I speak idwusedly / ~~may~~ be going to form a noble kinexion. I may be (by marridge) going to unight my family once more with Harrystoxv, from which misfortn has for some sentries separated us. I have dreams of that sort.

"I've sean several times in a dalutife vision a *serting* *fol*, standing in a hattitude of bennydiction, and rattafying my union with a *serting* butifule young lidy, his daughter Phansy Mr or Sir Jeames and Lady Hangelana de la Pluche! Ho! what will the old washywoman, my grandmother, say? She may sell her mangle then, and shall too by my honour as a Gent

"As for Squallop Hill, its not to be emadgind that I was going to give 5000 lb for a bleak mounting like that, unless I had some idecr in vew. Ham I not a Director of the Grand Diddlesex? Dont Squallop lie amediately betwixst Old Bone House, Single Gloster, and Scrag End, through which cules our line passes? I will have 400,000 lb for that mounting, or my  
L



name is not James. I have arranged a little bargaining too for my friend the Earl. The line will pass through a hangle of Barenacre Park. He shall have a good compensation I promise you; and then I shall get back the 3000 I lent him. His banker's account, I fear, is in a horrid state.

[The Diary now for several days contains particulars of no interest to the public — Memoranda of City dinners — meetings of Directors — fashionable parties in which Mr James figures and nearly always by the side of his new friend, Lord Barenacre whose "pomposity," as previously described, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following —

"With a pencil and thankful Art I copy off this morning's *Gazette* the following news —

" 'Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Middlesex

" 'JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant

" 'North Middlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry

" 'James Augustus de la Pluche, Esquire, to be Captain, *vice* Blowhard, promoted. "

"And his it so? Hark! I indeed a landed proprietor—a Deputy Lieutenant—a Captain? May I attend the Court of my Sovereign! and draw a sabre in my country's defense? I wish the French would land, and me at the head of my squadron on my horse Despairation. How I'd astonish 'em! How the gals will start when they see me in uniform! How Mary Ham would—but nonsense! I'm halfways thinking of that pore gal. She's left Sir John's. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I've heard say. I hope she's got a good place. Any sum of money that would sett her up in business, or make her comfortable, I'd conk down with like a man. I told my grandmother so, who

sends her, and rode down to Healing on purpose on Desperation to leave a five lb noat in an anvylope But she's sent it back, sealed with a thumball "

" *Tuesday* Received the following letter from Lord B——, relative to my presentation at Court and the YOUNIFORM I shall wear on that hospicious scranny —

" MY DEAR DE LA PLUCHE —

" "I think you had better be presented as a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out was in 1803 when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French grey jackets, leather red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and must be modified, of course. We were called the White Leathers, in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

" "I shall be happy to present you at the Levée and at the Drawing room. Lady Barcheres will be in town for the 13th, with Angelina, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

" "All my people are backward with their rents. For Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige.

" "Yours very gratefully

" BARCHERES "

" *Note* — Barcheres misapprehends me about the Deputy Lieutenant; but I'm for the cavalry "

" Jewly will always be a sacred anniversary with me. It was in that month that I became personally acquainted with my Prince and my gracious Sovareign.

"Long before the hospitious event acoord, you may unadgin that my bums was in no trifling flutter Sleapin of nights! I past them thinking of the great cwent—or if igsooted natur *did* clothes my highlids—the cycled ar of my waking thoughts peveded my slummers Corts, Irls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengling in my dreambs unceasnly I blush to say it (for humin praisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wicked wickid vishn), one night I actually dreemt that Her R II the Princess Hallis was grown up and that there was a Calunit Counsel to detummin whether her & was to be bestoad on me or the Prins of Sax-Muffinhausen-Pumpenstein a young Prooshn or Germing no of nobillaty I ask umly parding for this hordacious idler

"I said in my fommer rimary that I had detummined to be presentd to the notus of niv rescared Sovaring in a milintary coschewm The Court shoos in which Savillins attend a Levy are so uncomming like the the lyrics (ojous wud I I 8 to put it down) I used to wear before enterig sosity, that I couldn t abide the notum of wearing one My detummination was fumly fix to apier as a Yominry Cavalry Hoffiser, in the gilleant youniform of the North Diddlesex Huzzas

"Has that redgmint had not been out sins 1803 I thought myself quite hotherized to make such hilturations in the youniform as shuted the presnt time and my nictured and elygint taste Pig-tales was out of the question Titus I was detummined to mintun My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was resolved not to hide it under a booshle

"I phixt on scarlet tues then imbridered with goold as I have seen Widdiomb wear them at Hashleys when me and Mary Hann used to go there Ninety six guineas worth of rich goold lace and cord did I have mylundering hall hover those shoperb inagxpressables

"Yellow marocky Heshn boots, \ard eels, goold spurs and goold tassles is bigg as belpulls

"Jackit—French gray and silver oringe fasings & cupbs, according to the old pain, belt green and goold, tight round my pusn, & settin bofi the cemetery of my figgar *not disadvantageously*

"A huzza paleese of pupple velvet & sable fir A sayber of Demaskus steal, and a salartash (in which I kep my Odicleone and imbridered pocket ankercher), kimpleat my acco-

terments, which, without vannah, was, I flatter myself, *sneak*.

"But the crowding triumph was my hat. I couldn't wear a cock At. The huzzahs don't use em. I wouldn't wear the hojous old brass Helmet & Leppardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry of hevery Brittn, an at which was invented by my Field Marshle and adord Prins, an At which *vulgar prejudis & Jouking* has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the HAIHERT VI. I didn't tell Bareacres of this eggabishn of loilty intending to *surprise* him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesea Yomngry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shiving brush.

"You may be sur that b4 for the full day arrived, I didn't neglect to practus my part well, and had severl *reheustles*, as they say.

"This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full togs. I made Fitzwarren, my boddy servant stand at the dor and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put Mrs. Bloker, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to represent the horgust pash of my Sovring, Frederick my sacknd man, standing on her left, in the hattitude of an illustus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. 'Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres, Fitzwarren my man igclaimed, as advancing I made obains to the Thrown. N' ill on one nec, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards the British Crown, then stepping gracefully hup (my Dimascus Sumiter *would* git betwixt my legs, in so doink which at fust was wery disagreeble)—rising hup grasefly, I say, I flung a look of manly but respectfl hommitch tords my Prins and then clygntly ritrted backwards out of the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for 4 hours at this gaym the night before my presentation and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I *couldn't* sleep that night. By 'bout six o'clock in the mornng I was drest in my full uniform, and I didn't know how to pass the int'reveaning hours.

"My Granmother hasnt seen me in full plugg,' says I. 'It will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suksesfl in life. Has I ave read in the noivle of "Kennelworth," that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes *Hamv Robsart*, I will go down in all my splendor and astownd my old washy-woman of a Granmother. To make this detummination, to border my Broom, to knock down Frederick the groom for

delaying to bring it, was with me the wuck of a momint. The next sor 's galliant a cavyleer as bever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

"I arrived at the well known cottich. My huncle was habesent with the cart, but the dor of the humble ehoad stood hopen, and I passed through the little gairling where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ablerged to bend under the lowly porch as I hentred the apartmint.

"There was a smell of tea there: there's always a smell of tea there—the old lady was it her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her, but ha' phinsy my extonishment when I sor Mary Hann!

"I halmost faintid with hunktion. 'Ho, Jeames!' (she has said to me subsequently) 'mortil mann r'ever looked so bewittife as you did when you arrived on the day of the Lavy. You were no longer mortal: you were divine!

'R' what little Just is the Hurtist his done to my manny stractions in the groce carrikature he's made of me."

"Nothing, perhaps ever created so great a sensashun as my hentrance to St. James's, on the day of the Levy. The Tuckush Hambasdor himself wis not so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

As a Millentary man and a North Diddlesee Huzza, I was resolved to come to the ground on *horseback*. I had Desperation phiged out as a charger, and got 4 Melentary dresses from Olly well Street, in which I drest my 2 men (Fitzwarren hout of livry, woodnt stand it) and 2 fullers from Runkles where my bosses stand at livry. I rode up St. James's Street, with my 4 Hady-congs—the people huzzaving—the gals waving their handkerchers, as if I were a Foring Prins—hull the winders crowdid to see me pass.

"The guard must have taken me for a Hempror at least, when I came, for the drunis beat and the guard turned out and seluted me with presented harms.

"What a momink of triumth it was! I sprung myjestekly from Desperation. I giv the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my Most Gracious Mrs.

"You, peraps, my igspect that I should narrat at leath the

circumstances of my banishment with the British Crown But I am not one who would gratify *impulsive curiosity* Respect for our recognized institutions is my first quality I, for one, will dye rallying round my Throne.

"Suffice it to say when I stood in the Horgust Presents,—when I stood on the right & of my Imperial Sovereign that Most Gracious Prince, to admire whom has been the chief Object of my life, my business was seized with an emotion which my Pennsylvanians to describe—my trembling knees almost refused their office—I reckless nothing more until I was found phanting in the harness of the Lord Chamberlain. Sir Robert Peel appeared to be standing by (I knew our worthy Premier by *Punch's* picture of him especially his legs) and he was conversing with a man of whom I shall say nothing, but that he is a Hero of a hundred fights, and *he very fit he fit he one* Next I say that I clude to Harthur of Wellingburg? I introduced myself to these Jents, and intend to improve the acquaintance and perhaps assist Government for a Burnettcy

"But there was another person whom on this dreary room I first had the inexpressible delight to behold This was that Star of fashion that Vincere of neighbouring is as Milton observes, the accomplished Lady Angelina Thistlewood daughter of my excellent friend, John George Godfrey de Bullion Thistlewood, Earl of Barreacres Baron Southdown in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore in Scotland, K T, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Diddlesex &c &c This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was introduced to her And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightful vision In that galaxy of Beauty the Lady Angelina was the fairest Star—in that realm of Loveliness the sweetest Rosbud! Poor Mary Hann, my Art's young affections had been centered on thee, but like water through a sieve, her image disappeared in a trinket, and left me imprisoned in the presents of Angelina

"Lady Barreacres made me a majestic bow—a grand and hawke passage her Ladyship is with a Roman Nose, and an enowmus plume of Hostridge feathers, the fair Angelina smiled with a sweetness perfectly bewitching and said, 'O, Mr. De la Pluche, I am so delighted to make your acquaintance I have often heard of you

"Who, says I 'has mentioned my insignificant assistance to the fair Lady Angelina? *bel bonure agstane poor woman!*'

(For you see I've not studdied 'Polhrun' for nothink, and have lunt a few French phraces, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now)

" 'O,' replies my Lady, 'it was papa first, and then a very very old friend of yours'

" 'Whose name is,' says I, pusht on by my stoopid tsuraw-saty—

" 'Hoggins— Mary Ann Hoggins'—ansurred my Lady (laiffing phit to splitt her little sides) "She is my mud Mr De la Pluche, and I m afraid you are a very sad sad person'

" 'A men baggytill,' says I 'In sommer days I *was* equainted with that young woman but haltered suckmstances have separated us for liver, and *mong* cure is irratreelvably *perdetu* else where'

" Do tell me all about it Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know'

" Since about two minnits and the Ladys name begins with a *Hu* says I looking her tenderly in the face, and conjring up hall the fissanations of my smile

" 'Mr De la Pluche here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistriches standing by, hrdnt you better take your spurs out of the Countess of Bareucres's train? — Never mind mamma's train' (said Lady Hangelina) 'this is the great Mr De la Pluche, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too Mr De la Pluche, let me present you to Captain George Silvertop'—The Captng bent just one jint of his back very slitley, I refund his store with equill hottness 'Go and see for Lady Bareucres's carriage George,' says his Lordship, and vispers to me 'a cousin of ours—a poor relation' So I took no notis of the feller when he came back nor in my subsqunt visits to Hill Street, when it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Captng "

" *Thursday Night*—O Hangelina, Hangelina, my pashu for you hogments daily! I've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtife Camellia Jyponiky from Coven Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air I wear another

in my buttole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn as I leant  
 hover her chair, and lgsammind the house with my glas!

"She was as sulky and silent as pawsble, however—would  
 scarcely speek, although I kijoled her with a thousnd little  
 plesntries. I spose it was because that vulgar raskle Silvertop  
 wood may in the box. As if he didn know (Lady B s as deaf as a  
 poast and counts for nothink) that people *sometimes* like a  
*lafylafy*."

"*Friday*—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feel-  
 ings in the folloring lines—there s a hair out of Balfe s Hopera  
 that she s fond of. I adapted them to that mellady."

"She was in the drowing room alone with Lady B. She was  
 wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convatation  
 upon mewsick, and I sung myself (I ve ad lesns lately of Signor  
 Twankydlilo), and on her rekwesting me to favor her with  
 somethink, I bust out with my poem."

#### "WHEN MOONLIKE ORL THE HAZURE SEAS

"When moonlike ore the hazure seas  
 In soft effulgence swells,  
 When silver jews and balmy breaze  
 Bend down the Lily s bells,  
 When calm and deep, the rosy sleep  
 Has lapt your soul in dreams,  
 R Hangelinc! R lady mine!  
 Dost thou remember Jeames?"

"I mark thee in the Marble All,  
 Where England s lovliest shine—  
 I say the fairest of them hull  
 Is Lady Hangelinc  
 My soul, in desolate eclipse  
 With recollection teems —  
 And then I hask, with weeping lips,  
 Dost thou remember Jeames?"



" 'Away! I may not tell thee hall  
 This soughring heart endures—  
 There is a lonely spernit call  
 That sorrow never cures,  
 There is a little little Star,  
 That -till above me beams,  
 It is the Star of Hope—but ar I  
 Dost thou remember James?'

"When I came to the last words 'Dost thou remember  
 Je e e ans?' I threw such an ig-spresshn of unutterable tenderness  
 into the shake at the hand, that Angelina could bare it no  
 more. A bust of uncuntrollable emotion seized her. She put  
 her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laughing  
 and sobbing histerically in the bedwor.

'O Angelina—My adord one, My Arts joy!'

"Bareacres, me, the ladies of the family, with their sweet  
 Southdown B's eldest son and George Silvertop, the shabby  
 Captung (who seems to git leaf from his ridgmint whenever he  
 like.), have beent down into Diddlesex for a few days, enjoying  
 the spawts of the feild there.

"Never having done much in the gunning line (since when a  
 hinnasent boy, me and Jim Cox used to go out at Healing, and  
 shoot spurrers in the Ldges with a pistle)—I was reyther dowtle  
 ns to my suxrs as a shot and practusd for some days at a stoughd  
 bird in a shooting gallery which a chap husted up and down  
 with a string. I sugseaded in itting the hannimle pretty well.  
 I bought Awker's Shooting Guide, two double guns at Mant-  
 ings, and salected from the French prints of fashn the most  
 gawjus and elivgant sportting ebilvment. A lite blue velvet  
 and goold cap wear very much on one hear a cravatt of yaller  
 & green imbroidered satting a weasit of the McGingger plaid, &  
 a jacket of the McWhirter tartn (with large motherapurl butas,  
 engraved with coaches and osses, and sportung subjix), high  
 leather gayters, and marocky shooting shoes, was the simple  
 hellymence of my costewm, and I flatter myself set holf my

figger in rayther a sayverable way I took down none of my own pusal istablimunt except Fitzwarren, my hone mann, and my grooms, with Desparation and my curricule osses, and the Fourgong containing my dressing case and close

"I was heverywhere introjuiced in the county as the great Railroad Cappitlist, who was to make Diddlesex the most prawsperous districk of the hempire. The squires prest forrards to welcome the new comer amongst 'em, and we had a Hagri cultural Meeting of the Breacres tenantry, where I made a speech droring tears from heavery i. It was in compliment to a layborer who had brought up sixteen children and lived sixty years on the istate on seven bobb a week. I am not proud, though I know my station. I shook hands with that nann in lavender kidd gloves. I told him that the purshuit of higriculture was the noblist hockupations of humannaty. I spoke of the yoming of Hengland, who (under the command of my han cisters) had conquered at Hildjincourt & Cressy. and I gave him a pair of new velvetennig pressables with two and six in each pocket as a reward for three score years of labor. Fitz warren, my man brought them forrards on a satting cushion. Has I sat down defining cheers selected the horator, the band struck up 'The Good Old English Gentleman. I looked to the ladies galry, my Hangelina waived her ankasher and kissed her &, and I sor in the distans that port Mary Hann clected evidently to tears by my cliaquints

"What an advance that gal hrs made since shes been in Lady Hangelina's company! Sins she wears her young lady s igsploded gownds and stured caps and ribbings, theres an ellygance about her which is puffickly admirable, and which, haddid to her own natral bewty & sweetness, creates in my boozum serring sensatiums. Shor' I *mustn't* give way to feelinx unwrthy of a member of the aristoxty. What can she be to me but a mear recklection—a vishn of former ears?

"I'm blest if I didn mustake her for Hangelina herself yesterday. I met her in the grand Collydore of Barlacres Castle. I sor a lady in a melumcolly hattitude gacing outawinder at the

setting sun which was illuminating the fair park and gardens of the hancient dmean

" ' Bewchus Lady Hangelina,' says I—' A penny for your Ladyship's thought, says I

" ' Ho, Jeames! Ho, Mr De la Pluche! ' hantwered a well-known vice, with a haxnt of sadnis which went to my art. ' You know what my thoughts ar well enough I was thinking of happy happy old times, when both of us were poo—poo—oor,' says Mary Hann, busting out in a plit of crying a thung I cant ebide I took her and and tried to cumst her I pinted out the differents of our sitawshns igexplained to her that proppaty has its jewties as well as its privelechis and that my juty clearly was to marry into a noble family I kep on talking to her (she sobbing and going hon hall the time) till Lady Hangelina herself came up—' The real Sining Power,' as they say in the play

' There they stood together—them two young women I dont know which is the ansamest I coodn help comparing them, and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certing Hannumle I ve read of, that found it diffickit to make a choice betwist a Bundles of A

" ' That ungrateful beest Fitzwarren—my oan man—a feller I ve maid a fortune for—a feller I give 100 lb per hannum to!—a low bred Wallydvshamber! He must be thinking of falling in love too! and treating me to his impirnce

" He s a great big athlatic feller—six foot 1, with a pair of black whiskers like air-brushes—with a look of a Colonel in the hurmy—a dangerous pawmpus spokn raskle I warrunt you. I was coming ome from shutting this hafternoon—and passing through Lady Hangelina's flour garding, who should I see in the summerouse, but Mary Hann pretending to em an ankysht and Mr Fitzwarren paying his cort to her?

" ' You may as well have me, Mary Hann,' says he ' I've saved money We'll take a public-house and I'll make a lady of you I'm not a purse proud ungrateful fellow like Jeames—who s such a snob ('such a SNOBB was his very words!) that

I'm ashamed to wait on him—who's the laughing-stock of all the gentry and the housekeepers' room too—try a man,' says he—'don't be taking on about such a humbug as Jeames'

"Here young Joe the keeper's son, who was carrying my bagg, bust out a laffing—thereby causing Mr Fitzwarren to turn round and interrupt this polite conversation

"I was in such a rage 'Quit the building Mary Hann' says I to the young woman, and you Mr Fitzwarren have the goodness to reman

"'I give you warning' roars he, looking black, blue, yaller—all the colours of the ranebo

"'Take off your coat you impertent hungrateful woundit' says I

"'It's not your livery, says he

"'Peraps you'll understand me, when I take off my own,' says I, unbuttoning the mother ripurls of the MacWhirter taitn 'Take my jacker Joe' says I to the boy—and put myself in a battitude about which there was *no mistyk*"

"He's 2 stone heavier than me—and knows the use of his ands as well as most men—but in a fit, *blood's everythink*, the Snob can't stand before the gentleman—and I should have killed him I've little doubt but they came and stoit the fit betwixt us before we'd had more than 2 rounds

"I punished the raskle tremendously in that time though, and I'm writing this in my own sittin room—not being able to come down to dinner on account of a black eye I've got, which is sweld up and disfiggers me dreadf'

"On account of the hoffer black i which I reseaved in my rangocounter with the hinhmus Fitzwarren I kep my room for several days, with the rose coloured curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeable twilike, and a light-bloo

sattin shayd over the injar! pheacher My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawsable, and (has the Poick well observs 'Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare') I cum-voled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my tempory disfiggarment

"It was Marv Hann who summind the House and put an end to my phistycoughs with I itzwurren I licked him and bare him no mallis but of corse I dis mist the imperent scoundrill from my suvvis, apinting Adolphus my pagt, to his post of confidenshik V illey

"Mary Hann and her young and lovely Mrs kep paying me continyout visits during my retir-mint Lady Hangelina was halways sending me messidges by her while my exlent friend, Lady Bureacres (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshun by Hangelina Now it was a coolin hi-lotum, invented by herself that her ladyship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hinthuses, pellagoniums and jyonikys) which none but the fair ds of Hangelina could dispose about the chamber of the hinvyleed Hot those dear mothers! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to establish their dear gils in life, what awpertunities they will give a min! Youd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi) that I couldnt live excap upon chuking and spoon ment and jellies, and blemonges and that I couldnt eat the latter delixius (which I ebominate onternoon prefurring a cut of leaf or mutin to hall the kick pshaw of France) unless Hangelina brought them I et em, and sacrificed myself for her dear sake

"I mit stayt here that in privit consvations with old Lord B and his son I had myd my proposals for Hangelina, and was accepted, and hoped soon to be made the apprest gent in Hengland

"'You must brek the matter gently to her,' said her hexlent father You have my warmest wishes, my dear Mr De la Pluche, and thow of my Lady Bureacres, but I am not—not quite certun about Lady Angalina's feelings Girls are wild and romantic They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments and I have never yet been able to make Angalina unkrstand the embarrassments of her family These silly creatures prate about love and a cottage, and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate'

"'Do you mean that she *ant* fassanated by me?' says I, bursting out at this outtayjus ideer

"'She *will* be, my dear sir You have already pleased her, —your admirable mannors must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family'

"'Recklect gents, says I to the 2 lords,—'a barging's a barging—I'll pay hoff Southdown's Jews, when I'm his brother As a *straynger* —(this I said in a sarcastickie toan)—'I wouldnt take such a *libbaty* When I'm your suninlor I'll treble the valyou of your estavt I'll make your incumbrinoces as right as a invit, and restor the ouse of Baracres to its herly splendor But a pig in a pork is not the way of transacting business employed by Jeames De la Pluche Esquire

"And I had a right to speak in this way I was one of the greatest scrip holders in Hengland, and calculated on a kilosick fortune All my shares was rising iminence Every poast brot me noose that I was several thowsands richer than the day befor I was detummind not to realize till the proper time, and then to buy istates, to found a new family of Delapluches, and to ake myself with the aristoxty of my country

"These pints I represented to poor Mary Hann hover and hover agin If youd been Lady Hangelina my dear gal,' says I, I would have married you and why don't I? Because my dooty prevents me I'm a murther to dooty and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yourself with that ideer

"There seemed to be a consperracy too, between that Silvertop and Lady Hangelina to drive me to the same pint 'What a plucky fellow you were, Pluche' says he (he was rayther more familiar than I liked) 'in your fight with Fitz-warren I—to eugage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten (this is an etroashous fool sood I should have fingsht Fitz in 10 minnits) 'for the sake of poor Mary Hann! That's a generous fellow I like to see a man risen to eminence like you having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy?

"'Capting S,' says I, my marridge concerns your most humble servnt a precious sight more than you, —and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in *his* ore—I wasn't afraid of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting as he was. I'm a British Lion, I am as brays as Bonypert, Hannible,

or Holiver Crummle, and would face baggins as well as any Ezy dragoon of 'em all

"Lady Hangelina, too igspawstulated in her heartf way, 'Mr De la Pluche (seshee), why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?'

"'I adoar you, charming gal' says I "Never, never go to say any such thing'

"'You adored Mary Ann first' answers her Ladyship, 'you can't keep your eyes off her now If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him You will break the gal's heart if you don't marry her and perhaps some one else s— but you don't mind *that*'

"'Break yours, you adorable creature! I'd die first! And as for Mary Hann, she will git over it people's arts 'unt broakn so easy Once for all, suckstancies is changed betwixst me and er It's a pang to part with her (says I, my fine bus filling with tears), 'but part from her I must'

"It was curious to remark about that singlar gal, Lady Hangelina, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all

"'What a sacrifice!' says she 'it's like Napoleon giving up Josephine What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!'

"'It does, says I— Hagnies!' (Another laff)

"And if—if I don't accept you—you will invac'e the States of the Emperor my papa and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you'

"'I don't know what you're eluding to about Joseyseen and Hemperors your Pas, but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedancers morgidged, that if some one don't elp him, he's no better than an old pawper, that he owes me a lot of money, and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot, or set him up agen—*that's* what I know, Lady Hangelina, says I, with a hair as much as to say, 'Put *that* in your Ladyships pipe and smoke it.'

"And so I left her, and nex day a setting fashnable paper enounced—

"'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *taps* between a gentleman who has made a

colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D-ddles-x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event."

"Contry to my expigations (but when or ow can we reckon upon the sealinx of wimming?) Mary Hann didn't seem to be



much effected by the hideer of my marridge with Hangelmar I was rayther disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal



reckonsilid herself so easy to give me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vannaty after all, as well as those of the hopat secks, and betwist you and me there *was* mominx, when I almost whisht that I'd been borne a Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, wherehas I was now condemd to be appy with *ony* one

"Meanwild everythink went on very agreeable betwist me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemushnd Mr Showery the great Hockioneir to look out for a town manshing sootable for a gent of my quallaty. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the *Afawning Frald*—no no, I m not such a Mough as to go *there* for ackrit infamation) an account of my famly, my harms and pedigree

"I hordered in Long Hucrt, three splendid equipidges, on which my arms and my adord wife's was drawn & quartered, and I got portricks of me and her pavnted by the sellabrated Mr Shalloon, being resolved to be the gentlman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasnt compleat unless I sat to that distinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to Hangelina. Its not conidered flattring—and though *she* parted with it as you will hear, mighty willingly, there's *one* young lady (a thousand times handsomer) that values it as the happlic of her hi

"Would any man believe that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenti fift part of what it cost me? It was bought in by Marvinn though. 'O dear James says she often (kissing of it & pressing it to her art), it isnt  $\frac{1}{2}$  ansum enough for you and husnt got your angellick smile and the agspreshn of your dear dear is

"Hangelina's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B, her mamma though of course I paid for it. It was engraved for the Book of Dewty the same year

"With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and is, was very like. She was painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies, and her brother Southdown, who is one of the New England poets, wrote the follering stanzys about her —

## "LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT

"BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN

"THE castle towers of Bareacres are far upon the lea,  
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddisey rise up from out the  
    sea

I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,  
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more  
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—  
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my  
    race,

Argent, a dexter sinople and gules in wurt field,  
There neer was nobler cognisance on knightly warrior's  
    shield.

"The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman  
    neck

On board a ship from Vlady, King William was on deck  
A Norman lance the colours wore in Hastings fatal fray—  
St Willibald for Bareacres' 'twas double gules that day!  
O Heaven and sweet St Willibald! in many a battle since  
A loyal hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!  
At Acre with Plantagenet with Edward at Poitiers,  
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

" 'Twas pleasant in the battle shock to hear our war cry  
    ringing

O grant me, sweet St Willibald to listen to such singing!  
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe  
    before us,  
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the  
    chorus!

O knights my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear  
Saint Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?  
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,  
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

"Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!

Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:  
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,  
The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls  
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,  
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile  
I'll hie me to my lonely hall and by its cheerless hob  
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A  
SNOB "

"All young Hengland I'm told considers the poem bewtiffe. They're always writing about battlaxix and shivvlerv, these young chaps, but the idrer of Southdown in a shoot of armer, and his cuttin hoff his 'strong right hand,' is raxther too good, the feller is about 5 fit hi -- is ricketty w a babby with a vaust like a gal, and though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I d back my smallest cab boy to lick him,—that is, if I ad a cab-boy. But io! my cab days is over

'Be still my hignizing Art! I am now about to hunfoald the dark paygas of the lstry of my 'life' "

"My friends! you've seen me itherz in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover proud of my prawsperraty, not dizry though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hill the great (like the Good Old Henglish sent in the song, which he has been my moddle and igsample through life), but not forgetting the smill—No my beayviour to my gran-mother at Heuling shows that I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart blansh) and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning and treated Huncle Bill to a new shoot of close which he ordered in St Jerumes's Street, much to the astonishment of my Snyder there, namely an olliff green velvyteen jacket and smalclose and a crimson plush weskoat with glis buttins. These pints of genarawsity in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort, and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equal to either good or bad forting

"What was the substns of my last chapter? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my Hangelina was gaynd, the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being pntted hof—a weddinkake weighing half'a tunn was a gettn reddy by Mesurs Gunter of Buckley Square, there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggerd henny boddy (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit), and has for Injar shawls I bawt a dozen such fine ones as never was given away—no not by Hiss Iness the Injan Prins Juggernaut Tygore. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the establishment of Mysurs Storr and Mortimer. The hony-moon I intended to pass in a continente excursion and was in treaty for the ouse at Halbard-gate (hopsit Mr Hudson's) as my town house. I wanted to cumclude the putchis untile the Share Markit which was ryther deprest (ong I think not so much to the atax of the misrabbil *Times*, as to the prodidjus flams of the *Morning Herald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't going to part with scrip which was so primum at a or 3 and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

"This will explane to those unfornight trydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igient ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. I am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money—it's not *my* fault if that old screw Lady Baracrus cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it's not *my* fault if the tradespeople didn't git their goods back, and that Lady B declared they were *lost*. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in moncy, concealing nothink giving up hevrythink, Onist and undismayd and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

"Well—it was the day before that spinted for my Unum. The 'Ringdove' s.eamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hof. The Bridle apartmnce had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsequently at Balong sur Mure—the very tickle cloth was laid for the weddn brexst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmythy, had arrived to sellabrayt our unum. All the papers were full of it.

(crowds of the fashionable world went to see the troop, and admire the Carriages in Long Hacre Our travelling chariot (light blue lined with pink sitting, and vermilion and gold wheels) was the admiration of all for quiet elegancy We were to travel only 4, viz, me, my I adv my vally and Mary Hann as familyshamber to my Angelina I ar from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite given into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewter igseedinkly

"I'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of busness on, and Stockbrokers' and bankers' accounts to settle settle settle It was lyt before I got these in horder my sleep was fawnish as most mens is when they are going to be married or to be hanged I took my chocklit in bed about one tried on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exceedingly

'One thing disturbed my mind—two weeks had been sent home A bluish white sitting and gold, and a linary coloured tabbnet imbridered in silver which should I wear on the hospicious day? This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal I detumined to go down to Hill Street and cunsult the Lady whose wishes were henceforth to be my *hullinall*, and wear whichever *she* phirt on

'There was a great bussel and disturbans in the Hall in Hill Street which I tribyouted to the cproching event The old porter stued most uncommon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me left I thought—I was going upstairs—

"'Her Ladyship's not—not at *home*,' says the man, 'and my I adv's hull in bed

"'Git lunch, says I, 'I'll wait till Lady Angelina returns'

"At this the feller lookt at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffaw I the porter jined in it the impident old raskle and Thomas says, slapping his hand on his thv, withut the least respect—'*I say Huffy, old boy! isn't this a good un?*'

'Wadycmeern, you infunnle scoundrel, says I, 'hollaring and laffing at me?

"'Oh, here's Miss Mary Hann coming up,' says Thomas, 'ask *her*'—and indeed there came my little Mary Hann tripping down the stairs—her &s in her pockets, and when she saw me, *she* began to blush and look bad & then to grin too

"'In the name of Impurence,' says I, rushing on Thomas,

and collaring him fit to throttle him—'no raskle of a flunky shall insult *me*,' and I sent him staggerin up against the porter, and both of 'em into the hall-chair with a flopp—when Mary Hann, jumpin down, says, 'O James! O Mr. Plush' read this!—and she pulled out a bully doo

"Preckanized the and wring of Hangelina."

\* 'Descaatful Hangelina's bully ran as follows —

"'I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me, and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents were serious in wishing to sacrifice me, but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate, by a few hours, my departure from a home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

"'When you receive this I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honour to consult even before their benefit: they will forgive me. I hope and feel before long

'As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too? I leave Mary Ann behind me to console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear Mr. Plush, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer,

"A

"P.S.—I leave the wedding dresses behind for her: the diamonds are beautiful, and will become Mrs. Plush admirably."

\* "This was ball!—Confewshn! And there stood the footmen smiggerin, and that hoyus Mary Hann half a cryin, half a laffin at me! 'Who has she gone hoff with?' roars I; and Mary

Hann (smiling with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns' canes who was goin out with the noats to put ~~thoff~~ the brekfst. It was Silvertop then!

"I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamoniacal agestement!

"The stoary of that slorpmunt I have no art to tell Here it is from the *Morning Juller* newspaper —

## "ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE

### "THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT

"The neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction

"It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry that a marriage was on the  *tapis*  between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark Yesterday's paper, it was supposed in all human probability would have contained an account of the marriage of James De la Pl-che, Esq., and the Lady Angelina —, daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of B-r-e-cres The preparations for this ceremony were complete we had the pleasure of inspecting the rich *trousseau* (prepared by Miss Twiddle, of Pall Mall), the magnificent jewels from the establishment of Messrs Storr and Mortimer, the elegant marriage cake, which, already cut up and portioned is, alas! not destined to be eaten by the friends of Mr De la Pl-che, the superb carriages, and magnificent liveries, which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at Mivart's What must have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonised and noble parents of the Lady Angelina—when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal we have it from the waiters of Mivart's that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to

him; immediate apoplexy was apprehended, but Mr Macann, the celebrated surgeon of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, to-morrow.

"The frantic agonies of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres can be imagined by every paternal heart. Far be it from us to disturb—impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon. One was threatened with a cane, another in the pursuit of his official inquiries was saluted with a pail of water, a third gentleman was menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter but being of an Irish nation a man of spirit and sinew, and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial and having severely beaten him retired to a neighbouring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be the most accurate particulars of this extraordinary occurrence.

"George Frederick Jennings third footman in the establishment of Lord Bareacres, stated to our *employé* as follows—Lady Angelina had been promised to Mr De la Pluche for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to Mary Ann Hoggins, who was living in the quality of ladies' maid in the family where Mr De la P. was employed. Miss Hoggins became subsequently lady's-maid to Lady Angelina—the elopement was arranged between those two. It was Miss Hoggins who delivered the note which informed the bereaved Mr Plush of his loss.

"Samuel Buttons, page to the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres, was ordered on Friday afternoon at eleven o'clock to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davis's Street. He selected the cab No 19,796, driven by George Gregory Macarty, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Ireland (*of whom more anon*) and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with his vehicle. His young



lady, accompanied by her maid, Miss Mary Ann Hoggins, carrying a handbox, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her Ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to Madame Crinolines, the eminent milliner in Catendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her Ladyship, Buttons was peremptorily ordered by Miss Hoggins to go about his business.

"Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796 or rather the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small difficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns instead doubtless of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way would have been only one and-eightpence) Macarty had not gone out with the cab for the two last days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter, and, had not that gentleman himself been a compatriot it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

"At Madame Crinolines Miss Hoggins quitted the carriage, and a gentleman entered it. Macarty describes him as a very clever gentleman (meaning tall) with black mustachios, Oxford-grey trousers and black hat and a pea coat. He drove the couple to the *Luston Square Station*, and there left them. How he employed his time subsequently we have stated.

"At the *Luston Square Station* the gentleman of our establishment learned from Frederick Corduroy, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby. We have despatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his report in a second edition.

## "SECOND EDITION

"(FROM OUR REPORTER)

"NEWCASTLE *Monday*

"I am just arrived at this ancient town at the 'Elephant and Cucumber Hotel'. A party travelling under the name of *Mr. and Mrs. Jones*, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having

with them a blue bandbox, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to *Scotland* I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind boot, as they are putting to

### "THIRD EDITION

"GRETNA GREEN *Monday Evening*

"The mystery is at length solved This afternoon at four o'clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Grctna Green, celebrated the marriage between George Granby Silvertop, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of General John Silvertop, of Silvertop Hall, Yorkshure, and Lady Emily Silvertop daughter of the late sister of the present Earl of Bareacres, and the Lady Angelina Amelia Arthusi Anacondi Alexandrina Alicompania Annemaria Antonetti, daughter of the last named Earl Bareacres "

*(Here follows a long extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer which was not read on the occasion, and need not be repeated here)*

"After the ceremony the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water the former the Captain pronounced to be execrable, and having myself tasted some glasses from the *very same bottle* with which the young and noble pair were served I must say I think the Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the 'Bagpipes Hotel and Posting House, whence they instantly proceeded I follow them as soon as the horses have fed

### "FOURTH EDITION

"SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER.

"WHISTLEBINKIE, N.B. *Monday, midnight*

"I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly married couple, whose progress I have the honour to trace, reached Whistlebinkie They have taken up their resi-

dence at the 'Cairngorm Arms'—mine is at the other hostelry, the 'Clachan of Whistlebinkie'

"On driving up to the 'Cairngorm Arms,' I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, 'Is it you, Southdown my boy? You have come too late, unless you are come to have some supper, or words to that effect.' I explained that I was not the Lord Viscount Southdown, and politely apprised Captain Silvertop (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

" 'Who the deuce' (the Captain used a stronger term) 'are you, then?' said Mr Silvertop. 'Are you Baggs and Tapewell, my uncle's attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.'

"I briefly explained that I was not Baggs and Tapewell, but that my name was Jones and that I was a gentleman connected with the establishment of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper.

"And what has brought you here Mr Morning Tatler?' asked my interlocutor rather roughly. My answer was frank—that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so singular.

"And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of the *Morning Father* newspaper? The *Morning Tatler* be — (the Captain here gave utterance to an oath which I shall not repeat) and you too, sir, you impudent meddling scoundrel!

" 'Scoundrel, sir!' said I. 'Yes,' replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this gentleman. 'Help, landlord! I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, 'murder,' and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable, they and the unfeling post boys only burst into laughter, and called out, 'Give it him, Captain.' A struggle ensued, in which I have no

doubt I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped and said, 'Well, Jims, I won't fight on my marriage day. Go into the tap Jim's, and order a glass of brandy-and-water at my expense—and mind I don't see your face to-morrow morning, or I'll make it more ugly than it is.'

"With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, Mr Silvertop entered the inn. I need not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty.'

"Thus you've seen how the flower of my affections was tawn out of my bosom, and my art was left bleeding. Hangelina! I forgive thee. Maye thou be appy! If ever artfult prayer for others wheel swarled on i, the bunk on womb you trampled addresses those subtilygations to Fvii in your beg!

"I went home like a maniac, after hearing the announcement of Hangelina's departure. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fatal news. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married and what could we do? This sensible remark I made to Earl Bareacres, when that distracted nobleman igspwstulted with me. Er who was to momink sor agin. My presents troosoes jucls, &c, were sent back—with the igwpsn of the diminds and Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship *coodn't find*. Ony it was wispered that at the nex buthday she was seen with a shawl *igsackly of the same pattn*. Let ei keep it.

"Southdown was j hurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me to advance 50lb, so that he might pursheiw his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for *that* family. So he went away, and gave hutterance to his feclinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asomtly*.

"All the juffers, manchumakers, laceemen, cooh bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weldencake makers came pawring in with their bills, baggravating feelings already wooddid beyond enjurants. That madniss didnt seaze me that night was a mussy Fever fewry, and ratge rack d my hagnized brand, and drove sleap from my throbbink thids. Halfnight I folkred Hangelinar in imadgration along the North Road. I wented cusses & mallydickshuns on the hinfamus Silvertop. I kuckd and rord in my unbuttartible whoe! I seazd my pillar. I pitcht into it pummld it, strangled it. Ha har! I thought it was Silvertop writhing in my jint grasp, and taw the hordayshis villing him from him in the terrible strenth of my despafe! . . . I et me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddy suant came with my ot water in the mawning, the livid copse in the charnill was not pavler than the gashly De la Pluche!

"Give me the Share list Mandeville" I meanickly ig-claimed. I had not perused it for the past 3 days, my ctention being engayged elsewhere. Hevns & huth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if sum-bady had given me cold pig? I red Rewin in that Share list—the Pinnick was in full hoparation!

"Shall I describe that kitystrafv with which hall Hengland is familiar? My & rifeuses to cronicle the misfortns which lassarated my b'ceding art in Hloctober list. On the fust of Hawgust where was I? Director of twenty three Companies; older of scrip hall at a primum and worth at least a quarter of a nullum. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helenas quotid at 14 pm, were down at  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount, my Central Ichaboes at  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount, my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where, my Bathershins and Derry nane B&G, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primum, down to nix. my Juan Fernandez my Great Central Oregons prostrit. There was a momint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!"

(Here follow in Mr Pluch's MS. about twenty four pages of railroad calculations which we pre'ermit)

"Those beests, Pump & Aldgate once so cringing and umble, wrote me a thre'tnen letter because I overdrew my

account three-and-sixpence woodn't advance me five thousand on 25,000 worth of scrip, kep me waiting a hours when I asked to see the house, and then sent out Spout, the jewnior partner, saying they wouldn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did I paid the three and six balliance, and never vor em mor

"The market fell daly The Rewin grew wusser and wusser Hagnies, Hagnies! It wasnt in the city aloan my misfortins came upon me They becrded me in my own ome The biddle who kips watch at the Hilbany wodn keep misfortn out of my chambers, and Mrs Iwiddler, of Pall Mall, and Mr Hunx, of Lang Acre, put cgsicution into my apartmince, and swep off every stuck of my furniture 'Wardrobe & furniture of a man of fashion What an advertisement George Robins *did* make of it, and what a crowd was collected to laff it the prospick of my ruing! My chier plut, my seller of wine my picturs—that of myself included (it was Maryhann, bless her! thit bought it, unbeknown to me), all—all went to the ammer That brootle Fitzwarren, my ex vally womb I met similiarly elapt me on the sholder, and said, Jeames, my boy, you'd best go into suvvis agian

"I *did* go into suvvis—the wust of all suvvises—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a misrabbie captif for 6 mortal weeks. Misrabbie shall I say? no not misrabbie altogether, there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisoner I had visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prizm gates of Saturdays, a washywoman's cart with a fat old lady in it, and a young one Who was that young one? Lveryone who has an art can gess, it was my blue eyed blushing hangel of a Mary Hann! 'Shall we take him out in the linen basket, Grand mamma?' Mary Hann said Bless her shed already learned to say grandmamma quite ntrual but I didn't go out that way, I went out by the door a whitewashed man Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I d thirteen shillings left when I d bought the gold ring I wasnt prowd I turned the mangle for three eeks, and then Uncle Bill said, Well, there is some good in the seller and it was agreed that we should marry

The Plush manuscript finishes here, it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned

his fate. We are happy to state that it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honourable and Right Reverend Lionel Thistlewood, Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, was mentioned as the uncle of Lady Angelina Silvertop. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate. He returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

The admirable man has rejoined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy, his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madeira in his hand, but life was extinct, and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift: the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy &c. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What Lord Southdown has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that Lady Angelina Silvertop presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, Mary Ann Hoggins on her marriage with Mr. James Plush, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, goodwill and fixtures of the 'Wheel of Fortune' public house, near Shepherd's Market, Mayfair—a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen doing a genteel stroke of business in the neighbourhood, and where, as we have heard, the 'Butlers Club' is held.

Here Mr. Plush lives, happy in a blooming and interesting wife reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good humour. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the "Wheel of Fortune" the other day, and collected the above particulars. Mr. Plush blushed rather, as he brought

in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been produced at the Princess's Theatre, ' without with your leave or by your leave ' as he expressed it. Has for the rest, the worthy fellow said, " I m appy—praps betwixt you and me I m in my proper spear. I enyy my glass of beer or port (with your elth & my suvvice to you, su) quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I ve a good busmess which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my Mary Hann he's a beast and when a christening takes place in our family, will you give my compliments to *Mr Punch*, and ask him to be godfather.





## LETTERS OF JEAMES.

### JEAMES ON TIMT BARGINGS

**P**FRAPS at this present momink of Rulway Hagetation and unsafety the follying little istory of a young friend of mine may hact as an ole some warning to hother weak and irresolute young gents

Young Frederick Timmins was the horphin son of a respectable cludgyman in the West of Hengland. Hadopted by his uncle Colonel T——, of the Hoss Mareens, and regardless of expence, this young man was sent to Heaton Collidge and subsiquintly to Hoxford where he was very nearly being Senior Rangler. He came to London to study for the lor. His prospix was bright indeed, and He lived in a wicknd flore in Jerming Street having a ginteral inkum of two hundred lbs per hannum.

'With this andsum cunty it may be supposed that Frederick wanted for nothink. Nor did he. He was a moral and well-educated young man who took care of his close, pollisht his hone tea party boots, cleaned his kidd gloves with injer rubber, and when not invited to dine out, took his meals reglar at the Hoxford and Canibridge Club—where (unless somebody treated him) he was never known to igseed his all pint of Marsally Wine.

"Merrits and vuttiks such as his coodnt long pass unperseavd in the world. Admitted to the most fashnabble parties it wasn't long before sevral of the young ladies viewed him with a favor able e, one, ipecially the lovely Miss Hemily Mulligatawney, daughter of the Heist-Injar Director of that name. As she was the richest gal of all the season, of corse Frederick fell in love with her. His haspirations were on the pint of being

crowndid with success, and it was agreed that as soon as he was called to the bar, when he would suitly be apointed a Judge, or a revising barrister, or Lord Chanslor, he should lead her to the halter

"What life could be more desirable than Frederick's? He gave up his mornings to perfeshnl studdy, under Mr Bluebag, the heminent pleader, he devoted his hevenings to helegant sosiaty at his Clubb or with his hadord Hemily. He had no cares, no detts, no egstravigancies, he never was known to ride in a cabb, unless one of his tip top friends lent it him, to



go to a theayter unless he got a horder, or to henter a tavern or smoke a cigar. If prosperraty was hever chocked out, it was for that young man.

"But *suckmstances* arose. Fattle *sukmstances* for pore I rede rick Timmins. The Railway Hoperations began.

"For some time immerst in lor and love, in the hardent hoo-cupations of his cheembers, or the sweet sosiaty of his Hemily, Frederick took no note of ruiroads. He did not reckonize the jigantic revalution which with hiron strides was a walkin over the country. But they began to be talked of even in *his* quiet haunts. Heven in the Hoxford and Cambridge Clubb,

fellers were a speculation. Tom Thumper (of Brasen Nose) cleared four thousand lb., Bob Bullock (of Hexeter), who had lost all his property gambling, had set himself up again, and Jack Deucebaet, who had won it, had won a small estate besides by lucky speculations in the Share Market.

"*Hevery body won*." 'Why shouldn't I?' thought pore Fred, and having saved 100 lb. he began a writin for shares—using, like an ickonominicle feller as he wis, the Clubb paper to a prodigious igitent. All the Railroail directors, his friends, helped him to shares—the allotments came tumbling in—he took the primmums by fifties and hundreds a day. His desk was crimed full of bank notes, his brain world with igitement.

'He gave up going to the Temple and might now be seen hill day about Capel Court. He took no more hintrest in lor, but his whole talk was of railroail lines. His desk at Mr. Bluckbys was filled full of prospectuses, and that legal gent wrote to Fred's uncle, to say he feared he was neglectin his bisniss.

"Alas! he *was* neglectin it, and all his sober and indus-  
trious habits. He began to give dinners, and thought nothin  
of partys to Greenwich or Richmond. He didn't see his Hemily  
near so often. Although the hawdlacious and misguided young  
man might have done so much more heasily now than before,  
for now he kep a Broom."

"But there's a tumminus to hevery Rulway. Fred's was  
approachin in an evil hour he began making *time-bargings*.  
Let this be a warning to all young fellers, and Fred's huntimely  
hend hopeate on them in a moral pint of vu."

'You all know under what favrable suckemstanses the Great  
Hafirican Line, the Grand Niger Junction or Gold Coast and  
Limbuctoo (Provisihnal) Hatmospheric Railway came out four  
weeks ago—deposit ninepence per share of 20l (six elephants  
teeth, twelve tons of palm oil, or four healthy niggers, African  
currency)—the shares of this helegible investment rose to 1, 2,  
3 in the Markit. A happy man was Fred when after paying  
down 200 ninepences (3l 15s), he sold his shares for 250l. He  
gave a dinner at the 'Star and Garter' that very day. I promise  
you there was no Mursally *ther*.

"Nex day they were up at 3½. This put Fred in a rage,  
they rose to 5 he was in a fewry. 'What an ass I was to sell,'  
said he, 'when all this money was to be won!'

" 'And so you *were* an 'Ass,' said his partiklar friend, Colonel Claw, K X R, a director of the line, a double eared Ass. My dear fellow, the shares will be at 15 next week. Will you give me your solemn word of honour not to breathe to mortal man what I am going to tell you?'

" 'Honour bright, says I red.

" 'HUDSON HAS JOINED THE LINE.' Fred didn't say a word more, but went tumbling down to the City in his Broom. You know the state of the streets. Claw *went by toster*.

" 'Buy me one thousand Africans for the 30th,' cries I red, busting into his broker's, and they were done for him at 4½."

'Can't you guess the rest? Haven't you seen the Share List? which says —

" 'Great Africans, paid 9d price ½ per

And that's what came of my pore dear friend Timmins's time bargin'.

What'll become of him I can't say, for nobody has seen him since. His lodgings in Jerming Street is to let. His brokers in vain deplore his absence. His Uncle has declared his marriage with his housekeeper, and the *Morning Herald* (that amusing print) has a paragraph yesterday in the fashionable news, headed 'Marriage in High Life' — The rich and beautiful Miss Mulligatruwncy, of Portland Place, is to be speedily united to Colonel Claw, K X R.

'JLAMLS'

## JEAMES ON THE GAUGE QUESTION

'You will scarcely ~~graps~~ reckonize in this little sketch the halitured limiments of I with woads face the readers of your valluble mislany were once familiar — the unfortint Jeams de la Pluche, fomly so selabrated in the fashionable suckles now the pore Jeames Plush, landlord of the 'Wheel of Fortune' public house. Yes that is me! that is my havpun which I wear as becomes a publican — those is the checkers which hornymment the pillows of my dor. I am like the Roman Genral, St Cenusus, equal to any emudgency of Fortu — I, who have drunk Shampang in

my time, aint now abov doring a  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of Small Bier As for my wife—that Angel—I ve not ventured to depigt *her* Fancy her a sittn in the Bar, smilin like a sun-flower—and, ho, dear *Punch!* happy in nussing a deer little darlint totsywotsy of a Jeames, with my air to a curl and my is to a T!

"I never thought I should have been injuiced to write any-thing but a Bill agin, much less to edress you on Railway Subj<sup>t</sup>



—which with all my sole I *atave* Railway letters, obligat ons to pay hup ginteal inqurrys as to my Salissator's name, &c. &c , I dispize and scorn artily But as a man, an usbd, a father, and a freebon Brittn my jewty compels me to come forwoods, and ig-spress mv opinion upon that *nashnal newsamie*—the break of Gage

"An interesting event in a noble family with which I once very nearly had the honor of being kineected, acurd a few weex sins, when the Lady Angelina S——, daughter of the Earl of B——res, presented the gallant Captung, her usband, with a Son & heir. Nothink would satsafy her Ladyship but that her old and attacht samdyshamber, my wife Mary Hann Plush, should be presnt upon this hospicious occasion. Captung S—— was not jellus of me on account of my former attachment to his Lady. I consented that my Mary Hann should attend her, and me, my wife, and our dear babby acawdingly set out for our peoble frend's residence, Honcymoon Lodge, near Cheltenham.

"Sick of all Railroads myself, I wisht to ponst it in a Chay and 4, but Mary Hann, with the hobstenacy of her Sex, was bent upon Railroad travelling, and I yealded, like all husbinds. We set out by the Great Westn in an eavle Hour.

"We didn't take much luggitch—my wife's things in the ushal bandboxes—mine in a potmancho. Our dear little James Angelos (called so in complament to his noble Godmamma) craddle, and a small supply of a few 100 weight of Iopsan-bawtem's, Farnashious food, and Lady's fingers, for that dear child, who is now 6 months old, with a *perdidgous appatite*. Likewise we were charged with a bran new Medsan chest for my Lady from Skivarv & Morris containing enough rowbuh, Daffy's Alxiv, Godfrev's cawdle, with a few score of pardsles for Lady Angelina's family and owshold, about 2000 spessymins of Babby linning from Mrs Plummary's, in Regent Street, a Chayny C resning bowl from old Lady Bareacres, (big enough to immus a Haldcrman), & a case marked 'Glass, from her ladyship's meddick man, which were stowed away together, had to this an ornylew (radle, with rose coloured Satting & Pink lace hangings, held up by a gold tuttle dove, &c. We had, including James Hangelo's rattle & my umbrellow 73 packidges in all.

"We got on very well as far as Swindon, where in the Splendid Refreshment room, there was a galaxy of lovely gals in cotten velvet spencers, who serves out the woop, and 1 of whom maid an impresshn upon this Art which I shooldn't like Mary Hann to know—and here, to our infant disgust, we changed carriages. I forgot to say that we were in the secknd class, having with us James Hangelo, and 23 other light hartucles.

"Iust inconvenience, and almost as bad as break of gage

I cast my hi upon the gal in cottin velvet and wanted some soop of coarse, but seasing up James Hangelö (who was layin his dear little pors on an Am Sangwidg) and seeing my igspresshn of hi—'James, says Mary Hann, instead of looking at that vounq lady—and not so *very* young neither—he pleased to look to our packidges, & place them in the other carridge I had so with an evy Art I cringed them 23 articles in the opsit carridg only missing my umbrrella & baby's rattle, and jst as I came back for my hayson of soop the beast of a bell rings, the whizzling injians proclayms the time of our departure,—& farewell soop and cottin velvet Mary Hann was sulky She said it was my losing the umbrrella If it had been a *cotton velvet umbrerella* I could have understood James Hangelö sittin on my knet was evidently unwell, without his coril, & for 20 miles that blessed bibby kep up a rawring which caused all the passingers to simpithize with him igceedingly

'We arrive at Gloster and there fanny my disgust it bein ableged to undergo another change of carridges' I ansy me holding up moughs tippits, cloaks and baskits, and James Hangelö rawring still like nind, and pretending to shuperintend the carrying over of our luggage from the broad gage to the narrow gage 'Mary Hann, says I, rot to desperation, 'I shall throttle this darling if he goes on 'Do says she— and go into the refreshment room says she—& snatchin the babby out of my arms 'Do go, says she 'youre not fit to look after luggage, and she began lulling James Hangelö to sleep with one hi while she looked after the packets with the other Now, sir' if you please mind that packet'—pretty darling—easy with that box sir, it's glass—pooooty poppet—where's the deal case, marked arrowroot No 24? she cried reading out of a list she hid—And poor little James went to sleep The porters were bundling and carting the various bairicles with no more ceremony than if each package had been of cannon ball

'At last—bang goes a package marked 'Glas' and containing the Chayny bowl and Lady Baracres mixture into a large white handbox with a crash and a smash 'It's My Lady's box from Crinoline's' cries Mary Hann and she puts down the child on the bench and rushes forward to inspect the dummidge You could hear the Chayny bowls clinking inside, and Lady B's mixture (which had the igsack smell of cherry brandy) was dribbling out over the smashed handbox

containing a white child's cloak, trimmed with Blown lace and lined with white satin.

"As James was asleep, and I was by this time uncommon hungry, I thought I *would* go into the Refreshment Room and just take a little soup, so I wrapped him up in his cloak and laid him by his mamma and went off. There's not near such good attendance as at Swindon."

"We took our places in the carriage in the dark both of us covered with a pile of packages, and Mary Hann so sulky that she would not speak for some minutes. At last she spoke out—

"Have you all the small parcels?"

"Twenty three in all," says I.

"Then give me baby."

"Give you what?" says I.

"Give me baby."

"What haven't you yooow got him?" says I.

"O Mussy! You should have heard her speak! *We'd left him on the ledge at Gloucester*."

"It all came of the break of gage."

## MR JAMES AGAIN.

"DEAR MR PUNCH—As newmarus inquiries have been maid both at my privit resddence 'The Wheel of Fortune Otel,' and at your Hoffs regarding the fate of that dear hubby, James Hangelö, whose primituve disappearints caused such brignies to his distracted parents I must begg dear Sir, the permission to ockupy a part of your valuhle collums once more, and hease the public mind about my blessed boy."

"Victims of that nashnal cus, the Broken Gage, me and Mrs Plush was left in t e train to Cheltenham soughring from that most disgraceble of complunts a halmost *broken Art*. The skreems of Mrs James might be said almost to out Y the squeel of the dying as we rusht into that fashionable Spaw and my pore Mary Hann found it was not Baby, but Bundles I had in my lapp."



"When the Old Dowidger Lady Bareacres, who was waiting heagerly, at the train herd that owing to that abawminable brake of Gage the luggitch, her Ladyship's Cherrybrandy box, the cradle for Lady Hangelina's baby, the lace, crockary and chany, was rejuiced to one immortal smash, the old cat howld at me and pore dear Mary Hann as if it was huss, and not the infunle Brake of Gage, was to blame, and as if we ad no misfortos of our hown to deplaw. She bust out about my stupid imparence, called Mary Hann a good for nothink creecher, and wep, and abewad, and took on about her broken Chayny Bowl, a great deil mor than she did about a dear little Chrs-tian child. Don't talk to me about your bratt of a babby' (seshe), where's my bowl?—where's my medsan?—where's my bewiffle Pint lacc?—All in rewins through your stupidlaty you brute you!"

"'Bring your haction against the Great Western, Maam,' says I, quite riled by this cruel and unfaling hold wixen. Ask the pawters at Gloster, why your goods is spiled— it's not the fust time they've been asked the question. Grit the gage halted against the nex time you send for medsan— and mearnwile buy some at the Plow — they keep it very good and strong there, I'll be bound. Has for us, we're a going back to the cussid station at Gloster in such of our blessid child."

"You don't mean to say young woman, seshe, 'that you're not going to Lady Hangelina what's her dear boy to do?' who's to nuss it?"

"'You nuss it Maam' says I. Me and Mary Hann return this moment by the Fly. And so (whishing her a suckastic ajew) Mrs. Jeames and I lep into a one oss weakle, and told the driver to go like mad back to Gloster."

"I can't describe my pore gals hagny juring our ride. She sat in the carriage as silent as a milestone, and as madd as a march Air. When we got to Gloster she sprang hout of it as wild as a Tigris, and rusht to the station, up to the faine Bench."

"'My child, my child, shroex she in a boss hot voice. 'Where's my infant? a little bewiffle child, with blue eyes,— dear Mr. Policeman, give it me—a thousand guineas for it."

"I uz, Mam, says the man, a Hrishman, and the divvie a babby have I seen this day except thirteen of my own—and you're welcome to any one of them, and kindly."

"'As if *his* babby was equal to ours,' as my darling Mary Hann said, afterwards. All the station was scrouging round us by this time—pawters & clark and refreshment people and all. 'What's this year row about that there babby?' at last says the Inspector, stepping hup. I thought my wife was going to jump into his harms. Have you got him? says abe.

"'Was it a child in a blue cloak? says he.

"'And blue eyes?' says my wife.

"'I put a label on him and sent him on to Bristol, he's there by this time. The Guard of the Mail took him and put him into a letter-box,' says he, 'he went 20 minutes ago. We found him on the broad gauge line, and sent him on by it, in course, says he. And it'll be a caution to you young woman for the future, to label your children along with the rest of your luggage.'

"'If my pigumity means had been such as *once* they was you may emagine I'd have ad a speshle train and been holf like smok. As it was, we was obliged to wait 4 mortal hours for the next train (4 cars they seemed to us), and then away we went.

"'My boy! my little boy! says poor choking Mary Hann, when we got there. 'A parcel in a blue cloak?' says the man. 'No body claimed him here, and so we sent him back by the mail. An Irish nurse here gave him some supper, and he's at Paddington by this time. Yes, says he, looking at the clock, he's been there these ten minutes.

'But seeing my poor wife's distracted histarricle state, this good natured man says. I think, my dear there's a way to ease your mind. We'll know in five minutes how he is.

"'Sir, says she, 'don't make sport of me.

"'No, my dear, we'll *telegraph* him.

"'And he began hoppersitting on that singlar and ingenus electrickle invention, which annihilates time, and carries intelligence in the twinkling of a peg post.

"'I'll ask, says he. for child marked G. W. 273.

"'Back comes the telegraph with the sign 'All right.'

"'Ask what he's doing, sir says my wife, quite amazed. Back comes the answer in a jiffy—

"'CRYING'

'This caused all the bystanders to laugh except my pore Mary Hann, who pulled a very sad face.

"The good naterrd feller presently said, 'he'd have <sup>7 (21)</sup> another trile, and what d'ye think was the answer? I'm blest if it wasn't—

P A P'

"He was eating pap! There's for you—there's a rogue for you—there's a March of Intaleck! Mary Hann<sup>7</sup> smiled now for the first time. 'He'll sleep now, says she And she sat down with a full hart

. . . . .

"If hever that good naterrd Shooperintendent comes to London *he* need never ask for his skore at the 'Wheel 'of Fortune Otel' I promise you—where me and my wife and James Hangelow now is, and where only yesterday a gent came in and drew a pictur of us in our kiar

"And if they go on bricking gages, and if the child the most precious luggidge of the Henglishman is to be bundled about this year way, why it won't be for want of warning, both from Professor Harris the Commission and from

"My dear *Mr Plush* his obeigent servant,

"JEAMES PLUSH"

THE END.















